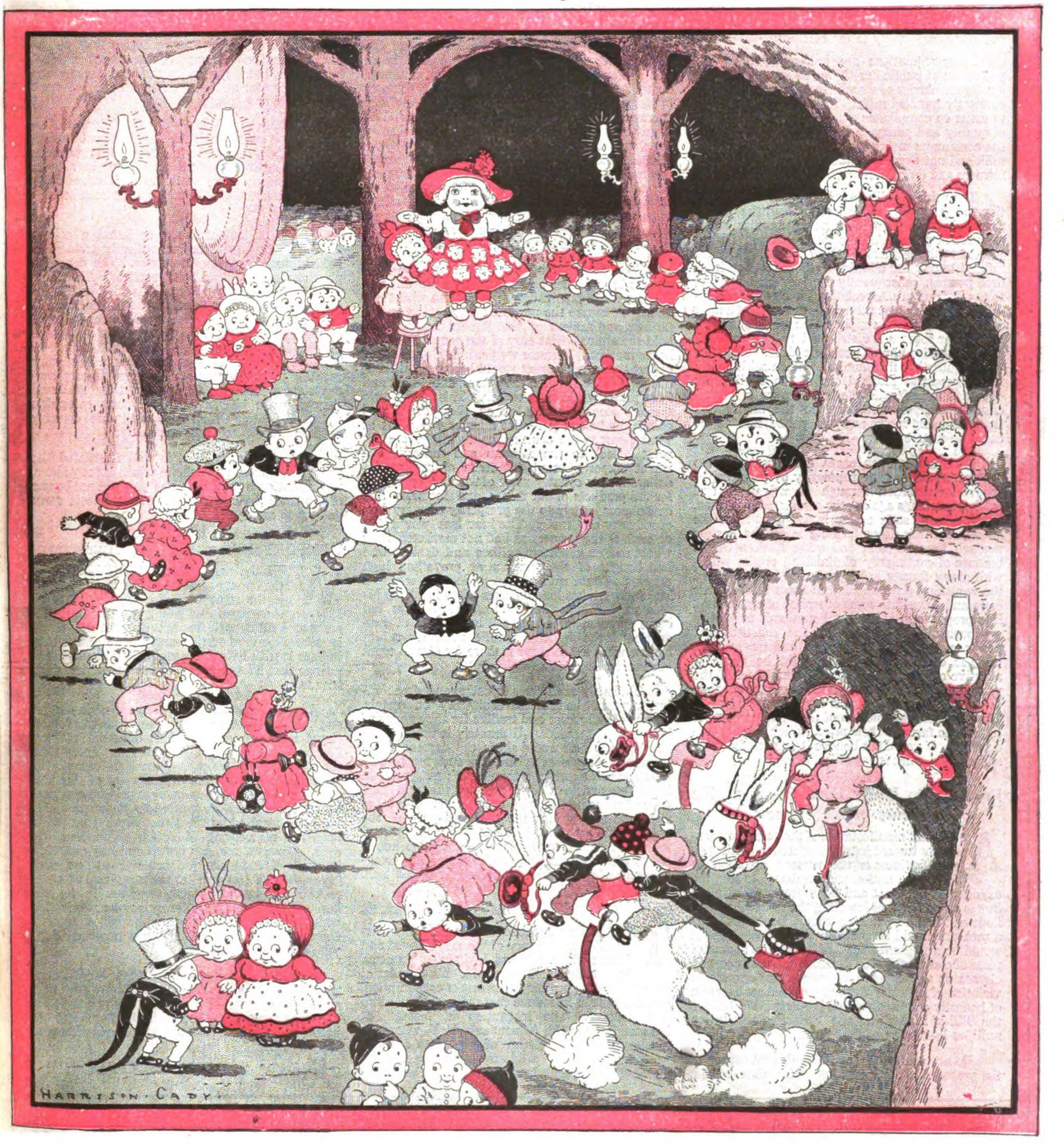
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COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

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"ALL THE DAPPERLINGS MARCHED AROUND IN THEIR UNDERGROUND HOUSE TO SEE THE DOLL."

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Farmers Must Have Better Prices for Milk or they Will Stop Producing it

MILK is subject to the prevailing conditions that have raised the cost of all products and is also affected by special factors of increased expense which do not apply to any other article on the market. Among the general causes may be mentioned the higher cost of feed, labor, land, fertilizers and taxes besides the price of cows having doubled in recent years. Added to these is the public demand for milk of better quality, cleaner and more sanitary enforced by State laws and municipal ordinances which are becoming more exacting in their requirements and add considerably to the cost of production.

These regulations are indispensable to the protection of public health, for there is no more dangerous carrier of disease than impure, dirty or carelessly handled milk. The public have a right to insist on compliance with advanced standards of quality and purity, but as it costs more money the consumers must pay the bill in higher priced milk and not expect to throw the burden on the farmers and dairymen.

The price of milk has risen but not in proportion to the cost of production; so say the dairymen who are now demanding another small advance in price. After a short contest Boston yielded to the farmers but New York City dealers refused to pay the additional 45 cents per hundred pounds; consequently the farmers belonging to the Dairymen's Association have stopped shipments and the great metropolis is suffering a milk famine. The small supply which reaches the city from other sources is distributed to the hospitals and to families having young children. The scarcity is such that five hundred women with babies in arms recently mobbed one of the public milk depots in their frantic efforts to secure a preference for their own offspring in the distribution that was being made, and the police had to be called to restore order.

As usual in such cases, the city and State authorities are seeking popularity by proposing to relieve the situation through investigations and legal proceedings against the associated dairymen. The futility of such action is apparent from the known fact that dairy farming is on the decline through New England and other Eastern States because of continually diminishing profits which with many former milk producers have reached the vanishing point and forced them to sell their cows and substitute some other line of agriculture. It is proper to establish legal standards of quality and purity, but we question the constitutional power to regulate prices by law, and an attempt to do so, even if permissible, would be absurdly abortive of practical results as to milk, for if the price did not yield the farmers a living profit they would beef their cows and stop producing milk. The only rational solution of the milk problem is to pay the farmers their price, which is not exorbitant. If you don't believe it, keep a cow yourself and see what it costs.

Proposals to Lower Food Prices at the Expense of the Farmers

ANOTHER manifestation of the pernicious tendency toward legal interference with private business is the present agitation in favor of a nation-wide embargo to stop the exportation of wheat and flour from the United States as a means of lowering the price of wheat, flour and bread in this country. Doubtless such a measure would accomplish the purpose, but it would be a flagrant abuse of power, a shameful piece of class legislation designed to benefit certain classes at the expense of others, an oppressive violation of natural right and a partial confiscation of honestly acquired private property. We believe the "Bill of Rights" in the Federal Constitution nullifies legislation of that sort.

Do not confuse the moral and legal aspect of the proposed wheat embargo with that of the antitrust legislation aimed at the prevention of control of the market by monopolistic combinations. The purpose of our antitrust laws is to insure free operation of the natural law of supply and demand as a determining factor in the making of prices and in the expansion and contraction of production, and in directing the flow of the currents of trade and commerce. Apply this logic to the wheat situation.

Flour is so high that the bakers have to get six cents for the loaf which, until within a few weeks, always sold for five cents. The millers had to put the price of flour up because of the large advance in the price of wheat, which latter was caused by a short crop and an abnormal demand for foreign shipment because of the war in Europe. This is the direct result of the free operation of the law of supply and demand. The supply is short and the demand is exceptionally large, especially in Europe. As we produce a surplus of wheat for export the European market determines the price of wheat and flour in America as it does the world over. Europe is bidding for our wheat and flour, and American consumers must meet the foreigner's bids or go without. It is free competition in an open world market unaffected by trust or combination.

When the price of bread went up the consumers in our cities began to clamor for an embargo against exportation of American wheat and flour. Of course the purpose was to deprive our farmers and millers of the foreign market and hold the entire wheat crop of the country for the home market. Because we produce a surplus for export the home market would become glutted at once with no outlet for the excess, and wheat and flour prices would go to smash. This might save the city people a cent a loaf on their bread and enable the bakers to realize a larger profit, but at what a cost to the country as a whole, and at what a loss to the farmers and millers! Our wheat exports bring hundreds of millions of dollars to this country most of which is spent here for the products of our mines and factories and contributes largely to the prosperity of every line of industry and trade. The first loss would fall on such of the farmers as had not marketed their wheat and on exporters, millers and dealers who had bought of the farmers at prevailing high prices, no doubt ruining many such purchasers. The farmer takes long chances when he plants his seed and cultivates his land; often his crops fail or an abundant crop may sell below cost of production; if the chance for profit is taken from him by law what inducement is there for him to work hard and take chances of loss?

Obviously such gross injustice and great injury must not be inflicted arbitrarily on certain classes of producers and traders for the *supposed* benefit of the masses. Ultimately it would benefit nobody, for all would share the depressing influence of a business upheaval of such magnitude. A law which deprives a man of a market for a legitimate article of commerce for the sole purpose of reducing the price of this product takes from him and gives to the public a part of the value of his property; it is confiscation, legalized robbery, tyranny, oppression. There is no knowing to what extreme folly and disaster the establishment of such a vicious precedent might lead.

The Trudeau Treatment of Tuberculosis

THE Trudeau School of Tuberculosis has been founded in memory of the late beloved and lamented Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau, known the world over for his wonderful success in the open air treatment of consumption, and the first to introduce that method of cure into this country. The institution is located at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks, N. Y., where Dr. Trudeau, himself a victim of the white scourge, went into the lone wilderness for the bracing health-giving mountain air, laden with the balmy odor of the stately pine, which gave promise of checking, for a while at least, the ravages of the disease that was consuming him. He studied the white plague as no man before had studied it. He not only succeeded in building up his own frail body, but in the settlement he founded for consumptives, restored thousands to vigorous health and greatly prolonged the lives of thousands more who, but for his skill and care, would have quickly perished.

When Dr. Trudeau began his great work for humanity, consumption was regarded as incurable, and those attacked by it gave themselves up to die. Today the consumptive has not only a fighting chance, but every prospect, if the disease has not gone too far and proper treatment is at once resorted to, of getting well.

Dr. Trudeau was known as the "Pioneer" because of his ceaseless efforts to wipe out tuberculosis. As a result of his efforts a systematic campaign against tuberculosis has for years, been waged in nearly every section of our land, and the death rate from the white scourge has been greatly reduced.

It was Dr. Trudeau's aim to found a school in which men should be scientifically trained to fight humanity's grimmest terror. The departed physician's dream has been realized. The Trudeau School has begun its work with but six instructors and twenty pupils. The institution will grow as funds accumulate and the knowledge of its work spreads, until every section of the globe in which tuberculosis is prevalent will have its Trudeau expert to instruct men how to fight their greatest physical enemy. The first twenty students are picked men, and when they graduate they will take charge of a universal campaign against a scourge which is costing this country not less than $330,000,000 annually.

Sleep in a room that is well ventilated the year round, leave all alcoholic drinks strictly alone, pay attention to your diet, and you will not be one of the 160,000 victims that the tuberculosis germ gathers in each year.

COMFORT'S Twenty-Ninth Anniversary

WITH the present issue COMFORT enters the twenty-ninth year of its life—yes life is the right word, for COMFORT is more than paper and cold type. Our subscribers are kind enough to tell us that its pages breathe a sympathetic interest in their affairs that imbues it with living personality and inspires confidence that its publisher and editors are their friends.

Through the wonderful progress of invention and applied science a new world has evolved about us hardly recognizable as the same in which COMFORT was born twenty-eight years ago. New conditions have wrought marvelous changes in the manner of living and in the trend of thought. But human nature remains ever the same, stirred by the same passions, spurred by the same ambitions and inspired by the same hopes that have been the mainspring of action throughout the ages. COMFORT, too, has grown and has extended its range of endeavor and achievement, pressing "*Onward and Upward*" in the vanguard of progress, but it has remained steadfast in its adherence to truth and the principles of justice which are eternal and unchangeable; a zealous champion of human rights it has preached duty with equal insistence.

We thank our readers for their cordial support and their many kind expressions of good will, and we pledge our best efforts to serve their interests in general and especially in promoting the betterment of their homes and the welfare of their families.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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"Made in U. S. A."

The Thanklessness of Wyoming Sal,

by Joseph E. Novak



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"The melancholy days are come
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods
And meadows brown and sear."
William Cullen Bryant:—Death of the Flowers.

"THEY'VE been tellin' it 'round, Sal, that ye ain't goin' to keep yer place open tomorrer. Is it true?"

"Bricktop" Pete, sprawling on the counter, yawned out the question, and finished with an unearthly screech of satisfaction as he had his gape out.

"Land sake, do git off'n the counter," said Sal, giving him a shove which scarcely budged his big, heavy figure. "Smash the glasses and you'll pay fer 'em. Yes, 'strue I am. I'm agoin' to have at least one holiday a year, an' Thanksgivin' Day is a good one to have off. It'll give me a chance to think o' my blessin's and all that kind o' thing, see? Thankful fer my good health, thankful fer havin' you men treat me decent and bein' good to me, an' thankful that I ain't never done nothin' to make my mother in her grave feel ashamed o' her daughter," and Sal went to emptying cigar boxes in which but few "ropes" were felt, and putting things generally to rights, as if she meant to close up there and then. There was, however, a kind of reverence in her manner, for her speech made her a bit sober, and it perceptibly affected the loungers in the little mountain tavern.

"Wyoming Sal's" little tavern stood in the midst of an immense pine wood in a corner of the state of Montana. It had been a little wayside station in years gone by, located on a stage-coach line where the stage stopped, allowing such of the passengers as chose, to get a drink. In more recent years, a lumber syndicate had purchased the property thereabout, had set up a mill, and gone into the lumbering business. Sal's father kept the little tavern, and Sal had grown up in the rough environment of the West, and when but ten years of age, her mother had died, she became her father's helpful assistant. And when he died, two years back, and left Sal to take care of herself, she decided to continue the business, which she did, carrying it on with that shrewdity that early struggles in the battle of life had taught her. Sal was, in the language of the men, "Joe's gal," and none of them would have hesitated a moment to brave any danger that beset her. Each felt her under his special protection, and that he was to help her as much as possible in her struggle for existence. And so they patronized her little tavern, letting their dollars go into her treasury rather than into Chinese Charlie's "dope shop" as they termed the celestial's little restaurant.

No one seemed to think of Sal as a young woman, though vaguely they were aware of the fact that she was an attractive girl with a figure of no mean lines.

To Sal, beauty meant loud attractiveness, and so she decked herself in riotous colors with true instinct for the bizarre. Her hair was naturally wavy, and so she fluffed it out in the manner of pictures she had seen in magazines such as would cater to men of little culture.

The little silence which had fallen upon the gathered loungers at the girl's words, was now broken by one of them. Spoke he:

"What kind o' new notion is this Thanksgivin' one o' closin,' anyhow? Can't ye be thankful 'ithout interferin' with business?"

"Tell ye what, Blacky," spoke up another, "seems like Sal's goin' to entertain her beau to Thanksgivin' dinner!"

"Her beau? Good night! Who's her beau?" ejaculated Bricktop.

"Why, that young sport what's timekeeper fer th' company," returned Bob Rush, who first suggested the "notion" of Sal's having a beau. "I see him doin' nothin' much else in his spare time 'cept bein' here in th' tavern an' playin' solitaire."

The half dozen or more men in the tavern had become interested and were now listening for what Sal had to say.

"Ain't none o'your business what I'm goin' to do," she retorted, blushing crimson, "I guess I'm old enough to do as I like."

"Aw, don't git red-headed, Sal," pacified a fourth. "We air all int'rested in ye, an' if ye love that sporty young timekeeper what th' company's sent out, why that's all right. No one wants ter poke into your affairs, but if there's agoin' to be a weddin', we all want a bid to it, an' we'll remember ye han'some."

"Heavens! You fellers can't let a young gal look at a nice young feller, without thinkin' right off that she's dead gone on 'im. Now shut up, an' forget it. There's the bell fer supper, so go on an' feed," and with a laugh, she shooed them into the dining-room.

As they disappeared and the half-doors shut them from view, Sal went behind the counter and stood for a moment in deep reflection. They had discovered that she loved the young timekeeper from down East. Well, what did she care? Didn't gals fall in love with men when they grew up? 'Course they did! Then why shouldn't she? No reason at all!

Her cheeks burned at the thought of the handsome timekeeper, and she stole an almost shy glance at herself in the mirror behind the bar. She was amazed at how really beautiful she looked. And could the young man fail to love her? It seemed impossible that he should not, especially when all the men thought her so agreeable and were so interested in her.

As she stood there, a step outside sounded, there was a heavy stamping of feet, and then the new arrival entered. The girl looked up expectantly, and seeing who it was, smiled almost shyly, and extended her hand to him. For with the knowledge of her love and the fact that the men knew it, she was almost timid.

"Hello, Eddie," she said simply. "Want anything to eat? The men are grubbing now," and she waved toward the dining-room.

The young man's face was glowing with some untold happiness. He shook the snow from his coat, threw off his hat, and stood forth in his whip-cord suit with its Norfolk coat. He was a handsome young fellow, somewhat swarthy in complexion, and had glossy black hair. His was a splendid physique.

"How are you tonight, Sallie?" he asked, as he kicked the snow from his high-laced shoes, and went to her side. "Been pretty busy?"

"Oh, yes. You know I'm goin' to close the place tomorrer, an' so I've been puttin' thin s to rights. What's makin' you look so happy?"

"I?" His face reflected the happiness that sounded in his voice. "Ah, it is something I mean to tell you. Something I know will make you rejoice with me. Something——" he stopped then, for Bricktop came from the little dining-room from which sounds of hilarity echoed.

"Hello, Smith," Bricktop greeted, "goin' to hang 'round this evening? If ye are, we'll have a game or two."

"No, I don't think I shall. There's quite a bit of work with the accounts and books, and I want to settle them up tonight, for I must have tomorrow free."

The girl felt Bricktop's look swerve from the young fellow's face to her own, but she said nothing, and presently the young fellow said in a low tone:

"I'll tell you about it tomorrow," and picking up his hat and coat, he put them on, and bidding Bricktop and the girl a cheerful good night, he went out into the snow-storm.

Bricktop was aware of the little by-play and Sal knew it, for no sooner had Eddie Smith departed, when Pete commenced:

"Say, Sal, I ain't meanin' to poke into yer affairs, but I want to tell ye somethin'. I can't ask ye to confide in me, an' tell ye I'm old enough to be yer father, fer I ain't, but then I'm ten years older'n ye be, an' I want to look out for yer welfare. I knew yer father fer a smart long time, an' I was a kid brother to a chap what was yer father's bosom friend. I remember when he opened up this here tavern an' how we used to call him 'Wyoming Joe' 'cause he came from Wyoming, an' that's how ye got to be called 'Wyoming Sal.' An' so, ye see, I'm int'rested in ye. I know ye expect to close up yer place tomorrer, an' so I want to know if yer goin' away with that young timekeeper?"

"D'ye mean to ask me if I'm goin' to elope?" Sal queried indignantly.

"Well, no, not exzactly," he answered.

"Well, I ain't, so ye needn't worry."

"Don't git sore, Sal," he continued patiently, "I like ye, an' I don't want no harm to come to ye. What have you an' that young feller got on fer tomorrer?"

His tone was not prying, he obviously was so unselfishly disinterested, that the girl could not feel angry with him. Besides, she had always liked Bricktop better than anyone else, and he had always been kind and patient when she tried him. He it was who held her tenderly in his arms as she took her last agonized look at her dead father, and he whose comfort she had most cherished.

And so, in reply to his question, she answered:

"It's all right, Bricktop. I'll tell ye. I asked Eddie Smith to come over tomorrer an' have dinner with me. I sent fer a turkey an' all them Thanksgivin' fixin's, an' we're goin' to have a reg'lar Thanksgivin' dinner like he always used to have back down East. He told me about the stuff an' I got it. He's goin' to pay fer it all, an' I'm goin' to cook it, see? Honest, there ain't nothin' wrong in that, is there?"

"No, o'course not," Bricktop admitted. "What's it that he wants to tell ye, though?"

"Did ye hear him say that?"

Bricktop nodded.

"Well, it ain't nothin' that I know of."

"Can't ye guess?"

She bowed her head to hide the fiery crimson that mantled her cheek.

"How could I?"

"Has he ever told ye he loved ye, Sal?"

"Not yet. Maybe that's what he wants to tell me tomorrer."

"D'ye really love him, Sal?"

She looked up proudly, almost defiantly.

"Yes, I do. Gals always fall in love when they grow up, an' I guess Eddie Smith's the feller fer me. I do love him; he's good lookin' and talks so swell, an' he ain't no sissy, neither. I know that. He knocked down Brad Keegan an' Dunk Carrol one time when they tried to get fresh with him, an' any man who kin fight like he does, is a man, even if he does come from down East."

"Say, do you know who that feller is?" Bricktop went on.

She stared at him. "Who he is? Well, who should he be but Eddie Smith?"

"I ain't sure o' myself, Sal," Bricktop went on, "an' I hate to say anything unless I'm perfectly sure, but jes' th' other day when I went in to see him about somethin', an' he wasn't there, ther was a paper layin' on th' floor, an' I picked it up—guess it blowed from his desk. I looked to see if it was any good, an' I saw written on it, 'My dear son,' an' it was signed 'Melville J. Griegg.' I didn't read th' letter, 'cause it's a devil o' a thing to read somebody else's letters, but if what I think is true, that young feller ain't no Eddie Smith, but he's really th' son o' Melville J. Griegg who is president o' the syndicate that's operatin' this lumber company, an' th' young feller ain't no poor clerk like he pretends to be, but he's a millionaire's boy."

The girl looked at him, almost indifferently.

"Well, what's that? S'posin' he is a millionaire? That's nothin' bad, is it?"

"Holy sufferin' tomcats!" Bricktop ejaculated, "don't ye see that ye oughtn't to fall in love with him? Them fellers don't marry gals like you. They marry some swell ladies who's got lots o' money, an' air in soci'ty, an' all that. They on'y like gals like you to amuse them an' fer them to talk to an' so on."

Sal felt her heart sinking. She remained silent.

"Has he ever kissed ye, Sal?" Bricktop questioned as the girl continued to say nothing.

He never had, but Sal hardly cared to admit it. With Bricktop's words, she was slowly beginning to realize that he had never kissed her, nor taken her into his arms. The most he had done was to squeeze her hand now and then in a mischievous little manner, and to call her a "dear little girl," and often he had slipped her the change which she brought him from the money with which he paid for his meals.

But the thought of his glowing face that evening, his happy voice, and mein, dashed to earth any doubts, and she dismissed them instanter.

"S'pose I said he did?" she plagued.

Bricktop's look was so distressed, that Sal laughed and said:

"I mustn't say that he did, because he ain't. He's always been a decent an' polite gent, an' ain't done nothin' to make me blush. He's all right, an' I love him, an' you'll see you'll be gittin' a bid to th' weddin' afore long. S'pose he is a millionaire's son what I don't believe. He's a gentleman an' all you men like him. There ain't one o' you that kin say a word agin him. A gal can't help love a feller like that. Seems like you was jealous o' him, Bricktop," she insinuated.

"Maybe I am, Sal, an' maybe ye think I'm purty fresh when I say I'd be th' better man fer you. But it's your doin', an' nobody else's," he said with a sigh, he was young at heart, and young in years, though his hard struggle with life had made him look older than his twenty-eight years. He loved Sal, loved her dearly, there was honest passion in his love, but until Sal would show some indication of returning his affection, he would cloak his own longings. He conscientiously opposed the match Sal contemplated, simply because of his own knowledge of life, he saw the unfitness of the union.

But he said nothing more, and stayed around the tavern until it was time to close up.

Sal locked up the place, and through the snow-storm went to her home which lay somewhat beyond the confines of the lumber company.

She reached the little cabin against the door of which a drift of snow had piled, pushed it open and went in. Lighting a lamp, she went to work, for she seldom visited this cabin which her father had built during the time his wife was sick, and where that good woman had spent the last days of her life. Sal always kept the place, visiting it only once a week or so, for it was much more convenient to remain almost entirely at the tavern.

At length she had everything cleaned, dusted and arranged to her satisfaction, and went to bed. But she did not sleep, for her thoughts ran on to the morrow and what it would bring. She planned the dinner, it must appeal to Eddie, he must know what a good cook she was. And she would be stylish too, and have it ready by two o'clock in the afternoon. That would give her plenty of time to get everything ready.

She was up with the graying of the morning, and set to work again, and by the time ten o'clock rolled around, she had her arrangements almost complete. She prepared her table, then throwing on a wrap, she went out into the snow-whitened world and cut green pine boughs from the trees. Shaking the snow from them, she gathered them up and went back into the little cottage where she decorated the walls with them, giving the little room a rather festal air.

This was the final touch. Sal surveyed her arrangements with keen satisfaction, after which, she went to her dresser and brought forth her finery.

She had a white silk dress which once had been her mother's, but which she had changed from time to time to conform to such style as came to her notice. She fluffed out her hair, and fastened in several artificial flowers. Happily, she knew nothing of facial paint and rouge and so did not disfigure her complexion with such things. She found an old veil which she draped about her shoulders and waist, and with another bunch of artificial flowers her costume was complete, except that we must add the gay-beaded moccasins, several ropes of shells strung by Indians, and an ugly brooch set with paste diamonds.

She made a picture, startling, bizarre, yet at the same time with a certain wierd beauty.

Dressed, she surveyed herself complacently. She was beautiful, and Eddie Smith could not help but notice it. Was he coming yet?

She hurried to the window, and looked out across the snows. They were, as yet, unbroken by a single track. The heavy fall of yesterday had ceased, but the day was cold, the sky overcast. There would be another fall before the afternoon had ended.

She went to the stove, and found everything there satisfactory. It would be but a few moments' work to transfer the dinner to the table.

Again she went to the window and sat down and waited patiently until she descried the figure of a man plowing through the drifts. She watched him intently, and soon saw that it was Smith. On he came, and when he was within hailing distance, she hurried to the door and opened it for him.

He came up, stamped the snow from his shoes, dusted the loose snow that had accumulated on his long overcoat, and then came in, casting aside his wraps.

"How's my little Sal today?" he queried, taking her hand in his. "My, we are dressed up!"

"How do you like me?" she asked, referring to her appearance, of course.

"Very much. You're quite dashing," he teased.

"Well, the dinner's all ready, Eddie," she said, "an' I'll put it on the table right off. Say, do you know any kind o' prayer to say? We ought to say one before we eat on Thanksgiving Day, oughtn't we?"

"Indeed, yes. But really, I think the nicest prayer that we could say is, 'Father, we thank you,' and think over all the blessings and happinesses that have been bestowed upon us. I think such a prayer would be quite sufficient, don't you?"

"Yes. And we should tell what we're thankful for?" she queried.

"Why, yes. I know I have something to tell you that makes me very thankful today."

"I wonder if it's the same thing I'm thankful for?"

"The same?" There was wonder in his query.

"Yes. I'm thankful for my good health," she began, "an' I'm thankful that the men in camp are kind to me, an' that they help me keep up my business, but most o' all, I'm thankful that you came to camp here, an' that I love you."

She spoke reverently, and dropped her eyes. But when she looked up and saw the face of the man before her, her heart sank and her head grew giddy. She staggered forward. Smith caught her, but she slipped to the floor, her arms caught him spasmodically about the waist and she looked imploringly into his face. Then slowly she loosened her clasp, rose and stood off from him, regarding him with a look of despair.

"Ain't you glad, Eddie?" she queried mournfully. "I thought ye loved me, an' I, well, when ye first came, I knew I loved you."

He went to her side, and put his arm about her waist.

"Poor little girl," he murmured, "I'm so sorry; I'm so sorry! It's my fault entirely. I see what I had intended only to be kindness has been misconstrued by you. I love you, little girl, but not the way you thought I loved you. I always thought of you as a little girl, not as a woman with a woman's heart and a woman's power for love. Listen: When I first came here, I came in an agony of spirit. I had quarreled with the dearest girl in the world. She loved me, and I loved her, loved her to distraction, almost. But we had a quarrel and misunderstanding. She was at fault, but she thought I was. I couldn't blame her at first, but I did when after I explained, she would not believe me. She has found out differently, now.

"In the agony of my heart, I wanted to get away, so I came out here. I am not 'Eddie Smith' as you know me, but I am really Edgar Griegg, son of the president of the syndicate.

"I came here to work and to try to forget. But I could not.

"Yesterday a letter came to me. It was from my Lorrayne. She told me that she found out that she was in the wrong, begged my forgiveness, if forgive I could, and to please come back to her if I could after her cruel treatment of me.

"Would I forgive her? Would I go back? I settled up everything at the plant and I was going away tonight on the five o'clock train, but the thought of going now, saddens me when I think of you. I might have known I was playing with fire, but I didn't think. I didn't think you would fall in love with me, and I thought the seven years' difference in our ages would make me and my actions toward you appeal to you as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossiblt to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to COMFORT Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful one schosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ONCE more Aida is with us with suggestions for a winter window box and her ideas are very practical and worthy of trying. This offers an opportunity for indulging in a personal preference for any flower or combination of flowers and many pleasing ideas will suggest themselves to the flower lover, once an active interest is taken in this particular side of flower culture. Start now and have your own Thanksgiving and Christmas decorations on hand and enjoy them all other days as well.—Ed.

The Window Box for Winter

At this seasop of the year it is well to prepare a window box for the sunny window inside. It can be placed on a small table or stand and the vines that hang over the sides of the box will soon cover the stand and make a beautiful show. For the edge of the box, red, green, and green and white striped Wandering Jew are desirable both for their habit of quick growth and beauty.

For vines to grow up on a trellis, the Thunbergia, in several varieties, and the delicate lavender Maurandia, with its swinging bells, are both lovely, one at each end of the box is sufficient. A slender stick at each end will be sufficient for them to climb on, or if one desires the vines can be allowed to climb the windows, which is a very pretty method of training them. Of course the seeds of these vines must be sown in the box, but they are quick growers.

Slips of any good colors in petunias can be made in the box and start readily. Seed of Sweet Alyssum can be sown and the box will soon be a bower of beauty. In the late fall a few bulbs can be snugly planted, tulips especially, they make such a bright show, or the golden Narcissus that can be depended upon to bloom.

A window box like this is little or no trouble and will afford the entire family much pleasure the whole winter through. AIDA.

YOUNGSTOWN, 536 North Ave., OHIO.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I was so pleased to learn that the sisters are planning to give Uncle Charlie a home for his birthday present and enclose herein a money order for one dollar to buy one brick. Also enclosed is one dollar from my mother, Mrs. J. E. Cone and twenty-five cents from my little daughter, Alice.

It is much better I think to give flowers to those we love while they are still with us, for after they have passed away it is only the friends of the loved ones who can appreciate the monuments and memorials we erect to their memory. Uncle Charlie should know how we value his beautiful character, his big heart, his wonderful patience in all his long suffering, his great mind, his sweet charity to all the afflicted ones and what he has done for the boys and girls of America in teaching them preparedness and many other important matters which will develop their characters.

About eight years ago, my mother and I purchased some of his books of poems to give for Christmas presents and I received an autographed card from him which I have pasted in the front of the book of poems and it is one of my most valued possessions.

We should all feel very grateful to COMFORT for giving us such a grand man for an uncle and I hope that it won't be long until this little paper will be in every home in the United States.

I enjoy reading the letters from the sisters very much. I have brown eyes and hair, am a stenographer, and have a dear little girl of four years who is a constant source of pleasure.

With kind regards to yourself and sisters and trusting that the home for Uncle Charlie will soon be a reality, I am, Very sincerely,

MRS. RENO CONE JACOBS.

CUMBERLAND, WIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

You can make a packing chest at very little cost by following these directions:

Get a good dry-goods box and molding enough to go around the corners, the bottom and the cover. Use brass hinges for the cover and a hasp and brass padlock so that the chest can be locked. Tack on the molding with small, headless nails and see that the cover fits snugly so as to make it moth proof, which can be helped by painting the inside with oil of cedar. For decorations it may be stained or painted and ornamented in any selected design with brass headed tacks or it may be nicely sandpapered and ornamented in pyrography. The design may be drawn with a pencil and burned in very neatly, even by an amateur.

May I say a few words through COMFORT about good night to our little ones? Make it a pleasant one, always. Do not send a child to bed with a sob. How it tortures our hearts to remember crying ourselves to sleep. It is one of the saddest things in life, to the adult as well as the child. It is not always possible to avoid a last sad wakeful hour. Bereavement comes to us one and all. The dear one is gone and our hearts ache so when we lie down to sleep. It is not mine to offer impossible consolation to those dear sorrowing hearts. God alone can comfort them. But the preventable annoyances which can so easily be avoided, particularly with our children, is what I have in mind when I say make your good night a pleasant one. If a child studies evenings, try to brush out the cobwebs from a tired brain before he goes to rest. A song, a few minutes of laughter or a story with a joke, a good-night caress and the child will sink to rest with a happy smile. There are corrections and chastisements often administered that are better left for reflection. "Wait till morning to whip me," a dear little lad once said. Leave such things, if you can, till morning and often you will see it in a more tender light.

I am not here to criticize or discuss punishments but, dear parents, try to do it in the morning. The settling of disputes between members of families is poor business for evening entertainment and you, "men," do you discuss economics, haggle over unpaid bills, or argue saving with your tired wife? Do you take this hour to cut off her last chance of rest? Foolish man, better get up an hour early some morn-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



Sunday as a Day of Rest.

A magazine writer says that women, and especially women in small towns and on farms, do not get any rest on Sunday. Possibly she is right.

It is quite certain that the men rest on Sunday—and eat—and the women who cook the big Sunday dinners do not get much rest until they learn how to take the "short cuts" that save unnecessary work in hot kitchens. One of the most important of these "short cuts" is the new method of dessert-making. In place of the heavy puddings and pies which have always accompanied the heavy Sunday dinners, fruity

JELL-O

desserts are served—desserts that are sparkling and beautiful and delicious beyond comparison.

These Jell-O desserts, which just fit the Sunday appetite, are made by dissolving Jell-O in boiling water. It is done in a minute, and adds a good many minutes to woman's share of Sunday rest.

In every Jell-O package there is a little folder containing rules, suggestions and recipes for making up Jell-O in all possible forms.

Jell-O is made in seven different flavors: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Peach, Chocolate. Each **10** cents at any grocer's or any general store.

The flavors are pure fruit flavors and the full strength of the flavors is preserved by the air-tight and moisture-proof waxed-paper Safety Bags enclosing the Jell-O inside the cartons.

The price has never changed. It is ten cents to-day just as it has been from the beginning.

The 1916 Jell-O Book is the most beautiful ever issued and it contains more useful information for housewives than any other. Send us your name and address and we will mail you one of the books.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY, Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

The name Jell-O is on every package in big red letters.
If it isn't there it isn't Jell-O.



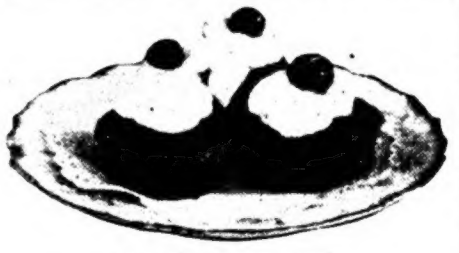
This is the package

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

LAST Thanksgiving we had for a guest a young woman whose ingenuity and resourcefulness is well known among her friends and to her I turned over the problem of table decorations while I attended to the prosaic, though perhaps more important, task of looking after the turkey and fixin's. This is what she did:

After washing and hollowing out a medium-sized, golden pumpkin and cutting the top in an irregular manner she placed it on one of my best embroidered doilies in the center of the table and filled it with mixed nuts. Then from some source, best known to herself—the toyshop I think—she produced a little toy squirrel which she securely fastened in the middle of the heaping mound of nuts, as though he were contemplating with pleasure the feast before him. The overflow of nuts onto the doily underneath took away any suggestion of bareness and further carried out the idea of plenty, which is the keynote of Thanksgiving.—Ed.

SOUR MILK GINGER CAKES.—One half cup of sugar, one half cup of molasses, scant tablespoon of ginger, one half teaspoon of soda and one third teaspoon of salt mixed thoroughly together. Beat in one tablespoon of warmed butter and one cup of thick sour



SOUR MILK GINGER CAKES.

milk, and lastly two and one quarter cups of pastry flour to which has been added one more half teaspoon of soda. Half cream and half sour milk make the cakes richer, when the butter is omitted. An attractive dessert is made by arranging cakes on a plate, heaping the top with whipped cream and in the center place a cube of red jelly or preserve.

GINGER SNAPS.—One pint each sorghum and lard, two cups of sugar, one cup cold water, six teaspoons baking-powder, two tablespoons ginger and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll out and bake. These are fine.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Two cups white sugar, one half cup butter and lard, two eggs, one half cup cocoa, one half cup sour milk, one teaspoon baking soda, two cups flour and last of all, one half cup boiling water. MRS. EDWIN H. KOCH, Wescoesville, Pa.

MADONIA CAKE.—To the well-beaten yolks of four eggs add two cups of sugar, one half cup of butter, three quarters of a cup of sweet milk, two teaspoons baking powder and four cups flour. Beat well and lastly add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and one teaspoon of any desired flavoring. Bake in loaf or in layers. This is fine.

MRS. CRAYTON WILLIAMS, Westminster, S. C.

VELVET CAKE.—Two cups sugar, four cups flour, one cup butter, one cup cold water, four eggs, one half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream of tartar. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; dissolve the soda in water; mix cream of tartar in flour; beat the eggs separately, then add other ingredients and flavor with one tablespoon lemon or almond. Bake one hour in a moderate oven. This quantity is sufficient for two loaves.

LIZZIE BETH KEENE, West Alton, Mo.

PARIS CAKE.—One and one half cups white sugar, three eggs, butter size of an egg, one cup of milk, two and one half cups flour, two teaspoons baking-powder and one teaspoon vanilla. Bake in layer or loaf.

HAZEL CHRISTINE MAURER, Clive, Alberta, Kans.

OATMEAL COOKIES.—Three cups of raw oatmeal, one cup of shortening (if lard is used, add a dash of salt), one and one half cups of sugar, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, two eggs, one teaspoon cinnamon, three cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, and one pint of raisins and nuts chopped and mixed together. Batter will be stiff. Place by the spoonful on buttered tin and bake.

MRS. A. R. SMITH, Afton, Okla.

FRUIT COOKIES.—One and one half cups brown sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, two tablespoons sweet milk, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cinnamon, one quarter teaspoon cloves, one quarter teaspoon nutmeg and one cup chopped raisins, with flour enough to roll.

FRIED CAKES.—One cup sweet milk, one egg, one half cup sugar, one tablespoon of half lard and half butter. two teaspoons baking powder, a pinch of salt; mix soft, roll out, and fry in hot lard.

DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE.—Two cups brown sugar, one half cup of butter, one half cup grated chocolate, one half cup sour milk, one half cup hot water, two eggs, one teaspoon of soda and three cups of flour.

ICING.—One cup of sweet milk and one cup of sugar. Cook until thick enough to spread nicely without running.

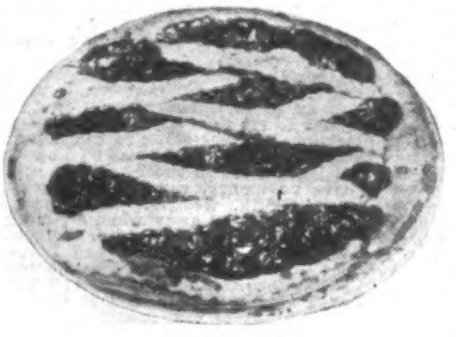
MRS. IZORA DUGUID, Decatur, Ill.

SOFT JUMBLES.—One egg, well-beaten, one and one half cups sugar, two thirds of a cup of butter, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda and three and one half cups flour. Flavor to taste. Bake in gem pans in a slow oven.

HOT WATER GINGERBREAD.—One egg, well-beaten, one cup molasses, one half cup sugar, one half cup lard, one teaspoon soda, pinch of salt and a little of all spices, two cups of flour and then stir in one cup of hot water. Bake in very hot oven.

MRS. BURTON BATCHELDOR, Clinton, Maine.

CRANBERRY PIE.—Put cranberries in agate stewing pan and cover with boiling water to within one inch of top. Stew till cranberries break open, stirring frequently as they will quickly catch on bottom. Put through coarse strainer to remove skins. A thick pulp should be left. Peel, core and slice a third as much apple and line fairly deep pie plates with pie crust, fill two thirds full of cranberry pulp and cover with one third sliced apple. Add one cup of sugar, butter size of a walnut, and a pinch of salt. Cover with crossed strips of pie crust two inches wide and bake



CRANBERRY PIE.

three quarters of an hour in a slow oven, except for the first ten minutes when the oven should be hot.

PIE CRUST.—To three cups of sifted flour, work in half a cup of equal parts of lard and butter and a teaspoon of salt. Rub together till of a granula consistency. Add ice-cold water, a very little at a time till the dough will just stick together. Handle as little as possible and roll thin.

TO CRYSTALLIZE FRUIT.—Pick out the finest of any kind of fruit, leave in the stones; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; lay the fruit in the beaten egg, with the stem upward; drain them and beat the part that drops off again; select them out, one by one, and dip them into a cup of finely-powdered sugar; cover a pan with a sheet of fine paper, place the fruit on it, and set it in a cool oven; when the icing on the fruit becomes firm, pile them on a dish, and set them in a cool place.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Three cups of flour, or sufficient to make the batter; one tablespoon butter, one cup sugar, two eggs, one cup milk, half a teaspoon soda, one teaspoon each of cream of tartar and salt; mix the cream of tartar and salt with the flour; beat the whites of the eggs, put the butter, sugar, and yolks of the eggs together. Then work in the milk, soda, and salt, adding the flour and whites of the eggs; there should be flour enough to make a fairly stiff batter; butter a mold or dish, and bake; it may be turned out or served from the dish; to be eaten with any liquid sauce.

MEAT ROLLS WITH RICE CAKES.—Two cups of chopped cooked meat that has a little fat with it, one tablespoon of finely minced onion, teaspoon of salt, saltspoon of black pepper, one beaten egg, one half



MEAT ROLLS WITH RICE CAKES.

cup of milk and one even tablespoon of flour. Put two teaspoons of butter into a frying pan with the pepper, onion, salt, and when the butter is bubbling add the flour and stir till smooth. Add the milk and when it boils stir in the chopped meat and cook three minutes. When about half cool, stir in the beaten egg and shape into rolls. Roll in either meal or flour and fry in quite deep fat, or they may be baked in a very hot oven. An excellent way to use left overs.

CREAMED MEAT.—Melt a heaping tablespoon of butter in frying pan, add a heaping tablespoon of flour and stir until thick, then add one cup of meat gravy and one cup rich milk; stir until smooth and creamy. When creamy, add two cups cold meat, finely shredded, and seasoned with salt and pepper, and cook until hot. Serve on toast or with baked potatoes. This is delicious and uses up the leftovers.

MRS. HELEN JOHNSON, Humbird, Wis.

A GOOD STEAK.—Wash steak, flour well, season and fry in usual way. When brown, take three mangoes, one onion and one lemon, slice and put between cuts and on top. Fill skillet with water, let it boil down and if necessary fill a second time. Pour catsup over before serving. MRS. H. E. JOHNSON, St. Joseph, Mo.

MEAT PIE.—Chop cold meat, about a quart for two pies. To this add one onion, chopped fine, salt and pepper to taste, a little water and dot with butter. Bake in two crusts.

THELMA JUANITA ESTES, McArthur, Cal.

HAM TIMBALES.—Dissolve one tablespoon of granulated gelatine in one half cup of hot water and add two cups of cold boiled ham, chopped very fine. Season with one teaspoon of made mustard and a dash of red pepper; then add one half cup of cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into a mould or moulds and chill thoroughly. Remove from mould, garnish with parsley and serve with a sauce made as follows:

SAUCE.—Beat one half cup heavy cream until stiff and add three tablespoons mayonnaise dressing, one tablespoon of grated horseradish, one teaspoon of mustard, one half teaspoon of salt and a few grains of red pepper.

MRS. CHESTER I. SIMMERS, Hildebrand, Oregon.

A GOOD BREAKFAST DISH.—To a pint of cold mashed potato add a tablespoon of melted butter, one well-beaten egg, and one teaspoon minced parsley. Mould into cakes with the hands, dip them in beaten egg and then in cracker crumbs and fry to a deep brown in plenty of hot butter and drippings. Have ready as many poached eggs as potato cakes and lay one on the top of each cake. Garnish with parsley and serve while hot.

BAKED CABBAGE.—Boil a firm head of cabbage for fifteen minutes and then change the water, adding fresh boiling water. Let boil until tender, drain and set aside to cool. Mince some boiled ham, mix with bread crumbs, add two eggs, well beaten, one tablespoon of butter, three tablespoons of milk and season with salt and pepper. Chop the cabbage very fine, mix all together and bake till brown. Serve hot.

MRS. E. V. DAVIS, Duluth, Minn.

NUT AND CHEESE ROAST.—Cook two tablespoons of chopped onion in one tablespoon of butter (and a little water) until it is tender. Mix one cup of chopped English walnut meats, one cup of bread crumbs, one cup of cheese, melted, salt, pepper and the juice of half a lemon. Moisten with the water in which the onion has been cooked, pour into a baking dish and brown in in the oven.

HOT SLAW.—With a sharp knife cut up nicely a firm head of cabbage; sprinkle it with as much pepper and salt as you think necessary; beat up the yolk of one egg, add a lump of butter the size of a walnut, a gill of cream, the same quantity of vinegar, a tablespoon of sugar, an even teaspoon of mustard, and a pinch of bruised celery seed; mix together, in a tin cup; put the slaw in an oven, and pour the mixture over it boiling hot; stir it till well mixed, and the cabbage slightly coddled, then send to the table hot.

KOHL-RABI, OR TURNIP CABBAGE.—This vegetable is a variety of the cabbage but instead of the reserve nutritive matter of the plant being stored largely in the leaves or flowers, it is collected in the stem, which forms a turnip-like enlargement just above the ground. Kohl-rabi is fine-flavored and delicate, if cooked when very young and tender. It should be used when it has a diameter of not more than two or three inches. As it grows large it becomes tough and fibrous.

BOILED KOHL-RABI. (Requested.)—Wash and pare the vegetables, then cut in thin slices. Put into slightly salted boiling water and boil, with the cover partially off the stew-pan, until the vegetable is tender. This will take from thirty to fifty minutes. Pour off the water, and season with butter, salt and pepper. Kohl-rabi may be boiled with pork in the same way as cabbage. The cold boiled vegetable may be served as a salad.—(U. S. Dept. of Ag. Recipes.)

AUGUSTA W. JOOST, Edgewood, Md.

PARSNIP FRITTERS.—Four parsnips, boiled and mashed fine; add three well-beaten eggs, two tablespoons of sifted flour, butter the size of an egg, one cup of milk, and salt to taste. Serve quite hot.

WELSH RABBIT.—Melt one teaspoon of butter, add one teaspoon each of salt, mustard and paprika; add two cups of American cheese. When melted, add one half cup of cream. Stir vigorously until smooth; pour over hot buttered crackers or bread toasted on one side, the rabbit being poured over the untoasted side.

VENETIAN CHEESE.—Two small onions browned in butter, melt one half pound of cheese with the onions; when melted, add one small can of tomato soup. Let the mixture heat thoroughly and add two eggs. When the whites of the eggs have set, stir together and serve hot on crackers.

VEAL BALLS.—Two and one half cups of chopped raw veal, three quarters of a cup of raw salt pork, one cup of fine cracker crumbs, one half cup of water, one and one half even tablespoon of flour, one rounding teaspoon of salt, three teaspoons of vinegar, a pinch of white pepper and one beaten egg. Mix



VEAL BALLS.

all together and shape into balls. Roll in hot pork fat and bake one hour. Cut hearts of celery into quarters pressing a piece into the top of each, and the white tender leaves into the sides.



She halted a moment just outside the door

"you von little meek-faced robber!"

There! Mr. Officer; that is the girl who passed the counterfeit.

"The Masked Bridal"

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER I.

TWO UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

IT was a cold, raw night in December, and the streets of New York city, despite their myriads of electric lights and gayly illuminated shop windows, were dismal and forlorn beyond description.

The sky was leaden. A piercing wind was blowing up from the East River, and great flakes of snow were beginning to fall, when, out of the darkness of a side street, there came the slight, graceful figure of a young girl, who, crossing Broadway, glided into the glare of the great arclight that was stationed directly opposite a pawnbroker's shop.

She halted a moment just outside the door, one slender, shabbily gloved hand resting irresolutely upon its polished knob, while an expression of mingled pain and disgust swept over her pale but singularly beautiful face.

Presently, however, she straightened herself, and throwing up her head with an air of resolution, she turned the knob, pushed open the door, and entered the shop.

It was a large establishment of its kind, and upon every hand there were indications that that relentless master, Poverty, had been very busy about his work in the homes of the unfortunate, compelling his victims to sacrifice their dearest possessions to his avaricious grasp.

The young girl walked swiftly to the counter, behind which there stood a shrewd-faced Israelite, who was the only occupant of the place, and whose keen black eyes glittered with mingled admiration and cupidity as they fastened themselves upon the lovely face before him.

With an air of quiet dignity the girl lifted her glance to his, as she produced a ticket from the well-worn purse which she carried in her hand.

"I have come, sir, to redeem the watch upon which you loaned me three dollars last week," she remarked, as she laid the ticket upon the counter before him.

"Aha! an' so, miss, you vishes to redeem de vatch!" remarked the man, as he took up the ticket.

"Yes, sir."

"An' vat vill you redeem 'im mit?" he pursued.

"With the same amount that you advanced me, of course," gravely responded the girl.

"Ah! ve vill zee—ve vill zee! Vhere ish de money?" and the man extended a huge soiled hand to her.

"I have a five-dollar gold-piece here," she returned, as she took it from her purse and deposited it also upon the counter; for she shrank from coming in contact with that repulsive unwashed hand.

The pawnbroker seized the coin greedily, his eyes gleaming hungrily at the sight of the yellow gold, while he examined it carefully to assure himself that it was genuine.

"So! so! you vill vant de vatch," he at length observed, in a sullen tone, as if he did not relish the idea of requiring the valuable timespiece upon which he had advanced the paltry sum of three dollars. "Vell!" and irritably pulling out a drawer as he spoke, he dropped the coin into it. "Ah!" he cried, with a sudden start and an angry frown, as it dropped with a ringing sound upon the wood, "vat you mean? You vould sheat me!—you vould rob me! De money ish not goot—de coin ish counterfeit! I vill send for de officer—you shall pe arrested—you von little meek-faced robber! Ah!" he concluded, in a shrill tone of well-simulated anger, as he shook his fist menacingly before his companion.

"I do not understand you!—what do you mean, sir?"

"You play de innocence very vell!" he sneered; then added, gruffly: "You vill not get der vatch, for you haf prought me bad money."

"You are mistaken, sir; I have just received that gold-piece from a respectable lawyer, for whom I have been working during the week, and I know he would not take advantage of me by paying me with counterfeit money," the young girl explained.

"Ah! maybe not—maybe not, miss; not if he knew it," said the pawnbroker, now adopting a wheedling and pitiful tone as he drew forth the shining piece and pushed it toward her. "Somebody may haf sheeted him; but it haf not der true ring of gold, and you'll haf to bring me der t'ree dollars some oder time, miss."

The girl's delicate face flushed, and tears sprang to her eyes. She stood looking sadly down upon the money for a moment, then, with a weary sigh, replaced it in her purse, together with the ticket, and left the shop without a word; while the tricky pawnbroker looked after her, a smile of cunning triumph wreathing his coarse lips.

"Oh, mamma! poor mamma! what shall I do?" murmured the girl, with a heart-broken sob, as she stepped forth upon the street again. "I was so happy to think I had earned enough to redeem your precious watch, and also get something nice and nourishing for your Sunday dinner; but now—what can I do? Oh, it is dreadful to be so poor!"

Another sob choked her utterance, and the glistening tears rolled thick and fast over her cheeks; but she hurried on her way, and, after a brisk walk of ten or fifteen minutes, turned into a side street and presently entered a dilapidated looking house.

Mounting a flight of rickety stairs, she entered a room where a dim light revealed a pale and wasted woman lying upon a poor but spotlessly clean couch.

"Edith, dear, I am so glad you have come," said a faint but sweet voice from the bed.

"And, mamma, I never came home with a sadder heart," sighed the weary and almost discouraged girl, as she sank upon a low chair at her mother's side.

"How so, dear?" questioned the invalid; whereupon her daughter gave an account of her recent interview with the pawnbroker.

"I know Mr. Bryant would never have given me the gold-piece if he had not supposed it to be all right, for he has been so very kind and considerate to me all the week," she remarked, in conclusion, with a slight blush. "I am sure he would exchange it, even now; but he left the office at four, and I do not know where he lives; so I suppose I shall have to wait until Monday; but I am terribly disappointed about the watch, while we have neither food nor fuel to get over Sunday with."

The sick woman sighed gently.

"Perhaps the money is not counterfeit, after all," she remarked, after a moment of thoug t. Perhaps the pawnbroker did not want to give up the watch, and so took that way to get rid of you."

"That is so! how strange that I did not think of it myself!" exclaimed Edith, starting eagerly to her feet. "I will go around to the grocery at once, and perhaps they will take the coin. What a comforter you always prove to be in times of trouble, mamma!" she added, bending down to kiss the pale face upon the pillow. "Cheer up; we will soon have a fire and something to eat."

She again put on her jacket and hat, and drew on her gloves, preparatory to going forth to breast the storm and biting cold once more.

Half an hour later she returned with her arms full of packages, and followed by a man bearing a generous basketful of coal and kindlings.

Her face was glowing, her eyes sparkling, and she was a bewildering vision of beauty and happiness.

"The money wasn't bad, after all, mamma," she said, when the man had departed; "they didn't make the slightest objection to taking it at the grocery. I believe you were right, and that the pawnbroker did not want to give up the watch, so took that way to get rid of me. But I will have it next week, and I shall have a policeman to go with me to get it."

"Did you tell the grocer anything about the trouble you have had?" the invalid inquired.

"No, mamma; I simply offered the coin in payment for what I bought, and he took it without a word," Edith replied, but flushing slightly, for she felt a trifle guilty about passing the money after what had occurred.

"I almost wish you had," said her mother.

"I thought I would, at first, but—I knew we must have something to eat, and fuel to keep us warm between now and Monday, and so I allowed the grocer to take it upon his own responsibility," the young girl responded.

Edith, removing her things, bustled about, and soon had a cheerful fire and an appetizing meal prepared.

"Now come, mamma," Edith remarked, at length; "let me help you into your chair and wheel you up to the table, for supper is ready, and I am sure you will enjoy these delicious oysters, which I have cooked as you like them best."

Mother and daughter were chatting pleasantly, enjoying their meal, when the door of their room was thrown rudely open and two men strode into their presence.

Edith started to her feet in mingled indignation and alarm, then grew deadly pale when she observed that one of the intruders was an officer, and the other the grocer of whom she had made her recent purchases.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?" she asked.

"There! Mr. Officer; that is the girl who passed the counterfeit money at my store," the grocer exclaimed, his face crimson with anger.

Edith uttered a smothered cry of anguish, then sank weakly back into her chair, as the man went forward to her side, laid his hand upon her shoulder, and remarked:

"You are my prisoner, miss."

CHAPTER II.

A STANCH FRIEND MAKES A VAIN APPEAL.

Beautiful Edith Allandale and her gentle, refined mother had been suddenly hurled from affluence down into the very depths of poverty.

Only two years previous to the opening of our story the world had been as bright to them as to any of the petted favorities of fortune who dwell in the luxurious palaces on Fifth Avenue.

Albert Allandale had been a wealthy broker in Wall street; for years fortune had showered her favors upon him, and everything he had touched seemed literally to turn to gold in his grasp.

His family consisted of his wife, his beautiful daughter, and two bright sons, ten and twelve years of age, upon whom the dearest hopes of his life had centered.

But like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, an illness of less than a week had deprived him of both of his sons.

Diphtheria, that fell destroyer, laid its relentless hand upon them, and they had died upon the same day, within a few hours of each other.

The heart-broken father was a changed man from the moment, when, sitting in speechless agony beside these idolized boys, he watched their young lives go out, and felt that the future held nothing to tempt him to live on.

His mind appeared to be impaired by this crushing blow; he could neither eat nor sleep; his business was neglected, and, day by day, he failed, until in less than six months from the time that death had so robbed him, he had followed his boys, leaving his wife and lovely daughter to struggle as best they could with poverty; for their great wealth had melted like snow beneath the blazing sun when Mr. Allandale lost his interest in the affairs of the world.

Keenly sensitive, and no less proud—crushed by their many sorrows, the bereaved wife and daughter hid themselves and their grief from every one, in a remote corner of the great city. But misfortune followed misfortune—Mrs. Allandale having become a confirmed invalid—until they were reduced to the straits described at the opening of our story.

The week preceding they had spent their last dollar—obtained by pawning one after another of their old-time treasures—and Edith insisted upon seeking employment.

She had seen an advertisement for a copyist in one of the daily papers, and, upon answering it in person, succeeded in obtaining the situation with the young lawyer already mentioned.

Every day spent in her presence only served to make him admire her the more; and, before the week was out, he had altogether lost his heart to her.

When Saturday evening arrived, he paid her with the golden coin which was destined to bring fresh sorrow upon her, and she went out from his presence with a strange feeling of pride and independence over the knowledge that she had earned it with her own hands, and henceforth would be able to provide for her own and her mother's comfort.

But Royal Bryant had been conscience-smitten when he saw her beautiful face light up with mingled pride and pleasure as he laid that tiny piece of gold in her palm.

He would gladly have doubled the amount; but five dollars had been the sum agreed upon for that first week's work, and he feared that he would wound her pride by offering her a gratuity.

So he had told her that she would be worth more to him the next week, and that he would continue to increase her wages in proportion as she acquired speed and proficiency in her work.

Thus she had started forth, that dreary Saturday night with a comparatively light heart, to redeem her watch, before going home to tell her mother her good news.

But, alas! how disastrously the day had closed!

"Come, miss," impatiently remarked the officer, as she sat with bowed head, her face covered with her hands, "get on your things! I've no time to be fooling away, and must run you into camp before it gets any later."

"Oh, what do you mean?" cried Edith, starting wildly to her feet. "Where are you going to take me?"

"To the station-house, of course, where you'll stay until Monday, when you'll be taken to court for your examination," was the gruff reply.

"Oh, no! I can never spend two nights in such a place!" moaned the nearly frantic girl. "I have done no intentional wrong," she continued, lifting an appealing look to the man's face. "That money was given to me for some work that I have been doing this week, and if any one is answerable for it being counterfeit, it should be the person who paid it to me."

"Who paid you the money?" the officer demanded.

"A lawyer for whom I have been copying—Mr. Royal Bryant; his office is at No. —— Broadway."

"Then you'll have to appeal to him. But of course it's too late now to find him at his office. Where does he live?"

"I do not know," sighed Edith, dejectedly. "I have only been with him one week, and did not once hear him mention his residence."

"That's a pity, miss," returned the officer, in a gentler tone, for he began to be moved by her beauty and distress. The condition of the invalid, who had fallen back weak and faint in her chair when he entered, also appealed to him.

"Unless you can prove your story true, and make up the grocer's loss to him, I shall be obliged to lock you up to await your examination."

"Do you mean that if I could pay Mr. Pincher I need not be arrested?" she eagerly inquired.

"Yes; the man only wants his money."

"Then he shall have it," Edith joyfully exclaimed. "I will give him back the change he gave me, then I will go to Mr. Bryant the first thing Monday morning and tell him about the gold-piece, when I am sure he will make it all right, and I can pay Mr. Pincher for what I bought tonight."

"No, you don't, miss," here interposed the grocer himself. "I've had that game played on me too many times already. You'll just fork over five dollars to me this very night or off you go to the lock-up. I'm not going to run any risk of your skipping out of sight between now and Monday, and leaving me in the lurch."

"But I have no money, save the change you gave me," said Edith, wearily. "And do you think I would wish to run away when my mother is too sick to be moved?" she added, indignantly. "I could not take her with me, and I would not leave her. Oh, pray do not force me to go to that dreadful place this fearful night! I promise that I will stay quietly here and that you shall have every penny of your money on Monday morning."

"She certainly will keep her word, gentlemen," Mrs. Allendale here interposed, in a tremulous voice. "Do not force her to leave me, for I am very ill and need her."

"I'm going to have my five dollars now, or to jail she will go," was the gruff response of the obdurate grocer.

"Oh, I cannot go to jail!" wailed the persecuted girl.

Mrs. Allandale, almost unnerved by the sight of her grief, pleaded again with pallid face and quivering lips for her. But the man was relentless.

"Do your duty, Mr. Officer, and I'll be on hand Monday morning, in court, to tell 'em how I've been swindled."

With this he vanished, leaving the policeman no alternative but to enforce the law.

"Oh, mamma! mamma! how can I live and suffer such shame?" cried the despairing girl, as she sank upon her knees in front of the sick woman, and shuddered from head to foot in view of the fate before her.

Mrs. Allandale was so overcome that she could not utter one word of comfort. She was only able to lift one wasted hand and lay it upon the golden head with a touch of infinite tenderness: then, with a gasp, she fainted dead away.

"Oh, you have killed her!" Edith cried, in an agonized tone. "What shall I do? How can I leave her? I will not. Oh! will no one come to help me in this dreadful emergency?"

"Sure, Miss Allandale, ye know that Kate O'Brien is always willin' to lend ye a hand when you're in trouble—bless yer bonny heart!" here interposed a loud but kindly voice, and the next instant the good-natured face of a buxom Irishwoman was thrust inside the door, which the grocer had left ajar when he went out. "What is the matter here?" she concluded, glancing from the officer to the senseless woman in her chair, and over whom Edith was hanging, chafing her cold hands, while bitter tears rolled over her face.

A few words sufficed to explain the situation, and then the indignation of the warm-hearted daughter of Erin blazed forth more forcibly than elegantly, and she berated the absent grocer and present officer in no gentle terms.

Kate O'Brien would gladly have advanced the five dollars to the grocer, but, unfortunately, she herself was at that moment almost destitute of cash.

"Come, Miss Allandale," said the officer, somewhat impatiently, "I can't wait any longer."

"Oh, mamma! how can I leave you like this?" moaned the girl.

"She has only fainted, mavourneen," said Kate O'Brien, in a tender tone. "She'll soon come to herself, and ye may safely trust her wid me—I'll not lave her til ye come back again."

And with this assurance, Edith was forced to be content, for she saw, by the officer's resolute face, that she could hope for no reprieve.

So, with one last agonizing look, she pressed a kiss upon the pallid brow of her loved one; then, again donning her hat and shawl, she told the policeman that she was ready, and went forth once more into the darkness and the pitiless storm.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG LAWYER EXPERIENCES TWO EXTRAORDINARY SURPRISES.

The next morning, in the matron's room of the Thirtieth street station-house, a visitor came to see Edith Allandale. The visitor was Kate O'Brien, who, after announcing the condition of the prisoner's mother, declared her willingness to aid Edith in any way in her power.

Edith intrusted a letter to her for Mr. Royal Bryant, and early Monday morning Kate was at the lawyer's office, and placed the missive in his hands.

The young man instantly recognized the handwriting of his fair copyist, and flushed to his brow at sight of it.

"Ah! she is ill and has sent me word that she cannot come to the office today!" he said to himself.

"Sit down, madam," he said to his visitor, and he eagerly tore open the letter and read the following:

"MR. BRYANT—Dear Sir: I am sorry to have to tell you that the five-dollar gold-piece which you gave me on Saturday evening was a counterfeit coin. I passed it at a grocery, near which I reside, in payment for necessaries which I purchased, and, half an hour later, was arrested for the crime of passing spurious money. I could not appeal to you at the time, for I did not know your address; but now I beg that you will come to my aid tomorrow morning, when I shall have to appear in court to answer the charge, for I do not know of any one else upon whom to call in my present extremity. Oh, pray come at once, for my mother is very ill and needs me.

"Respectfully yours, EDITH M. ALLANDALE."

Royal Bryant's face was ghastly white when he finished reading this brief epistle.

"Good heavens!" he muttered, "to think of that beautiful girl being arrested and imprisoned for such an offense! Where is Miss Allandale?" he added, aloud, turning to Mrs. O'Brien, who had been watching him with a jealous eye ever since entering the room.

"In the Thirtieth street station-house, sir," she briefly responded.

"Infamous!" exclaimed the young man, in great excitement. "And has she been in that vile place since Saturday evening?"

"She has, sir; but not with the common lot; the matron has been very good to her, sir, and gave her a bed in her own room," the woman explained.

"Blessed be the matron!" was Royal Bryant's inward comment. Then, turning again to his companion, he inquired:

"What is your name, if you please, madam?"

"Kate O'Brien, at yer service, sir."

"Thank you; and do you live near Miss Allandale?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

How to Buy Coffee

By the Greatest Coffee Merchants in the World

Three Mistakes Many Women Make

You know how hard it is to get a coffee which really satisfies you. You know how seldom you can find a coffee which has the same fine taste and strength every morning! It can be done.

You can do it if, when you buy coffee, you are careful *not* to make the mistakes so many women make. Read the experiences below—you yourself have undoubtedly had one or more of them.



Beware of loose coffee

Are you buying coffee which you get loose, coffee which hasn't been protected by a sealed package?

Are you afraid that it isn't clean? Has it lost its aroma? Are you often disappointed in its *strength?*

It isn't the grocer's fault. With loose coffee, he can't be sure that it is the same kind he got before. You always run the risk of getting different coffee every time you buy. And even if the coffee itself were the same, it can't be kept "loose" without losing its strength and flavor.

Protected in sealed packages bearing our name and guarantee

You can do away with everyone of these disappointments by ordering the coffee which over one million other families drink!

Arbuckles' Coffee is such good coffee that way back in the sixties, when all other coffees on the market were loose and unprotected, Arbuckle Brothers protected theirs in sealed packages. This sealed package keeps the coffee's strength, guards it from moisture and store odors. Most important of all, it makes it easy for you to be *sure* that you are getting the same good coffee every time you buy.

So strong, so fresh, so full of flavor, is Arbuckles' Coffee, package after package, that there is more of it sold today than of any other packaged coffee.





Don't think you can get as good value buying this way

Are you buying coffee from a peddler who comes to your house with a wagon?

You pay for this man and wagon coming to your door.

Often you pay as much as 10 cents a pound more than you would if you bought the same coffee in the ordinary way from your grocer. You pay as high as 30 cents for a 20 cent coffee.

It is right that your coffee should bring you useful, beautiful premiums, but you should get your full money's worth in the coffee itself first of all.

Arbuckles' Coffee is a "known coffee" —no doubt about you getting your money's worth in it. Arbuckle Brothers are the biggest coffee people in the world, and *can give you values no one else can afford to give.* Then because of the enormous sale of their coffee, Arbuckles' can afford to share their *profits* with you by giving you *premiums.*

Arbuckle premiums are famous. In one year, Arbuckle gave away over a million of one kind of premium!

Over a million families are saving for Arbuckle premiums now. Get one and see for yourself what remarkable values they are.





The same old coffee under new names

Are you continually being offered the same old coffees under *new names?* Under all sorts of new blends?

Did you ever stop to think of the hundreds of coffees which come and go on the market? And that all of these have tried to turn women away from Arbuckles' coffee?

Arbuckles' is the coffee which has gone right out, always under its own name, never disguised, and held its users simply on the wonderful value it gave. You know what good value a coffee must be to do this against the competition of all the other coffees in America!

Used in over a million homes today

Settle, for all time, your coffee problem by giving your family the only coffee which over a million families have proved to have the real coffee taste they want.

When you get Arbuckles' Coffee, you get an entirely different coffee. No other coffee goes through the same process—in no other coffee can you get the same good flavor. The result of the care Arbuckle Brothers take in selecting it, in roasting and in packaging it, gives you an entirely different coffee from any on the market.

Order it from your grocer today. He has it, in either the Whole Bean or the new Ground.

Try it—see why it is the most popular coffee in America!

Arbuckle Bros., 71-X2 Water St., New York



Love and Spite

By Adelaide Stirling

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FORLORN HOPE.

JOCELYN DE BURGH, while her unknown uncle was searching the country for her, awoke suddenly from a dream. So suddenly that for a moment there seemed to linger on her hand the touch of Willie Huntley's fingers, that had been so tender, in her dream.

But not for long. She stared about her, realizing that she was really in the tower chamber at Castle De Burgh; and then she shuddered. She was in Hugo's clutches, and she was cold, cold to the bone.

"I didn't mean to go to sleep," she thought, as she tried to warm her frozen fingers, her icy feet, "but I'm glad I did! It has passed the time."

She stared at the window that was in a deep embrasure, and not more than six inches wide where the glass was set.

"It's broad day, and it's sunny outside. I wish I knew what time it is."

She went close to the narrow window-pane and tried to see out, brushing away the dirt and cobwebs with her dress. But she could not see down at all, only by the run of the mountains opposite she could tell what side of the castle she was on. She was looking, she knew, toward Glen Farm; that meant she was somewhere above the garden where the side door was.

"I wonder if I broke the glass and screamed if anyone could hear me," she said to herself, knowing all the time that no one could.

She felt faint with hunger. Was Hugo never coming? Did he mean to let her die there?

"Nonsense!" she said bravely. "Someone will miss me; they must have missed me before this."

For the diabolical thoroughness with which Hugo had disposed of her never entered her mind; nor that he had himself thrown all her poor belongings into her one box and locked it with a key that happened to fit it, so that the household would think she had packed her trunk in readiness to follow her.

She turned sharply to the door. Was there a noise outside? Was it, could it be Moyra? She had almost sprung joyfully to the threshold as the bolt was drawn back outside; something stopped her just in time, for it was not Moyra who opened the door. Hugo, his eternal cigarette in his mouth, stood in the doorway, smiling.

"Good morning! Have you had enough of your retreat?" he asked, as coolly as if the cold of the stone room had not met him like a wall of ice as he entered.

Jocelyn clasped her hands hard behind her back so that he might not see how they shook.

"Quite enough," she answered boldly. "Why do you ask? You know it."

"I want to know a little more before you leave it!" He closed the door behind him without a sound that might echo down the stone stairways. "I want to know where your father is—and how you happened to find him?"

"How do you know I found him?"

"Don't be a fool," roughly. "I know well enough. I know you were in London when he was." He had wormed the fact of Jocelyn's absence out of the maid who waited on her. "Tell me where he is now, and I will give you a hundred pounds—not to speak of breakfast"—evilly—"and take you to your friend, Miss Barry."

"She is no friend of mine. She turned me out," the girl said wearily.

"For your good," Hugo remarked, with a glance of annoyance at her. "You have only your own self-will to blame for this, I may remind you."

She did not answer. Her eyes were on the door, measuring the distance. Could she pass him and run down those stairs?

Even as she thought, he shifted his position till he leaned against the shut door.

"How dare you keep me here?" she flashed out angrily. "Move, and let me go down. Do you think I have not been missed—long ago?"

Mr. De Burgh laughed.

"You are in London. You went last night!" he rejoined comfortably. "I shall send your box as soon as I get your address, which will be tomorrow night!"

"Are you mad?" she stared aghast. "Or are you only the cruel, unscrupulous man that Martha warned me of?"

"Martha!" For an instant he wondered, but he cast the thought aside contemptuously. The Martha, of whom he had thought instinctively, could have no connection with this girl. It was that cursed letter from young Meredith this morning that had set his thoughts on the old tragedy.

"I suppose you mean the old woman at Miss Barry's?" contemptuously. "Her mistress had, probably, told her I am a devil incarnate. But you shall find me fair enough, if you do as I tell you."

"What would you do if I told you where my father is?" the girl said slowly. "You would put him back into that asylum."

"I would give him a thousand pounds and start him and you to America."

But it was not well said, and she knew it for a lie.

"I don't believe you!" she turned away with a lump in her throat.

"Don't you? It doesn't matter. You shall listen to me, all the same." He was very pale, his eyes were merciless as she was startled into looking at him by something in his cold, arrogant voice. "Do you think," he went on, "that you, shut up here, can make terms with me? I will do what I please with your father and with you. But till you tell me where he is, here you stay. Without food or fire you will, perhaps, think better of your obstinacy. In any case, you can't save the man. He is a lunatic—a man under a sentence; you cannot turn aside the law. I will give you till tomorrow morning. I will come then. But I warn you it will be the last time. You can stay here until you die after that. My mother would say I was a fool to give you any alternative."

"Because your mother knows my existence is a continual menace to you," she broke in, with reckless bravery. "I tell you that I would rather die here than betray my father—or owe my release to you!" with a look and gesture of abhorrence.

The next moment she thought he would strike her, but his lifted hand fell to his side.

"As you like," he said, with a deadly, slow malice. "Choose to die here—and not a soul will ever hear you in your agony. I believe, after all, it would be as good a way to be rid of you as any other."

"Quite as good, if you could do it." She came slowly toward him, her steady, gleaming eyes on his. "But you will never do it. I tell you that death is nearer to you this minute than to me."

A silence fell, while he tried to find a sneering answer, and through it there came very faint and far off a simple cry as of a hunting beast. Something strange and savage in it turned the man's blood cold.

"There is death in it!" Jocelyn said quietly, driven by some impulse whose source she did not know. "And it will come nearer."

"Stop this cursed rot about death!" he said angrily. "You won't want to talk about it in a day or two, and you can hold your tongue now till the morning. After that you can say what you please; only the stone walls will hear you."

He was outside the door almost as he spoke, and she heard the bolt go home. He meant it, then! She had no thought he could dare to be in earnest.

For all her bravery, she felt sick and faint, she staggered somehow to the window, and put her forehead against the pane. But it was warm with the sun, and she started. If the sun were on this side of the house, or had been, for it was going fast, it must be late in the afternoon. No wonder she felt so faint for want of food! And it would not be long till the morning, when she must make her choice between her own liberty and her father's.

"Oh, if I can only hold out," she bit her lips not to say it aloud, for if Hugo were listening outside the door, he should never know he had wrung a cry from her. "But I must hold out; I must! For I don't believe he would let me go if I told him twenty times," the truth suddenly dashing on her. "Why, of course he wouldn't; he daren't! I am the only one with any right to Castle De Burgh, and he knows it. No wonder he wanted to get 'his finger on me.' If I could prove my mother's marriage I could turn him out tomorrow; and my father—Martha—could both tell me what I want to know."

A fresh strength had come to her with the quickening of her pulses; the look that had been on her face when she told Hugo de Burgh that there was death in that far-off cry came back intensified. She looked round searchingly, almost hopefully. Surely if she had only courage enough, there must be a way of escape!

The door she would not try. Hugo might still be there; he should not hear her vainly shaking at it like a caged animal. The walls were solid enough to have been made of a single stone. The girl sat down on the floor and took off the sensibly thick shoe that Miss Barry had provided for house wear. It had a solid leather heel and was strong enough for what she wanted. She walked to the window, never feeling the cold floor through the stocking on her shoeless foot, and bound up her eyes with her handkerchief.

With her left arm held high to shield her face from flying splinters, she beat the glass out, using her shoe as a hammer. It flew outside, most of it, but the window was too high from the ground to hear its fall. The sweet air rushed in like a benediction, like a promise of liberty; but Jocelyn hammered steadily on till there was a space free of splintered glass, and she dared press her face close to it. The window was too narrow to put her head out of—she knew that even while she tore off the handkerchief that had kept the flying glass from her eyes—but she could see far better than before.

She pressed her face feverishly to the aperture. She had been right—the window overlooked the garden, the very place where she had stood in the wind and rain with Huntley, and felt that kiss which no woman forgets till her dying day—the kiss of the only man she loves, or ever will love in this world.

"Huntley!" It was like an inspiration. Surely, if he loved her, he would save her. Yet how could she let him know to what a pass she had come?

"Things are so bad with me I can't make them any worse. I daren't trust Hugo, even if I were to tell him what I never shall," she thought swiftly. "Hugo never walks in that garden; Moyra does, so does Gilbert. Either of them would find Huntley. Thank Heaven, I know something that would bring him to me!" She stifled the other thought that rose, with its doubt that her message could ever reach him.

On the floor lay Jane Brown's envelope, that had held the warning letter Hugo had stolen. Jocelyn picked it up, and, with a little knife and pencil that she always kept in her pocket, she cut the envelope along the ends so that it opened like a sheet of paper, and on the blank inside thus disclosed she wrote something; wrote quickly, for the afternoon sun was low in the west; soon it would be too late for anyone to walk in that garden—to any purpose.

She pulled the hairpins from her hair, and with determined fingers sawed off a thick, strong lock with her little knife. That must do for a cord, for she had nothing else. "Lord Huntley of Holycross; very urgent," she wrote, making as thick, black marks as the toy pencil would let her.

Very quietly she undid the fine chain round her neck and slipped off his ring. "Forever" was cut on the seal, and, alone in the house of her enemies, Jocelyn de Burgh kissed it with steady lips, as one who bids good by to a friend. Then she folded the paper round it, with the lock of chestnut hair that went through the ring, making it fast to the paper.

"Send my ring, and I will know you want me," Huntley had said. Well, she wanted him now; if it did not reach him she would soon be past the need of him or any other!

When the little packet was done she went to the window and threw it out with a hand that never wavered. It might fall straight into Hugo's hands; it might never be found, or be found too late. But it was the last hope on earth of Jocelyn de Burgh.

The ring was heavy; it would take the paper to earth. And if it made things no better, it could make them no worse, no matter who found it. And it might be found too late for the girl who threw it, but in time to point out her murderer.

For with unerring eyes Jocelyn had read the look in Hugo's. And it was a death-warrant.

"I never meant to send that ring till I could stand clear of all he thinks about me," she mused, looking from that window that was surely never meant to see out of; "but I can't help it. To die here will not clear me; and if he doesn't believe me, at least I've told him the truth."

The thought made her flinch a little. Would he believe her? Would he believe anything so wild against Hugo de Burgh from a girl he had never trusted?

Well, perhaps he would never be given the chance! He might never get the strange little packet tied with the long lock of chestnut hair.

As she strained her eyes from the window her head felt dizzy; she caught at the window-frame for support, and cut her hand with the broken glass. At first the pain steadied her; then the blood that stained her handkerchief made her sick and faint. She slipped to the floor and lay down, her head on her arm; she had done all she could, there was nothing left now but to wait—to wait, perhaps, for days, till death had compassion on her.

It was getting dusk now, the wind through the broken pane was cold. She shivered as she lay, but her misery took away her fear of Hugo. Once she moaned quietly.

"Oh, Willie, my Willie!" she said, and then not a sound. The cold winter wind came on her lelly, the darkness began to creep into the room that was never very light, but neither cold nor darkness roused her where she lay, very silent, with great, wide eyes that stared into the hopeless hours before her, where death every minute would stand nearer and more pale.

CHAPTER XXV.

HER CHRISTIAN NAME.

Lord Huntley stood at the great door of Castle De Burgh toward five o'clock, with a face that made the servant who had answered his ring look curiously at him. He turned to get into his trap, hesitated, and then spoke to the man again.

"Mr. De Burgh and Miss De Burgh are not at home, you said. Has Mr. Gilbert come in?"

"No, sir; not yet."

Then he could not have come back from Glen Farm. Huntley, with a curt word, sent his trap and servant home. He was more angry than he had ever been in his life, for the "Not at home" was a piece of cowardly impertinence. He knew quite well that Hugo was in and Moyra, too.

"He will not see me, and he won't let Moyra. There's something wrong, for he's afraid. I'll see Gilbert, and find out if he had heard anything, if I wait here all night, or walk to Glen Farm to get him!" he thought grimly, turning to the garden and the short cut to the Moores.

Hugo's room was on the other side of the house; he would be most unlikely to see that only the servant, and not Huntley, drove away down the great avenue.

"Though I don't care a d——d what he sees!" the latter reflected, striding through the garden. "He is behaving in a most idiotic way. I wonder why he won't see me! He doesn't know I take any interest in that poor girl."

His foot crushed a bit of broken glass as he crossed the lawn by the side door, but he did not notice it; though broken glass on a neat lawn is not usual. Too worried and troubled to smoke, he gained the gate into the highroad and stood there waiting. Surely Gilbert would come down the path in a minute or two!

"I hope he's done more than I have," Huntley thought gloomily. For he had spent the early part of his afternoon in a hunt through the village for Jocelyn. There was not a house left unvisited that could take a lodger, under the pretext that a friend of his wanted some rooms in Presteigne-de-Burgh. Not one of the women there had a lodger, he could swear to that; and, meantime, where could his little love have gone?

He wondered if she could be out on the mountains, or, worse still, trudging the lonely roads on her way to London. He would wait for Gilbert, and if he knew nothing—Lord Huntley, of Holycross, swore that in a day or two he would! But he felt pretty sure she had joined her father somewhere.

Hello! There was Gilbert now.

Huntley went to meet him.

"Well!" he cried. "Any news?"

"News! Yes, plenty." Gilbert's ruddy face was ghastly; he looked ten years older.

"It's bad, I know," the other man said sharply; "quick, tell me! Haven't they seen her?"

"Who? The girl? I'd forgotten all about her!"

"Forgotten all about her! By George! what did you go there for?"

"Something put her out of my head!"

Gilbert stopped short in the middle of the highroad.

"Hold hard, Huntley!" he said. "I've had a most awful shock! I don't know where I am, or what to think. I did hear news of the girl—or, rather, something about her. But none of them know where she is."

"What did you hear, then? Not that"—he could hardly bring out the words—"that Hugo was right in sending her off like that?"

"No, no! He—I don't know how to tell you."

He turned his face away as if he were in unbearable pain of mind. All his world seemed to be shattered. His brother, his mother—she had been a poor sort of mother to the son she despised. Perhaps she would have despised him now had she known how he suffered for her.

"Go on, man!" Huntley glanced at him with an impatience he could not hide. "What's wrong?"

"Everything," with a sort of groan. "I wouldn't tell even you; but it's bound to come out. Look here! you remember the trouble about my father?" hoarsely. "Well, Richard's out!"

"What of that? You can put him back again!"

"Never, while I have life in me," passionately. "I've seen him, talked to him. He's as sane as you or I—always has been. Good God! Huntley, he swears he never did it."

"Then who did?" wonderingly.

"I won't tell you. Some one else can tell my shame."

Gilbert's lips trembled, and Huntley, with a sudden understanding, thought of that strange letter from Meredith that was in his pocket.

Then it had been Alicia? For a moment he stood dumb.

"I feel—but it doesn't matter," Gilbert said miserably. "It will all come out, I'll have time enough then to think how I feel. And Richard has been shut up for nineteen years for what he never did. He's got a witness."

"What makes you believe him?" Huntley asked bluntly.

"Because I remember that the woman disappeared that very night. And, another thing, boy as I was, I never thought Dick did it."

"He must have," was all Huntley could find to say, but the damning evidence in his pocket went against the words. "Come home, old chap," he added tenderly; "come home, and think it over."

"I can't; I don't know what to think. Listen that girl—Miss Brown—well, she is Dick's daughter. Hugo must know all this, and only I have been in the dark while Dick suffered for another. I'd rather I'd done it myself."

"Dick's daughter! You're dreaming."

But a hundred things cropped up in his mind to confirm it. For one, she was the image of Gilbert himself.

"What's Hugo done with her?" he said between his teeth. "He'll pay for it, whatever it is."

"We'll all pay," said Gilbert. "Come home with me, Huntley. I'm about done with it a l, and I've got to see Hugo."

"Does he know where Richard is?"

Gilbert shook his head.

"I had to promise not to tell him. You don't know what it is, Huntley. A frightful wrong on one side, and on the other——" he could not go on.

Huntley slipped his arm through Gilbert's, and the man leaned on him as though his very soul was weary.

"You've better brains than I, Billy," he said, as they crossed the garden that was cold, now the sun was down. "Think for me what I ought to do."

But Huntley's heart was hot within him for the girl he had known as Miss Brown.

"I don't know," he muttered, longing to wring Hugo's neck, and wondering if all the strange tales were true. "He wouldn't see me just now."

"He's got to see me," said the younger brother, with a black look. "Billy, I'd be happy if I thought my mother was dying now."

"My poor chap!" very pitifully. "Look out, there's something under your foot. A packet or a letter," he stooped mechanically and picked it up; as he looked at it an oath broke from him.

"It's a letter to me!" He tore off the soft hair that bound it, and there fell to the ground his own ring.

"What?" said Gilbert stupidly. "A letter for you?"

In the growing dusk Huntley read the few lines, and then, in a voice Gilbert had never heard, he called down the wrath of God on Hugo de Burgh.

"Read it," he cried, thrusting the torn paper into Gilbert's hand. "Read it, and you'll know what to think of Hugo!"

"I promised once to send you your ring if I wanted you. I want you now, but not only because I love you. They say I've gone away, but I am shut up in the tower above the side door. Oh, my Willie, if you love me come for me. Mr. De Burgh shut me up because I would not tell him about my father. Please come quickly, for I can't hold out. He says he will never let me out till I tell, and I'll never tell. If you get this too late, remember that I loved you till I died, and that I never loved another soul. Don't forget me. I will sign my name, as I promised you, perhaps I'll never sign it again.

"JOCELYN DE BURGH."

"My father never did it. Willie, Martha Hewitt knows. If you have loved me, help him, and help me, if you can. It will be too late tomorrow."

The bald, disjointed sentence brought a lump into Huntley's throat.

"Hush! don't speak!" he whispered, catching Gilbert by the arm. "I must get her out; you must help."

But Gilbert was staring at the letter, as one who was waked from a fool's paradise to find his home a den of thieves.

"It's no good going to Hugo," he said quite quietly. "He'd outwit us. But do you know what all this will mean to us?"

"If you won't help me, I'll go alone."

Gilbert turned to him, his teeth set.

"I'll help you if we're hung for it," he said, and in silence the two went into the house, and up to Gilbert's room, meeting no one. "Where is this tower? I mean, how do you get to it?" Huntley said, chafing at Gilbert's delay.

"The stair door is never used; it's opposite Hugo's rooms," dryly. "We've now got to see where he is first. It's a trifle, no doubt, but it's his house and his servants, and he'd call the men and stop our going if he knew."

Huntley laughed grimly. Once roused, not all the devils in hell could stop him; he cared not one jot for a villain like Hugo de Burgh.

"Here," Gilbert threw him a pair of thin shoes, "put these on. Your boots would bring Hugo out like a shot, and we can't run any risks for the girl's sake. That note was shaky—I don't believe she's had food."

His face was white, as a brave man who sees his death, for the knowledge of his mother's crime was more bitter than a thousand deaths. But he stood looking for something in a drawer, as if he were not in torture.

"Come on, I'll show you," he said quietly. "But I could wish it was any one but me."

Huntley did not notice what it was he slipped into his pocket.

Silently the two passed through the long, empty corridors, till they reached Hugo's door. It was ajar, but they dared not stop; his ears were like a hare's.

Through the half-open door there floated out a mist of cigarette smoke; inside they could hear, in the quiet, the quick scratching of a pen. Hugo, in security, was writing a letter to Meredith that was as false in its facts as it was real in its venom.

Scarcely breathing, Gilbert tried the unused door; it was locked. With a quick gesture he took a key from his pocket and slipped it in. It fitted, and noiseless as two ghosts the two men passed through, locking the door behind them. But careful as Gilbert was, the lock grated.

He caught Huntley by the arm. Hugo had heard!

Whether he had or not, they could not tell. But he came quickly out into the corridor and stood irresolute. Then, with one dextrous movement, he tried the door, but it was fast, as he had left it.

"Bah! I'm getting nervous," he muttered, each word distinct to the breathless listeners. The next minute they heard him go back to his room.

Gilbert, still grasping Huntley, moved on up the stairs. Not till they were on the first landing did he speak.

"Wait, I've a candle," he whispered. Huntley's heart beat thickly as he stared about him in its flickering light. "It was lucky about the key," Gilbert went on. "I have a turn for locks, and I hunted up all the old keys I could find once for fun. Mine is the right key. Hugo had to get another made, for I mislaid this. I only found it a few weeks ago. I had to keep you waiting while I found it."

He turned without hesitation into the passage Jocelyn had followed the night before, and up the stairs.

"Here's the door," he said sharply. "You open it. I can't. I never saw the girl, and all this will mean——" he swallowed thickly.

Huntley shot the bolt back and stood gazing into the cold darkness of the tower room. It was well thought of for a prison, no one ever went up those stairs, for a story as dark as Alicia's own clung to them.

The icy air of the winter night was cold on Huntley's face, but as he gazed he could see no one.

"Where are you?" he whispered. Then he saw. On the floor, by the window, lay the girl he loved, a senseless heap, one outflung hand bound with a bloody handkerchief, her long hair streaming on the stones. He set the candle anywhere, and was kneeling by her side.

"Sweetheart, it's I!" he said, raising her, sick at heart as he saw her head fall backward lifelessly. "Wake up, my little love, look at me."

But she never stirred.

With a quick motion he gathered her to his breast.

"Sweetheart, try!" he pleaded. "You're safe now. Do you think anyone could touch you here, in my arms?"

From very far away his voice reached her, but not the meaning of the words; the cold and hunger, the pain of her cut hand had dulled her senses. A cold sickness on her, she opened her eyes, but only to close them again with a sigh of relief.

"I thought you'd come," he caught, but just caught, the murmur, and as he rose to his feet with her close in his arms, he saw she had fainted again.

As if he could not feel the weight that was so dear, he carried her out to where Gilbert waited, and pointed in silence to the scarlet bandage round her hand.

Gilbert had no words as he looked at the girl. He stumbled as he went back for the candle, and fumbled a long time as he bolted the door. It would be as well that Hugo should find things as he left them.

For all he had taken his stand with Richard he could not feel glad as each fresh count against Hugo was proved.

He turned to Huntley as he shot the bolt home.

"We've got here, and we've found her!" he said. "But has it occurred to you how we are to get out? We might open that lower door straight on Hugo."

But Huntley was listening to something far away, not to Gilbert.

"Quick!" he cried, under his breath. "Pinch out that candle so that it can't smell. I hear someone now at that door."

They were in the dark before the words were out of his mouth. Gilbert caught him by the arm and dragged him down the winding stair toward the noise, but also toward the landing where the four passages branched off into unknown depths of darkness. Into the nearest one they rushed, and stood flat in its gloom against the wall, both thankful the girl had fainted.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

Don't Miss the Tragic Ending

This story has reached a climax, the situation is desperate, the stage is set for a tragic finish which comes in a startling, astonishing form of fearful retribution, as told in the last three chapters of "Love and Spite" to appear in December COMFORT.

RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW, two years for 30 cents, and make sure of the conclusion of this story and the opening chapters of another thrilling romance, by Adelaide Stirling, to follow it.



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THANKSGIVING DAY is such a joyous occasion that it is anticipated long beforehand by all the members of the family as well as by the housewife who has to plan the feast and festivities. It is a day of home-comings, of reunions, of merry making and holiday pleasures, with the glorious climax of the best dinner of the year. For no dinner ever tastes quite so good or is hailed with more enthusiasm than the bountiful repast of Thanksgiving Day. For weeks preceding the happy day itself, the housewife is extremely busy searching out new ideas for her family,—new concoctions for the dinner, new decorations for the table, new jokes and amusements to increase the fun. More than most holidays Thanksgiving is fortunately still a day of traditions. What dinner could be complete without the roasted turkey, the cranberry sauce, the plum pudding, or pies, and the fruit? On that day every one loves to see a veritable harvest of plenty on the table before him,—such a wealth of good things that each heart cannot help but be filled with a real feeling of appreciation and thanksgiving.

For the centerpiece for the Thanksgiving table, nothing is more attractive and harmonious than fruits, or vegetables. Many are the designs that the artistic hand can use in arranging a basket of red apples, bright-colored oranges, bananas, pears, and here and there over the top small bunches of grapes. Dates rolled in sugar, figs, raisins, and nuts all add to the picture of plenty. There are innumerable shapes, sizes and kinds of baskets and bowls that may be charmingly used to contain the fruit, and even "homely" provision baskets, if small enough, can be gracefully twined with leaves and fern, and piled high with the yield of the orchards. It often adds greatly to the beauty of the table to trim it with autumn leaves, collected when the trees are in their most gorgeous coloring, pressed with a hot waxed iron, and kept till some festive party.



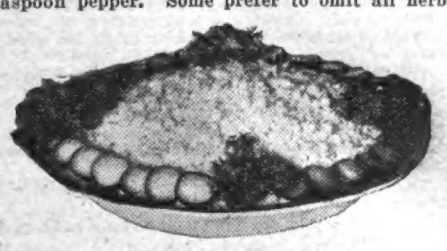
THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING BIRD.

Ferns, too, gathered in the summer, can be beautifully preserved between the pages of a heavy book until they are wanted for decoration. Thus does the wise housewife begin her plans early in the season for the happiest holiday of the fall.

Besides baskets there are all sorts of centerpieces that can be made from vegetables. A big round yellow pumpkin, scrubbed till its sides shine, can be scooped out at the top, lined with paraffin paper and filled with fruits and nuts. Even cabbages have been made into lovely bowls for fruit. Sheaves of wheat and ears of red corn on the stalk, when they can be obtained, are wonderfully decorative and strings of the deep red cranberries can also be used to furnish effective splashes of color. The choice of ornaments for the table is truly as rich as the harvest itself and it is indeed well worth while to plan for decorations that shall fitly express the spirit of the day. Some New England families have been known to place at each plate a few kernels of parched corn as a reminder of the first Thanksgiving Day of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, held after the season of famine when a few grains of corn had been their only food.

The dinner itself is the center of interest of the day. Menus for other dinners may vary, but for this one nothing is more welcome than the sight of the steaming turkey with its luscious brown crust and its fat sides almost bursting with the good stuffing it contains. In some families goose or duck supplant the King of the Barnyard, but the turkey generally reigns supreme.

Although most housewives have their pet recipes for stuffing the fowl there may be some who would like a variation. A good recipe for stuffing is as follows: For one large turkey, break into small pieces two small loaves of stale bread, moisten with one cup of hot water, one third cup of melted butter, and one well-beaten egg. Add a small onion finely chopped, two teaspons sweet marjoram, one teaspoon sage, one teaspoon salt, one half teaspoon grated nutmeg, one quarter teaspoon clove, and one quarter teaspoon pepper. Some prefer to omit all herbs



MASHED POTATO WITH SLICED BEETS.

and spices except sage and pepper, in which case the portion of sage leaves should be largely increased.

With the turkey the indispensable cranberry sauce or jelly adds flavor and a pretty bit of color. A simple method of making cranberry sauce is to cook one quart of cranberries in three cups of water until they are thoroughly soft, then add three cups sugar, and boil until the desired consistency is reached. If a thin sauce is wanted, a few minutes cooking will suffice; if a jelly is preferred, the mixture should be cooked until very thick. Remove from the stove and mash through a strainer, and pour into moulds to jelly.

Potatoes are a necessary adjunct for this day. The kitchen is so crowded with dishes and preparations that it is wiser to select a fairly simple process when possible. An excellent way is to mash the potatoes, season with salt, pepper



STEAMED SQUASH.

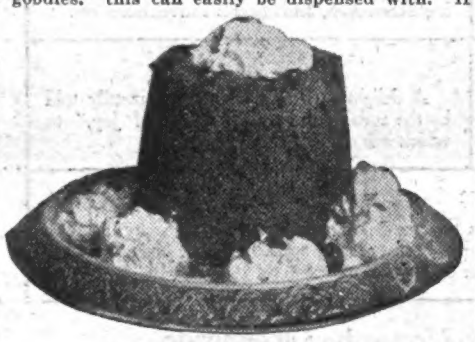
and butter. Pile the mixture lightly in a baking dish, brush on the top the white of an egg, diluted with a teaspoonful of cold water and brown in a hot oven. Pickled beets, or some other bright colored vegetable may be used as a garnish.

Onions have been associated with the typical Thanksgiving dinner for many years, and because of their decided flavor they are very acceptable with the mildly seasoned meat of the turkey. Boiled onions served in a cream sauce are delicious. To make the sauce, melt two tablespoons of butter, mix in thoroughly three tablespoons of flour, and add one and one half cups of milk, three quarters teaspoon of salt, and one eighth teaspoon of pepper. Stir carefully until the sauce thickens. After boiling the onions in several waters until they are tender, drain them, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper and when ready to serve, pour the cream sauce over them.

Steamed squash can be prettily served in the shell or in a dish. Remove the top of a Hubbard squash and steam until tender. Scoop out the pulp, mash the soft portion through a coarse strainer and season with salt, pepper and butter. Fill the shell or dish with this mixture and wrap a paper napkin around it to make it more attractive.

Sometimes if you wish a more elaborate dinner you can serve a sherbet or frappe after the roast. Its coldness and its flavor are very refreshing after the hearty meat course. The following is a recipe for cranberry sherbet: To two cups of sweetened cranberry sauce, add a syrup made by boiling one and one half cups of sugar in three cups of water for ten minutes. Strain, cool, and freeze with one part salt to two parts ice.

The serving of a salad is a mere matter of choice. Since there is such an abundance of other "goodies," this can easily be dispensed with. If



PLUM PUDDING.

however, it is desired, it is well to choose a simple one. Plain lettuce with French dressing or a fruit salad of chopped apple, sliced oranges and nuts, with cream dressing fit well into the menu.

But what is salad compared to the dessert, and how, on top of all the good things that have been already eaten, is it going to be possible to do justice to the pies and puddings that look so tempting? Surely laughter and happy conversation must help to make food easily digested, for somehow the desserts always get the reception that they should. It is difficult indeed, almost impossible, to suggest new desserts for this special day. Nothing tastes better than the old-fashioned mince and pumpkin pie such as have graced the board for many years. It is possible, however, to find new ways of making the steamed plum pudding and the sauce to go with it. A good recipe for plum pudding is as follows: Chop and cream one cup of suet, add to it two cups bread crumbs which have been soaked in one cup of milk for thirty minutes. To the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, add one and one half cups of brown sugar, one half teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon of nutmeg, and one teaspoon of clove. Combine with the suet and bread crumbs, and mix thoroughly. Add the grated rind and juice of one lemon, one cup of currants, one cup of seeded and chopped raisins dredged with one quarter cup flour, and one third cup finely chopped citron. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Steam in a buttered tin for four hours. Serve with a hard sauce made by creaming one cup of powdered sugar with one third cup of butter, and flavored by one teaspoon of vanilla and a grating of nutmeg.

Fruit, nuts and coffee, may add to the gala repast, and in New England it is not complete without new cider. A pretty idea is to stuff figs with marshmallows. Put the figs into a strainer set on top of the kettle and steam from four to five minutes. Cut off the bottom end of each fig and insert the handle of a spoon to make an opening. Into this push a marshmallow, cover it completely with the skin of the fig and roll the fig in powdered sugar.

Ask Yourself This Question

It is important for reasons of health and practical economy for every housekeeper to ask herself this question:

"Do I prefer a pure baking powder like Royal Baking Powder, made of cream of tartar derived from grapes, or am I willing to use a baking powder made of alum or phosphate, both derived from mineral sources?"

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Royal Baking Powder contains no alum nor phosphate and leaves no bitter taste in the food.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

ing or take a day off for such rough work. Part in love, the morning may never come to some of us. Bury your past troubles and call not forth the future. "Good night," with a beautiful thing to say! Dream if you like of days gone by and happy childhood scenes. Good night is a song of memory as I hear it now from my two children who are away from me.

A friend once had a dear little boy who said, as he kissed his father good night, "Good by till morning comes." And now that the child is with God that good by is ever fresh in his father's memory, till morning in a world that shall know no night.

I will close with a prayer:

"Lord, as I journey day by day,
Along life's rough and rugged way
I ask not that my path should be
From pain and sorrow ever free.
Nor that within my home so dear
No grief shall come, no saddened tear,
But this I ask, on bended knee,
For strength and grace, dear Lord, from Thee,
To bear whatever Thou should'st send,
Brave and unfaltering to the end."

MRS. ROBERT R. GOLDEN.

PANA, ILL.

DEAR SISTERS:

It is with intense pleasure that I note an effort is at last being made by a few of the COMFORT family to show, in a substantial way, their appreciation of Uncle Charlie's years of devoted efforts to minister to the sick and to aid and uplift the well. What we are attempting to do now should have been done years ago, then Uncle Charlie could have had just that much care and worry lifted from his shoulders. I am sure it has simply been thoughtlessness on our part.

The sincere Christian spirit that breathes through all the letters in the Sisters' Corner shows that we must have tens of thousands of devoted followers of the Master among the COMFORT family. Now, unless that spirit is a real, viril, living thing, not merely the drooling of spiritual platitudes, so typical of so many superficial Christians who mistake piety for righteousness, words for deeds and faith for accomplishments, we shall never surround Uncle Charlie with that brick and mortar evidence of our love, sympathy and appreciation, which our hands could so readily and instantly rear if we would all apply ourselves with heart and soul to this inspiring task.

I have had a great deal of experience with charitable work and it has been my experience that out of one hundred people, ninety-nine will talk but only one will actually perform and do. If those who so constantly have the name of the Deity on their lips would repeat to themselves at least half-a-dozen times a day, "Faith without works is dead," it would work wonders and they would find that words as a substitute for deeds would find little acceptance in the sight of Him who said, "Feed my lambs!"

Now sisters, in this case let us cut out the talking and *all* get to work.

I have Uncle Charlie's picture book; his home is a very modest little place but modest homes in the city cost much and I figure that at least fifty thousand of us must get at least one subscription to COMFORT or fifteen thousand of us get four before this inspiring project can be put through. Uncle Charlie, I know, has millions of admirers, but there is a vast gulf between admirers and helpful friends. Now we've *all* got to quit this admiring business and get out and hustle. I have found such an immense amount of delight and satisfaction in Uncle Chalie's books and in COMFORT that I have introduced the magazine to all my friends and I have placed that wonderful book, Uncle Charlie's poems, the most delightful gift and the best collection of genuinely funny verse ever written, in a hundred homes. That means I have been busy and the work has been a delight to me as it would be to anyone else who has the inspiration to indulge in it. Let us get busy so that by Christmas Day we can have Uncle Charlie in his own COMFORT home. I'm willing to do the work of twenty of you, and more if time and strength permit but this should be a labor of love for us all; for a few hundred of us to put this project through would be a poor testimonial, a poor exhibition of our appreciation of his great and noble work, for we every one love him. Every one could do a little, but, better still, let's all do much! Let us do what Billy Sunday's admirers do for him—thirty to forty thousand dollars for a few weeks' healthy shouting. Can't we, six million of us, do as much as that for a sick and helpless brother who has labored in the Master's cause for twenty bedridden years? We *can* do it and we *will!* Once more, let us get busy for this is a work that brings its own reward.

I am sending in twelve subscriptions for a start.

"Give as you would if an angel
Awaited your gift at the door;
Give as you would if tomorrow
Found you where waiting was o'er;
Give as you would to the Master
If you met His searching look;
Give as you would of your substance,
If His hand your offering took."

We have taken COMFORT twenty years and love every bit of it.

With love to each one of the sisters,

I am, yours for Uncle Charlie's Home,
MARY E. NEELY.

Mary Neely. With Uncle Charlie's thanks in this issue I feel that anything I could say would be superfluous but your inspiring letter deserves mention and surely it should be the means of arousing the drones in COMFORT's hive to action. But by this I don't want those who have sent in smaller sums of money or fewer subscriptions to feel that their work is any the less appreciated on that account, for it is not, but lack of space prevents me from thanking all as they deserve—if indeed I were able to express my thanks in mere words. In the October editorial our Editor explained the whys and wherefores of the Home Fund idea and if any of the new readers are in doubt as to the purpose back of this generosity, I would advise them to acquaint themselves with the true facts before passing judgment.—Ed.

——, ALABAMA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

My sympathy certainly went out to the unloved wife but there are thousands that are just as unwelcome and as unloved. If we are not able to work like slaves for our husbands the majority of them will "grouch" at us and tell us that's what they married us for.

I left my husband once because I got disgusted with his drinking and grouching but he turned over a new leaf, enough to quit the drinking so we are living together again. I took my two children and went to Missouri. But it's just as I say—few of them love a woman unless she is able to meet all their expectations. But married life isn't as hard as it used to be when I was soft and let him have all the say and do all the bossing. When he starts it now I just buck up and say: "See here, there is just as much room in this world for me as there is for you and if we can't live without bossing and fighting I better commence too and see how you like it," and I don't act as gentle or loving as I used to, no matter how much I would like to. It does them good to have a woman act a little distant.

You may print my name if you like.

Love to all, MRS. W. M. H.

Mrs. W. M. H. Even though you were sincere enough to offer to let me use your name, I hardly think I will for, sometime, it might cause unpleasantness. It has been interesting to note the change in letters this month from last. Then they were all from the loving, clinging-vine type of woman while this month they are just the opposite and from women who are prepared to defend their rights or else from those who started married life on an equal basis so that there would be no occasion for them to fight for what they considered theirs by right. I wonder which is the better plan? What do the rest say about it?—Ed.

——, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I'm sorry that I did not subscribe for COMFORT sooner as I should like to read the sister's letter from Yorkshire, Ohio. I thought Mattie Fugitt's letter worth the price of the paper. It is right after my own heart. I think this race suicide is one of the worst evils of this age. I know several couples who are separated whom I believe would be living happily together if they had had children. This is a fast age and people don't want to take time to care for little children. They live idle, selfish lives and drift apart more easily than if their minds were upon their little treasures.

I am a proud and happy mother of three children and I think the comfort and pleasure we get out of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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The Doings of The Dapperlings

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.—The Dapperlings are kind-hearted, gay little elf-like beings who ride on rabbits and never let themselves be seen by human eyes because of their belief that, if seen, it would bring some terrible calamity upon them. But Nattie, the Smallest Dapperling of All, has watched five-year-old Simmie-Sammie and his sister Pittysing, nearly two years older, while at play and is not afraid of them. She would play with these children if the Dapperling rules permitted, and she does meddle with their playthings slyly and unseen, much to their bewilderment.

CHAPTER II.

THE LOST DOLL

See front cover illustration

THE children lived in a pretty white house with a nice lawn and flower-beds in front, just at the edge of the village. Back of the house there was a green field, all dotted with wild flowers. A path had been worn across the field and down a gentle slope at the farther side, to where, with its border of small trees and bushes, ran the little Mill Brook. It was a beautiful place to play.

There was nothing left of the old mill, which had given the brook its name, but a few rotting timbers further down, where the brook was wider.

In the pasture across the brook, a little farther up the stream, was the hillside where the Dapperlings lived, and now, as I promised before, I'll tell you about their houses.

It was because they must be hidden from real people that the Dapperlings lived on side hills. You see, it was this way. The houses were built right into the side of the hill, with doors and windows in front, and the Dapperlings went to call on each other and skipped around over the hill, very friendly and happy, WHEN THEY WERE BY THEMSELVES! But let any real people come anywhere near, and every Dapperling went inside, and whisk! quick as a wink those houses turned right around, INTO THE HILL, and there was the grass all growing without a break, and you never would have guessed anybody lived there at all. For, don't you see, the grass grew right on the backs of the houses, and the houses could turn either way.

Inside the hill were little tunnels going from one house to another.

And way back in the hill was a big room, or cave, large enough to hold the whole village full of Dapperlings, where they could play games and have parties. They called it by a very grand name—the assembly hall.

Mostly it was dark in there, but they lighted it with lamps when they wanted to, and they could let a little sunlight into it, too, in this way. It came very near the top of the ground in one place, and there they had a hole cut through, which they covered over with a little trap door.

Over this trap door, on the outside, they put a covering of moss, to hide it, and all around it were planted thistles—rough, sharp, prickly thistles.

"Enough to keep anybody away from the place, I should think!" That was what old Shandle-Spinx said when he planted them.

But I'm going to tell you how Pittysing, one day, DIDN'T keep away!

The Smallest Dapperling of All was out alone one morning, near the Mill Brook, hoping she'd see the children. By and by they came.

Pittysing had a new doll. A cunning little doll, with yellow curls and a red mouth that always smiled. She was just six inches tall, exactly the right size to make clothes for. It didn't need much cloth for a dress, and scraps of lace left from other things were fine for trimmings.

Pittysing sat down on a little wooden box she kept there for a seat, and spread out on the barrel-top table the things she had brought. Beside the doll, she had a needle with a long thread tied into it, a pair of very small, very bright embroidery scissors, and a piece of beautiful pink silk.

Simmie-Sammie stood watching her. There was a worried pucker just above Pittysing's nose, and her lips never once smiled. She was trying to plan how she could make a dress out of the silk. There was a little hole in it, and the hole didn't come in the right place to use it for the neck of the dress or an armhole either. So she turned it this way and that, holding it up to the doll, who kept on smiling.

Simmie-Sammie's face lighted up with a big idea.

"I know, Pittsy," he said. "I tell you just what you can do. Cut the hole out."

Pittysing looked at him sharply. No, he wasn't trying to be smart, or to tease her. He meant well, but, being only a boy, of course he knew nothing about making dresses. She smiled at him pityingly, then jumped up and dropped the things on the table.

"Oh, come on!" she said. "We'll go wading! I've worked long enough for one morning."

The Smallest Dapperling of All wanted to go into the water with them; wanted to play with them, wanted to laugh with them! But she couldn't.

She watched them for a while, then went back to the table and took the doll. She looked into its eyes and hugged it hard, then started for home with it. Dapperlings don't have dolls. She didn't mean to keep it, oh, no! But she thought she would try to get Lulie Wye Dapperling, who knew how to make beautiful dresses, to make one for the doll. Then she would carry it back, and how pleased and surprised Pittysing would be!

She heard the children's mother calling, "Pittysing! come quick! Papa's going to take you and Simmie-Sammie for a ride."

The children snatched up their shoes and stockings and ran home, never once thinking of the doll.

(You're wondering how Pittysing got into the Dapperlings' underground hall? Well, do be patient, and take the story as it comes.)

Lulie Wye made the doll a beautiful dress of fine, blue gauzy stuff, with yellow buttercup petals pasted on for trimming, like embroidery done with yellow silk. Then she stood the doll up in one corner of the assembly hall, and invited all the Dapperlings to march around in single file, to see it.

The doll smiled at them all, and kept on smiling, even when the lights were put out, and she was left standing there alone in the dark. Perhaps the doll didn't have much sense, but at least she wasn't afraid of the dark, which is more than can be said of some children. There wasn't anything to be afraid of.

The Smallest Dapperling of All was sent down to Lone Cedar Knoll that afternoon to get a basket of checkerberries for supper. It was a lovely spot, with the dark green leaves and bright red checkerberries covering the knoll like a carpet. The children sometimes went there, but never alone, for it was a rule that they musn't go farther south than the Big Cracked Rock, nor farther east than the pasture fence, nor farther north than the Pine Tree on the Hill, nor farther west than Grandma Brown's house, unless their mother said they might.

Nattie filled her basket and started for home, but stopped by the Mill Brook for a while to watch Pittysing, who had come back from her ride and was hunting for the doll. The needle and thread were there, and the pink silk, but the doll and the scissors were gone.

"Oh, how I wish I'd left mamma's embroidery scissors alone!" she said. "And oh, my poor, dear little doll! Why, I haven't even named her yet, and now I've lost her."

Simmie-Sammie was hunting, too.

Cattie Puss was with them, rubbing against the legs of the table, and getting in Pittysing's way.

"Oh, scat!" cried poor, worried Pittysing. "As if I didn't have enough to bear, without tumbling over yellow cats every time I step! SCAT, why don't you?" And she stamped her foot.

At that, Cattie Puss ran, almost knocking over the Smallest Dapperling of All. She did tip over the basket of checkerberries, and Nattie had to go way back to Lone Cedar Knoll to get more, for she didn't dare to pick up the spilled ones so near the children. Simmie-Sammie found the checkerberries soon after, and ate them, wondering how they came there.

"Quick as ever I can, I'll carry that doll back," said the Smallest Dapperling of All to a friendly little spotted toad who was watching her pick her berries. The toad didn't answer, but winked his bright little eyes as though he understood.

Chapter III, in December COMFORT, will tell of a strange mishap that befell Pittysing in connection with the recovery of her lost doll and the trouble it made for the Dapperlings. See that your subscription is renewed so not to miss it.

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Crumbs of Comfort

Love is the energy of life.
They pray best who live best.
Money brightens as it takes its flight.
Gratitude is the memory of the heart.
Great joy is always near great sorrow.
Life is not a holiday, but an education.
Money buys pleasure, but not happiness.
Omission of good is a commission of evil.
Bad examples are like contagious diseases.

December Comfort

sunning over with Christmas cheer, will issue early and its timely suggestions will help our readers in planning and arranging their holiday festivities. Don't miss the tragic ending of "Love and Spite" in December COMFORT, to be followed by another thrilling serial story by Adelaide Stirling.

Special Features for December

"Common Sense in Christmas Giving"

An instructive article giving many helpful hints for solving the perplexing problem that confronts us all at this season when we are at our wits' end trying to select suitable Christmas presents, especially if there are many calls on our limited resources.

"Clubby's Regeneration"

A Rollicking Christmas story with a strong vein of human interest, by Joseph F. Novak, and illustrated by striking front cover design.

"A Christmas Party"

Tells how to entertain your friends in a novel and delightful manner for the occasion, including decorations, amusements and refreshments.

"When Baby Catches Cold"

Dr. Hughes tells how to safeguard children from colds, how to treat their colds, how to prevent and cure spasmodic croup.

"Saint Jonathan"

A delightful Christmas romance prettily told by the author of "June's House of Joy," to which it is a sequal.

"Apples—the Best Cooking Fruit"

The apple is the best all-around fruit as well as the most common. This article, by an experienced housekeeper, tells numerous ways of preparing and serving apples raw and cooked. Clip it from December COMFORT and paste it in your cook book.

Special, Low Rate for November Renewals

As an inducement to renew your subscription promptly this month we offer the special, low rate of 30 cents for a 2-year renewal. If you want the Comfort Home Album send 10 cents extra, 40 cents in all for your 2-year renewal and the Album.

If the number over your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes is 338, or any less number, it means that your subscription should be renewed at once. Send in your renewal today, if you don't want to miss December COMFORT. Use the coupon below.

Have you entered our New Grand Prize Contest announced on page 36? If not, enter now and make an early start for the November cash prizes and get in line for the grand prizes too. Costs you nothing; premiums and commissions that you surely get pay well besides the big prizes you may win.

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November, 1916.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT AUGUSTA, MAINE, FOR OCTOBER 1, 1916.

State of Maine, ... } ss.
County of Kennebec, ... }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William H. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the COMFORT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, W. H. Gannett, Publisher (Incorporated), Post-office address, 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.
Editor, A. M. Goddard, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.
Managing Editor, William H. Gannett, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.
Business Managers, W. H. Gannett, Bus. Mgr., Guy P. Gannett, Assist. Bus. Mgr., Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: W. H. Gannett, Publisher (Incorporated), 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.—Stockholders:—W. H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Sadie H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Guy P. Gannett, Augusta, Maine.

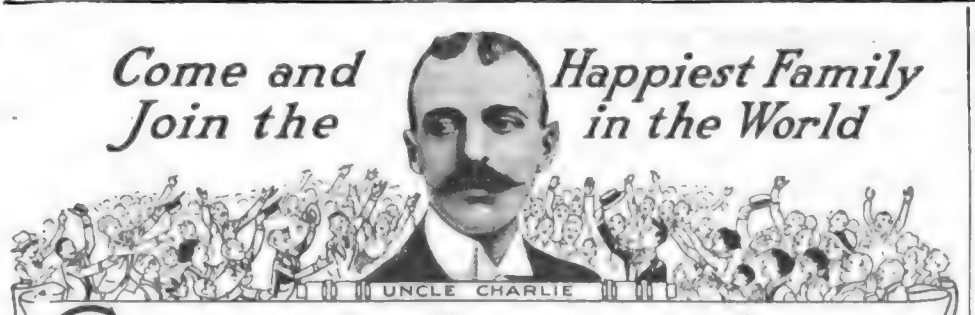
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) No outstanding bonds, mortgages or other securities.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM H. GANNETT, Bus. Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1916.
(My commission expires February 25, 1922.)
(NOTARIAL SEAL) FRANK E. SMITH,
Notary Public

Marriage ends romance and begins reason.
Doubt is can't believe; unbelief is won't believe.
The narrower the mind, the broader the tongue.
He becometh poor who dealeth with a slack hand.
The first step in religion is for man to feel his helplessness.
What we are is greater than what we do, or what we have.
The Christian life is the only life that will ever be completed.
Many weep for the sin while they laugh over the pleasure.
Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies.
Treat your stomach as your best friend and it will be as good to you.
Make money your god if you want to, but don't expect to find it immortal.
Rest means liking what we have; work means liking what we have not.
Think twice before you speak once and you will speak twice the better for it.
What renders the vanity of some people unbearable is the wound it inflicts on our own.
The path to the light may be dark where you are, but keep on, it is open and leads to the light.
It is better to own a freehold though but a cottage, than to live in a palace owned by somebody else.
Handsome women are loved from inclination, homely women from interest, and virtuous women from reason.



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ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

I HAVE something to say to you this month which should bring the blush of shame to every American cheek. Mothers and fathers especially I want you to give me your attention. Take the cotton wool out of your ears, every one of you for what I am going to tell you strikes at every home in the land.

How many of you know that our young women are being sold on the auction block in the white slave marts in our big cities, sometimes for as little as a dollar a pound; sold just as meat and groceries are sold. Don't think that this traffic is only going on in the cities, for its ramifications extend to every corner of the land, and the loneliest farm is not safe from the terror that walks by night, and the pestilence that stalks by noonday.

We have an infantile paralysis epidemic here in New York, and every terrified mother is hugging her babe to her breast and wondering when its turn wil come. The plague has struck terror to all hearts. But there is a worse plague than infantile paralysis, for that plague is merciful, inasmuch as there are five chances to one that the baby may survive,—anyway if it dies it can be given decent burial. But what of the white slave monster? Once its dripping jaws close on its victims they are never seen or heard of more. In a few months or five years at the outside they are dead. Over the beds of the victim of infantile paralysis, loving eyes watch and science extends its merciful hands of relief. Even if the body succumbs, the soul at least is not destroyed, but the monsters that control the white slave traffic have no mercy for their victims, they die like rats in a sewer, unwept and unhonored. No loving eyes watch them as the faltering breath ebbs slowly away; alone and neglected they meet death, and the potter's field claims their poor, wretched, diseased bodies. The officers of the law who should protect your daughters, the officers who know where every den of infamy is located and who could free these wretched victims of man's villainy, help to bar the doors of the hell holes that hold them, and take a part of the earnings of sin and shame from the fiendish monsters who own these stockades of vice and control this villainous traffic.

When officers of the law join hands with the white slaver to exploit and strike down the fairest flowers of our land and to despoil our homes, what protection have we got? None whatever! None but the good right arms of you fathers and brothers, and the insistent voices of your anguished mothers.

Every two or three years some monster falls into the clutches of a police officer here or there, who is not lost to all sense of decency and shame, a man who realizes that he owes the public some service for the money he receives for that protection he so seldom gives, and then the lid is lifted and we are permitted to look into hell.

Recently in New York, a fiend in human form, one of the chief members of a vice trust that exploits tens of thousands of white slaves the country o'er, was arrested and made a clean breast to the District Attorney, and revealed, not with any sense of shame or regret, every detail of the damnable traffic in which he was engaged. Yushe Botwin is the name of this wretch, a native of Austria, fifty-seven years old. For twenty-five years this reptile has trafficked in women, and he has delivered to dive keepers, no less than five thousand girls, most of them school girls not over sixteen. His income from this traffic has averaged from five hundred to a thousand dollars a week.

When this monster was arrested, he was receiving the wages of sin from scores of wretched girls, held in vice dens in the underworld of New York.

This fiend brags that in the last ten years he personally has ruined and later enslaved a thousand school girls. That is at the rate of a hundred girls a year, or two a week. He was always careful to see that the girls were the daughters of poor parents.

Presents of candy and flashy jewelry won the girl's interest, then she was taken to cheap movie theaters, where the most demoralizing kind of pictures were displayed, the proprietors, according to his statement, standing in with the slavers, and receiving a commission for their part of the devilish work. Next came visits to garish cabarets and restaurants where the girl was encouraged, or forced to drink; later came the inevitable automobile rides, at the end of which the victim found herself in a den of vice from which, even if she wanted to, she would be too broken in spirit, too crushed, degraded and diseased, to seek to escape.

Girls of about sixteen, fresh from the classroom, it appears, bring the highest price, dive keepers paying as much as five hundred dollars for girls of this type, while others less attractive often go at the rate of a dollar a pound. The slavers receive a commission of ten per cent on the earnings of these women; the slaves get nothing but food and a tawdry wrapper.

It is a strange thing, but when a girl disappears from a poverty-stricken home, a home where the parents know little of the laws and customs of this country, but have still enough sense to make every sacrifice for their children's education, nothing is said to the police about these sudden disappearances. Frequently the trapped victim is forced to write a letter to her parents, telling them that she has eloped and has a good husband. The letter is mailed from a distant western city, and the parents in the majority of cases make no fuss and cease to worry. Often when the family is large and the struggle for existence keen, the disappearance of a daughter brings relief instead of distress. This may seem terrible to those who live in happy, comfortable, well-regulated homes, but it will be easily understood by those who exist in the crowded tenements of New York's east side.

Women and well-groomed young men are used by the chiefs of the vice trust to entrap innocent young girls. It is reported that police detectives recently distributed tickets for a ball among store and factory girls, and then notified all the dive keepers, cadets, procurers and vampires of the underworld to be on hand to gather in the victims. What do you think of that?

Here is the story of a convent bred Irish immigrant who came to this country when but nineteen as told in a New York daily paper:

"With her jaw broken, her cheek bone fractured and half of her teeth knocked out because she dared to tell the grand jury and district attorney Smith the inside story of organized, police protected vice in New York, Miss Alice Henry is virtually a prisoner in her own room in terror of her life. She alleges that the white slave evil is as great as ever, and that one man controls the lives of fifteen hundred young women. Miss Henry declares her story involves a ring of police officers and politicians who share in this stupendous graft. Miss Henry has nothing but hatred for the country which flung her, a convent bred Irish immigrant, into the toils of white slavery. But listen to her story:

"When I came here I got a job as servant in Brooklyn and it was on my days out that I met Louis. He seemed like a nice, refined young fellow. I asked him about his folks and one day he invited me to go to supper at his 'aunt's' house. The woman he introduced as his aunt was pleasant spoken. Before supper was over Louis excused himself and when it got late and he hadn't got back I asked why, for I wanted to go home. Then the woman told me where I was. I tried to get away but she beat me and locked me in a room and took all my clothes away. The next day she gave me a silk wrapper and slippers and stockings to match, and had my hair dressed. There were thirty girls in this place. I refused to do the woman's bidding so she beat me and locked me up with very little to eat. I held out for days. For seven months I was not allowed out of the house, and for several years I was not allowed to go out alone. I could not write to anyone, I had no clothes to wear except a wrapper. Then when I did go out I found I was tied as much as before, because I could not get a job. I had no references ——— took all my money because Louis had sold me outright for one hundred and fifty dollars. He said he would save it for me but I never got a cent for the five years that I lived as a slave. All this time my sister didn't know where I was. She learned I had left my place suddenly, but though she hunted for me she could not find me, and after a time I didn't want her to."

It is more than a woman's life is worth, that is a woman of the underworld, to "squeal" as they call it in New York. This woman as you will see got her jaw broken, her cheek bone fractured and half of her teeth knocked out by detectives, because she gave evidence to the authorities of police participation in vice graft. But even then the police did not let up on her. It appears that a detective on the street tried to arrest her on the charge of accosting him, but luckily for her, men from the district attorney's office saw and heard what took place. Later however while she was sitting on the steps of the house in which she was living, a central office detective arrested her, refused to let her telephone and on the way to the station house called her a "stool pigeon" and other names. She says: "As we passed 34th Street, the policeman who refused to help me the night my jaw was broken, laughed and jeered. I spent the night in Jefferson Market jail but was released on five hundred dollar bail, and will be tried Tuesday night on the detective's charge."

Now you see what a woman, who tries to mind her own business and be decent is up against. If this poor soul had not spoken to a strange man on the street, she would probably have been spared all the shame and torture she has endured. Then again one must remember that a girl in domestic service, a stranger in a strange land, with little experience of city life, and of the fiends in human form who infest every community, seeks human companionship and as a rule the only place she can find it is on the street. No matter how guarded and careful a woman may be there are ways well known to the procurer of getting acquainted with a person he wishes to make his victim. In the city one does not know whom to trust and safety lies in trusting no one.

Before discussing what can be done to protect our homes and loved ones, I want you to read carefully a portion of a letter written by a highly educated college woman, a victim of the social evil, to the editor of a woman's department of a newspaper published in a big city of the middle west. We all know how *you* feel about this horror of white slavery, the traffic with which you are all familiar, which scarcely one of you has ever tried to prevent, but you don't know how the victims of the traffic think and feel. Listen if you would know, to this cry, a cry of warning, far more eloquent than anything I could ever pen, from a den in the underworld, from a stricken sister of yours to you self-satisfied, complacent mothers and indifferent fathers in your happy, comfortable homes:

"Will you let a woman of the underworld address you? Although there is never a word for the poor deluded creatures down here in the darkness, yet we like to read about you people up there in the light of day.

"For once I was fair as the purest snow,
But I fell, fell like the snowflakes—
From heaven to hell;
Cursing, pleading, afraid to die,
I sell my soul to whomever will buy.

"We, too, see the church spires in the disance, and on Sunday we hear the bells pealing. To me they only ring a knell to the Christian religion. For what are your churches doing? The preacher preaches about high ideals, clean politics, preaches right over your head. The old brother in the Amen corner, who has heard the sermon on clean politics, goes out and votes 'wet.' The girl who has heard the moral sermon, sits in the porch swing and lets the Sunday school boy hug and kiss her, while papa and mamma up-stairs dream of the golden future of their daughter. I have known men who sang in the church choir on Sundays and mingled with the ogres on Monday. The churches of today have lost sight of the lowly Nazarene, barefooted, healing the lepers and casting out devils. Greed I say has become the great force behind the pulpit, making the salvation of your souls a money-making scheme. How many of you Christian mothers teach your boys to respect your neighbor's daughters and protect their honor with their lives if need be? Why don't parents train their boys for purity of living? If they did their duty for their boys, you girls would be safe. I know a girl down here in sin who is a beautiful singer. She used to sing in a church choir in an Eastern city. The preacher led her to hell. Diseased, lost eternally she gropes about in the shadow of despair. What are your schools doing? Your teachers teach language and grammar and your boys come down here and curse and use the vilest language. Your boys grow up, vote for the saloon and the houses of vice which cater only to the lusts of men. They allow men to manufacture the deadly cigarette and by its manufacture they coin millions of dollars. Then you are taxed to keep up insane asylums for the boys and men whom the cigarette habit sends to the mad house. You allow some men to manufacture drugs, poison and liquors, so they can make a fortune and live in ease, while your sons pay the price. Visit some of the drunken brawls I have seen in my life of shame and tell me *who pays?* Although everything you write is for the betterment of humanity—yet how inconsistent. They (the papers) print things which make for impurity. For instance, movies? Nearly all deal with some phase of sin, the fallen women, drunkenness and murder, and mothers, foolish, blind women who call themselves by that sacred name—enter with little children. If you lived down here with me, you would see the result of your picture shows. Tell the blind mothers up there in your world to beware of the movies dealing with sin in any form. The moral lesson is lost sight of in the fascinating views of vice and crime. Beware of the first drink of beer or wine for your children. Beware of the motor cycle ride into the country with the nice boy friend. I don't care who he is—I say beware. Beware of the porch swing in the shadows while blind papa and mamma sleep up-stairs. I know. I have heard it all from young men who came here, and who will carry to your homes the burning curse. Beware of kissing parties. I went to perdition from a church entertainment—and I went with the preacher's son. It was the first kiss from a boy. Emboldened by that kiss, I allowed my beau to kiss me afterwards; now if a man kisses me he carries the venom to his grave.

"Do not try to reclaim us. We are diseased, blackened and bruised and only death can end our misery. All the joy, purity, love and light have fled from our souls and we are groping in the utter darkness. But for His sake you women who are really good, take your shovel out and fill up the pitfalls which Satan has dug for your children. Go now, while they are in youth's fair morning, before sin has blackened and tarnished their souls. Awake you who are sleeping, while out at the park your girl is turning her footsteps toward vice, and, listen! When that girl of yours has her name all tarnished and blackened by lust and vice, all the gold dust in the streets of heaven cannot remove the blackness therefrom, and it comes so easily—

'First a little mist then a cold, pitiless rain,
And life is never the same again.'"

I can hear all you good women saying: "Isn't this terrible, terrible, terrible." A number of good men will agree with the women that it is terrible and would like to stop it, though neither the good men nor the good women beyond denouncing the hideous thing have ever done anything to stop it or are ever likely to do anything to stop it. Of course they could stop it if they wished. We however, have put an end to black slavery. We waged one of the bloodiest wars in history to free black men and women from physical-slavery, and right while that war was going on, with a hypocrisy and inconsistency peculiar to human nature, or inhuman nature, tens of thousands of white men were helping to enslave the daughters of other white men, and to perpetuate a form of slavery far more hideous and horrible than that which they were trying to abolish. It disheartens and disgusts me to see how some good people in some states (and in fact all states) can get excited about the saloon, and yet never say a single word about a more hideous institution, the vice den and the brothel. Unfortunately however, the women of this country have not been educated up to that point where they realize the menace of the brothel as they do the menace of the saloon. Drink and vice are twin brothers, but abolishing the saloon does not abolish white slavery, the black plague and vice, and these things must be abolished if the race is to endure. Some respectable citizens believe that vice should be segregated, that is officially recognized, and that a certain number of hopelessly diseased and degraded women should be kept apart from the rest of the community, and housed in a certain selected section of the town for the benefit of vicious and depraved men devoid of compassion and decency; that a certain number of women must be sacrificed every year to man's bestiality, in order that the good women of the community may be protected. Out on such a hellish doctrine, say I! It is true that men cannot be made good by act of Congress, nor sobered and made moral by legislation, but there are some things we can do right now and in a practical way to put an end to such brutes as the Botwin fiend, who prey on school girls and who keep the white slave traffic in full swing. Here is what we could do and won't do. Raid every vice den in the country on some Saturday night when business is booming and send all the respectable citizens found in these resorts to prison for ten years, and send the women found in them to the hospital and the reformatory. Send, too, the man who knowingly lets his property for purposes of vice, to the pen for ten years! Send the vampires who run these resorts and traffic in women to prison for life, or better still, send them to the electric chair. Do that as a starter, and you would have ninety per cent of the social evil knocked out of existence in a few weeks. You can handle the black plague end of it as they are doing in New Zealand. You can send the professional seducer to the surgeon's table and the barred cell, and the mothers in the home and the teachers in the schools (and there should be male teachers for boys) should teach a single standard of morals, and wipe out the wicked double standard that now prevails. Teach the boys not only to defend his sister's honor with his life, but the honor of other boys' sisters as well. Even if the white slave den provided a safety valve for the evil impulses of the human animal, nothing could be said to justify its existence, for those who frequent vicious resorts are the most tireless in their pursuit of virtue and chastity and it is they who, when weary of their viciousness marry the daughters of respectable parents, spreading disease unto the third and fourth generation and ruining lives as alcohol never did.

I cannot in this article thrash out this matter in its entirety, but in January I will take the matter up again and show you its "respectable" side. All the evil there is in this world or the worst part of the evil, exists because men and women are such moral cowards and such nasty nice criminal prudes that they seek to hide those things which are gnawing at the very vitals of the social fabric, tearing and rending its very heart, and threatening society with irretrievable and everlasting ruin. Only through publicity can reformation come. Let us face the truth, and if we face the truth in this case we shall rid the world in part at least of its frightful and most terrible menace, the evil which causes not only the death of the body but the death of the soul.

The Christmas season will soon be here and if you haven't a set of Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books your home is not complete and you are not equipped for the full enjoyment of life. Start in at once to obtain them,—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort,—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk stiff covers, either one for a club of four subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



Sweet as the Rose are clothes when washed with Fels-Naptha Soap

You will just love to duck your head into a basket of clothes that are washed with Fels-Naptha. The clothes smell clean because they *are* clean—not only on the surface, but clean through and through. And you don't have to boil them to get them that way. All you need to do is to follow the very simple and easy directions on the red and green wrapper.

Never mind how they did the washing and cleaning before Fels-Naptha was invented. When you once learn how reliably Fels-Naptha will do things *for* you, you'll be just as enthusiastic as every Fels-Naptha user is today.

FELS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, Is Maria her Ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

GARLAND, TEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I guess you are very busy answering so many letters. This is the first time I have ever written to you, but I have read your answers and some of the letters you have received.

I want to ask some important (to me) questions. Where has Mother Goose gone? What do you mean by the "get-rich-quick" scheme? Do you really think the laws would be any better if women were allowed to vote?

Uncle Charlie why don't you put Billy's picture in the COMFORT so we could be acquainted? Billy must be very wise to be able to answer questions that puzzle you. V. A. BRUCE.

Vincent you want to know where Mother Goose has gone to do you? She has gone to sleep under the *goose*berry bush. You ought to try and find her Vincent, as I understand she is laying for you. What do I mean by get-rich-quick schemes? I'm surprised you do not know. The gullible American public is swindled to the tune of three hundred million dollars yearly, by clever, foxy, unprincipled, get-rich-quick schemers. These gentlemen fix up an office with swell furniture, oriental rugs, etc., usually in New York, and then they get up a lurid circular telling about some oil well in California or Mexico (the farther from New York the better) that is spouting out a million dollars' worth of oil a day. Of course they could run the oil well themselves and get richer than Rockefeller in a week or so, but they could not think of being so utterly selfish as that. Their consciences simply would not permit them to keep this gold mine all to themselves. One of them had a dream in which an angel told him that the well would dry up unless they let the dear public in and gave them a chance to share in the profits. So the dear public is allowed to buy stocks in an oil well that never existed and in which every one who invests from a dollar to a thousand dollars expects to become a millionaire within a few weeks. Now that is what is called a get-rich-quick scheme. Anyone who has a few dollars naturally wants to double and treble that money if possible. This is a dollar mad world, and unless you have the price you needn't come around. The only place that the poor man is welcome is the poorhouse and the potter's field. Four per cent in the saving's bank to the average thrifty man looks too slow a way to acquire wealth. He wants ten per cent, fifty per cent, a hundred per cent if he can get it, so the poor idiotic boob takes the savings of years out of the bank, reads once more the seductive get-rich-quick circular about the oil well and the gold mine, or some other fake and sends the savings of a lifetime to the smart Alecs in New York or Chicago, who blow it in as fast as they can get it on chorus girl affinities, champagne suppers in the lobster palaces of Broadway, and luxurious limousines. Later on one of the crazy-get-rich dupes gets suspicious because the dividends forget to come in, and writes to Uncle Sam. Post-office inspectors get on the track of the rascally schemers and off they march them to the Federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia, for five or seven years. That's all there is to get-rich-quick scheming Vincent. You will wonder how these sharks get track of their victims, and know to whom to mail their circulars to. That's easy. In New York there are firms that supply the names of anybody and everybody that ever invested a dollar in any scheme present or future. These are called sucker lists, and they are rightly named. The man who ropes in one batch of easy marks sells their names and addresses to someone else who has a skin game to work and so it goes on. So you see it is all easy Vincent or Victor, whichever your name may be. Do I really think the laws would be better if women were permitted to vote? Unquestionably. If you want to know what women have done in suffrage states and countries to better conditions, the little blue Suffrage Bible will give you some startling information. Men are not anxious to make laws that will help women and children, for there is no more profitable field than the exploitation of women. You will readily understand that what I say is true when I tell you that the regular average wage for women the country o'er is six dollars a week, and even a brass monkey could not live decently on that with food at present high prices. The only thing a politician respects is power. If you have a vote that will put him in office, and another vote that will throw him out, he will break his neck to curry favor with you and get your vote. Politicians who run for office where women vote know they must make laws that protect the interests of women and children and the home or they won't get the women's support. In states where women have no vote, politicians can and generally do ignore questions affecting women entirely. When you've got something other people want and must have, you can decline to give up unless you receive something in return. The politician knows this and so he offers women good laws in exchange for their votes. When they have no votes he offers them—nothing. He simply ignores them and they can't punish him for doing it. In equal suffrage states they can throw that man out of office or see he never gets in. Prejudice, ignorance and self interest are the things that make men keep women away from the ballot box. All the forces of evil, the saloon, the liquor interests, the vice and white slave trusts, the political crooks, the big employers of female labor are all against votes for women and that very fact should alone convince the doubters of the absolute necessity of giving woman a weapon with which to protect herself. The men of England were afraid to let the women vote. They told them to stay home and mind their babies. Now with tears in their eyes they are prostrating themselves before these very women and begging them to come out of their homes and save the nation, and by the eternal it's women that are saving it. War often does in a few weeks what peace cannot accomplish in ages. It is an ill wind, even the blood-stained wind of war, that does not blow somebody good. You will find several lovely pictures of both Billy the Goat and Maria in Uncle Charlie's Picture Book. See notice on first page of this department.

NORTH HAMLET, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am fourteen years old and will be in the sophomore year of high school next year. We have a domestic science and manual training course in our school. Our township is centralized and in the township there are eleven modern wagons to haul the country children to town.

Papa owns the three hundred acre farm we live on. We have thirty cows, ninety sheep, twenty horses, and eighty pigs and hogs. We have a large nine-room house, a big barn, garage and other buildings and silos. We have a 1917 model car. I have a pony named Flip. He and I have very many good times together. I have three brothers and two sisters. All of them are married. I have one niece and one nephew. I do not want to get married until I have a career. I mean to be a domestic science teacher and have a private class in art. I paint china ware and water and oil-paintings. The first money I ever earned was from an oil-painting of a large elm tree in our yard. I got ten dollars for it. I am taking piano lessons. I can play the mandolin and banjo. I am going to learn to play the violin also. Uncle Charlie give me your opinion on "Woman Suffrage." I am going to fight for it. I would not be afraid to prepare a speech on it and speak to a thousand men. I want to be a suffragist leader some day. Ohio would be the best state in the Union if women were allowed to vote. I do not think I would ever want to hold a public office.

Well now my dear Uncle Charlie do not think I do no work because I am an artist and musician. Before we got milking machines I had to milk four cows, twice a day. Now I get three meals a day for father, mother, myself and three hired hands. I wash the dishes, the cream separator and milking machines and keep the kitchen in order. Mother has eight hundred chickens, sixty ducks, two hundred geese, forty guineas and two hundred turkeys. So you see why I have the work to do by myself. We have a hired girl in busy seasons. I get five dollars a week besides my clothes.

Our house, barn, garage, poultry house and corn crib are equipped with electric lights and everything is up-to-date.

I wish the girl cousins living in the cities would visit me every summer and get plenty of fresh air and new milk and eat their fill of fruit. I am so glad I live in the country.

I want to hear from other cousins.

Your niece, RUTH NATALIE ROBERTS.

Ruth, you are certainly one bright, ambitious girl. I wish there were more like you. How I would love to drop down on that farm of yours from an airship and help you shear the cows, milk the sheep, and watch you using the cream separator to separate the pigs from the hogs. Your mother is certainly some poultry expert. The Goat says she ought to send those forty "guineas" over to Italy to fight for their country. Every loyal Eyetalian ought to be on the firing line. You know I don't like the idea of milking cows by machinery, because every now and then I find a piece of machinery in my milk. I believe in the last six months I've swallowed more than three entire milking machines. There was always something so poetic about the dairymaid, sitting on a one-legged stool, with her head affectionately embedded in Bossy's side, gracefully coaxing the lacteal fluid with her dainty fingers, while the cow patted her lovingly on the cheek every few seconds with a swish of her fly tormentor. Ah that was poetic and ideal and it imparted to the milk an exquisite flavor that it now lacks. I am tickled to bits to note Ruth, that your parents, level headed, sensible souls that they are, pay you five dollars a week for your services. If fathers would make their children business partners in their ventures, there would be more contentment in the home and fewer boys and girls chasing off to the cities to seek their fortunes or rather misfortunes, for it is more of the latter than the former that they find. I'm delighted to know, Ruth, that you have so many accomplishments. It is not every little girl who can be a successful housekeeper, dish pulverizer, cream separator, milking machine chauffeur, and feed six people including three voracious hired men, and make a refractory, revolutionary, disorderly kitchen behave itself without calling in the police, and still have time to be an artist, a musician, a suffrage leader and heaven knows what else. Now that's going some for fourteen. Ruth how you ever get time to spend that V the folks give you is more than I am able to understand. Incidentally too you manage to go to school! The Goat says he can't help you go to school, but if you are too busy to spend that V, he can render you a little assistance. I think you are very wise Ruth, not to want to get married until you have a career. I know a girl who married a career two or three weeks ago, one of those blonde careers about six feet tall. Now she has to take in laundry to support him, while he goes careering around from saloon to saloon. It is always well to size those two-legged careers up before you select one. Not one in six is able or willing to support a girl properly and bring home the bacon regularly every Saturday night without dropping half of it in the saloon en route. I should think as a domestic science teacher Ruth you would be a howling success and have all the necessary ingredients for a first-class career, and I am willing to give you a medal as a past master in the art without your troubling to train in any old domestic science foundry. I had two Goats who were graduates of domestic science schools and they each prepared a meal for me—and the dog enjoyed it very much. Both cases are still in the courts, but I don't suppose I shall ever get enough from either to buy a couple of new stomachs. Ruth I am very much interested in your artistic peculiarities. You say: "I paint china ware and water and oil paintings." Now I can understand the painting of the china ware and I've heard of people watering flowers, watering the stock, watering the lawn, but I never heard of anyone yet who watered paintings. It seems to me too much water would make the paint run, and destroy its artistic appearance. What's that Billy? Ruth means she paints with both water colors and oils. Bully for you Ruth. Take my advice my dear, and confine yourself to water colors for a few years before you tackle oil. Concentrate on one thing. Too many talents are sometimes worse than none. This is the day of concentration and specializing. Art is too vast a field to try to cover it all. Everything seems possible to youth, but not to age. The thing that has excited me most in your letter is where you tell about the first money you earned by your art. You say: "The first money I ever earned was for painting a large elm tree in our yard." Then you add: "I got ten dollars for it." Which dear, the painting or the tree? When I was a boy and painted a tree in our backyard I got a licking for it. I was told I was spoiling the tree and the landscape. You got ten dollars and I got a licking. Ah, me! some people seem to get all the luck in this world. You even have electric light in your chicken coop. Fine idea. The hens will now be able to see where to deposit their eggs without straining their eyes, and when Mr. Rooster comes home late nights he won't break his neck falling upstairs. What a number of instruments you play Ruth. Piano, mandolin, banjo, and now you are going in for the violin. All you need is to add the drum, and then you'll be a complete orchestra. Ruth as I have already given my opinion on woman suffrage many times in the columns of COMFORT, and again in answer to V. A. Bruce's letter in this issue, you'll have to excuse me if I skip the subject this once. Keep on Ruth with your work and your studies, but don't attempt too much. Concentrate on one or two things, and you may be our first woman president. The only time I held office was down in Texas. There was a cyclone that blew the town away, all except the post-office, and that would have gone too if I hadn't got my arms round it. I did not get any thanks however for that heroic act. While I was holding that old wooden post-office several men shouted: "Let 'er go you darned fool, then we can hit up Uncle Sam's pork barrel for a new six million dollar one," I tell you it doesn't pay to be a hero in a land of graft and the man who tries to do a good thing for his country doesn't get half as much appreciation as the man who robs it. It's a tough world. It needs a little more of the paint of righteousness, and if we can get a world full of bright girls like Ruth, of whose artistic ability you have already heard so much, the paint will go on and go on thick.

MELDER, LA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am nineteen years young, am six feet high, weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, have dark brown hair, gray eyes, and inclined to be of dark complexion.

Uncle Charlie, you and I certainly agree on preparing for war as the best means of keeping peace.

I am a farmer boy. I live on a farm of one hundred acres. We raise corn, cotton, peas and potatoes, and we also raise a few peanuts and cane enough to make our syrup. Uncle Charlie, what do you think of boys smoking cigarettes? I don't think it does them any good and I know that it will do them a lot of harm, for I have smoked about two years, but I have quit for it nearly made me blind. I got to where I could hardly see and I quit smoking and my eyes are about well again. But I smoke a pipe. I don't think a pipe will hurt a person as much as a cigarette, although it won't do a fellow any good.

Best wishes to COMFORT and its many readers,
GREENE HILTON.

Greene, I'm glad to know that you have sufficient will power to cut out the cigarettes. The cigarette habit today, not only in this country, but the world over is getting to be as big a curse as opium and rum. Forty years ago the person who smoked cigarettes would draw a crowd. Only one man in a town of three thousand people in which I once resided, smoked cigarettes, and that was a doctor who had been a surgeon in the Turkish army. The next person who introduced cigarettes into that community was myself, about eight or ten years later. People who smoked cigars and pipes those days regarded me with an air of mingled contempt and pity. Now pipes and cigars have almost entirely disappeared and nearly everyone from the baby in the cradle to grandma in the chimney corner has a smoke stick in his or her mouth. Some men and women are going around spending all their days and nights collecting money to purchase cigarettes for the soldiers in the trenches. I know a wireless operator who is on a ship that takes eleven hundred horses to France every month. He tells me that the life of a horse in the warring countries is now from eight to eleven days. It may interest you to know that the life of a soldier after he gets to the front averages twenty-three days. That being the case I can forgive a man who is going to death for smoking out the butt end of his life. If the smoke will soothe his shattered nerves or give him a second's pleasure, then he is welcome to his cigarette. But I can't forgive the scores of thousands of young men and any quantity of women as well, who are trying to smoke away what little they have of health and brain. Heaven knows humanity has enough to contend with, without undermining health, strength, will power and character with cigarette indulgence. Personally I have no objection to a man smoking a cigarette after dinner with his coffee. Two or three cigarettes a day smoked by a healthy person probably would not harm them or anyone else. I'm not one of those cranks who want to abolish everything because there are lots of weak simps who can't indulge in anything without making beasts of themselves. I don't however believe in throwing needless temptation into anyone's way, though a world that is devoid of all temptation is not liable to develop an over abundance of character. Humanity however is still in knee pants, it takes to vice and harmful indulgence as a duck takes to water, and it will shun clean and wholesome living with all the force and energy that a tramp will resist soap. If there were anything twice as fascinating and fifty times as deadly as a cigarette, mankind would go after that and leave the cigarette on the shelf. It is just wonderful how humanity loves to burrow in the mud when it gets a chance. Mankind has awakened to the fact that alcohol and drugs are deadly things, things that threaten to drag the whole race down to destruction. So the world over in all semi-civilized countries (there are no civilized countries as yet) an effort is being made to fight alcohol, opium and its derivatives. In another ten years I predict the ravages of the cigarette habit will have reached such a pitch that the paper smoke will have its place along with rum and dope as one of mankind's greatest enemies, an enemy that must be fought and conquered. It did not take me long to find that even moderate cigarette smoking had a peculiar effect on my heart, so I simply cut the habit out. Today nearly half the world is trying to cook its lungs, sizzle its brains, rot the mucous membrane of its nose and its bronchial tubes, blind its eyes, cancer its lip and tongue, and utterly ruin its nervous system with smoke sticks. You parents don't keep half as careful a watch on your children as you should. As soon as a boy starts to look over your shoulder instead of looking you in the eye, and begins to lie and develop nerves, becomes listless and sports a yellow patch on his fingers, and has a haunted look as though the devil were chasing him, you will know that boy is already a cigarette fiend, and if by this time you parents have not detected the odor of tobacco on his breath and clothes and got wise to the situation you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Now is the time to use moral suasion, but the cigarette plays such havoc with the boy's nervous system and demoralizes him to such an extent that there is scarcely anything worth while in his make up to appeal to. Before the average parent gets busy, the cigarette has pushed the boy beyond the limits of redemption. In Hoboken, New Jersey, situated across the Hudson from New York, the recorder started a crusade against the cigarette habit. With the assistance of two physicians, four or five hundred boys have been taking the cigarette cure. A hundred and fifty were treated in the police court. The treatment consisted of swabbing the mouth with a solution of nitrate of silver, then a prescription containing gentian root was given by Doctors Joseph Landriggan and Michael Cranioli of the Hoboken Board of Education. While the boys were receiving treatment Mrs. Jennie Hobson Milligan, organizer and lecturer of the New York Anti Cigarette League, lectured the boys. Here are a few of the things she said: "Cigarettes so dim the brain that a boy who smokes them will go from the head of his class to the foot in about six months. Ninety-five boys out of every hundred, who go wrong do so from cigarette smoking and I know what I am talking about. Tobacco is the second deadliest poison we know of. One cigarette is more harmful than two ounces of crude whiskey. Lying and stealing, which go hand in hand, are among the first habits that the cigarette smoking boy tries. If you want to be honest and good citizens, don't smoke cigarettes. Statistics show that the average life of a cigarette smoker is thirty years. A boy who smoked cigarettes and who recently died from them was found to have one lung entirely black when an autopsy was performed on him." Now boys and a lot of you girls who are acquiring the cigarette habit take warning. Cigarettes will make healthy boys into physical and moral cripples. School teachers watch your pupils. You must be blind indeed if you cannot detect a cigarette fiend. Report these cases to the parents, and start an anti-cigarette league among your scholars. People little realize to what an appalling extent the cigarette habit is undermining the health and morals of the youth of our land. Our newspapers and magazines are smothered with huge, gaudy advertisements of various brands of cigarettes. These ads should receive the same treatment given to whiskey advertisements—they should be prohibited. Now get busy and do your best to overcome and wipe out this habit and this menace, before it has wiped out some of those near and dear to you.

RAINBOW, CAL.

DEAR UNCLE:

I read COMFORT and think it a fine paper. I was very much interested in reading the account of your day's work. You are surely doing a great work for one and all. Now Uncle I want to know if it is so necessary to live under sanitary conditions, why so many people can and do live seemingly healthy and happy lives under quite different conditions. Here is one of those happy persons. He goes to the doctor to find the cause of the scaly appearance of his arms. The doctor said: "How long has it been since you have taken a bath?" "Well, I guess about fifteen years." I hear if Methuselah had been provided with a sleeping porch he would have been alive today. And here is a man who gives us a new treatment. He goes to bed in the fall and stays there until spring for his health. D. WICKERSHAM.

Now friend Wickersham, I don't know whether you are a lady or a gentleman or otherwise. Never leave your sex in doubt even if you have to grow whiskers to prove you are not a lady. Yes, Daniel or Dinah, as the case may be, it does seem strange that some people can live and apparently be perfectly healthy and happy, though the environment they exist in is laden with filth and the filth inhabited by billions of germs.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Uncle Charlie's Birthday Fund

COMFORT Readers Plan Substantial Recognition of Uncle Charlie's Great Service to Humanity

ON September 25 last, Uncle Charlie celebrated his fifty-third birthday and on February 3rd next, he will celebrate two more momentous events, his twentieth year of bedridden invalidism, and the fourteenth year of his connection with COMFORT. Numbers of our readers have resolved that these momentous epochs in the life of one who has so fearlessly battled for right and righteousness, and who has acted the part of the good Samaritan to so many afflicted souls, should now in his declining years—before his increasing infirmities have rendered further active service on his part impossible, and his able pen is laid aside forever—receive in a substantial way some lasting and tangible token of love and gratitude from the millions he has inspired by his patience, heroism and devotion to the cause of the lowly and oppressed.

Already this inspiring plan, which originated with our subscribers, has taken definite shape, and it only needs the combined efforts of his many friends and admirers among the COMFORT reading family to place Uncle Charlie forever beyond the relentless hand of want and worry. And it is none too soon to begin now, before Uncle Charlie's ailments have rendered him not only incapable of work but too prostrate and helpless to appreciate and enjoy those many things our myriad hands and hearts could so readily and with so little effort and sacrifice, place within his reach.

COMFORT has rightly decided that this whole matter of providing a home for Uncle Charlie, or better still, placing at his disposal a fund which could be used by him to lift the many burdens which necessarily press so heavily upon all who are sick and who must rely on others for the slightest service, should rest entirely with COMFORT'S readers. They started it, they are promoting it, and while it might be indelicate for COMFORT to boost the movement, the least it can do is to give it due publicity at the special request of its readers.

This project should be a spontaneous outpouring on the part of the whole COMFORT family and especially of the children and the young people who have profited so much by Uncle Charlie's splendid work. One of our subscribers writes: "The world has heaped its tens of thousands of dollars upon healthy, husky, Billy Sunday for preaching heaven beyond the grave. Shall Uncle Charlie lying prostrate on his little cot preaching a far more beautiful and helpful religion (heaven here as well as heaven beyond), receive no recognition, and pass into the shadows as nearly all the greatest of the world's heroes and teachers have, without recognition or reward?"

Just how far this project has been carried along the road to success will be seen by the following letter from Uncle Charlie, dated October 1st.

"Dear Friends: I want to express my heartfelt thanks to the big-hearted, generous souls who made my fifty-third birthday one of the very happiest events of my life. The sum received from two hundred contributors through subscriptions and donations amount to $230. A personal note of thanks has been sent to all who contributed. Together with the gifts came many heart-touching, beautiful letters that affected me deeply. It was very dear and sweet of so many of you to remember me and your kindness is the more appreciated from the fact, that owing to the terrific high cost of living and the tremendous increase in the price of paper and everything that goes into book making (an increase in some cases of over a hundred per cent), my income has been cut to a point where existence becomes an acute problem. In the mad rush for pleasure and excitement people are reading less and thinking less and magazines and books alas! are being discarded for joy rides and movies. But the swing of the pendulum will bring people back to their senses again. I love humanity and have every faith in it. Again I want to thank those dear souls who seem to think I should be rewarded for merely doing my duty. I deeply and profoundly appreciate the project they have set on foot to relieve me of a few of my crushing cares and responsibilities. Perhaps it would not be out of place to say that those who wish to send sunshine into my life, and who wish to be helpful instead of merely sympathetic, can best do so by placing one or more of the Uncle Charlie books in their homes and the homes of their friends. If fifty thousand of our readers would include these books in their Christmas giving (and COMFORT is utterly unselfish as it gives all a chance to either work for or purchase them), I should not only be the proud possessor of a COMFORT home, but there would be enough left over to relieve me of financial worry for years to come. Once more I send my thanks, gratitude and love to the entire COMFORT family and especially to those dear souls who have so generously sought to minister to my needs and are planning to make less thorny my pathway in the future. God bless you all.

Ever lovingly, UNCLE CHARLIE.

Only two hundred out of six millions! ! That does not look very promising, but Christmas is near and the spirit of the Christ will doubtless unlock the doors of a million hearts and there is no better or fitter way by which we can celebrate the birthday of the Christ Child than by making bright and glorious the Christmas of one who has for many years in these columns sent broadcast the divine message: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," to every corner of our great land. Here is how the project can be accomplished:

1. By cash donations.

2. By purchasing Uncle Charlie's books (see advertisement).

3. Those who cannot spare the money for a cash donation or for purchase of his books can contribute by getting subscriptions to COMFORT in aid of the "Uncle Charlie Benefit Fund" and instead of taking the club premium or cash commission themselves direct that it be credited to the fund. In such cases I will pay over to Uncle Charlie one half of the subscription price of all subscriptions sent for this purpose. The regular cash commission on COMFORT subscriptions is 40 per cent, but for Uncle Charlie's Benefit Fund I will allow 50 per cent. Another way to help him and benefit yourself is to get up a subscription club and take one of his books as your premium.

In one or other of these ways every COMFORT reader who wishes to do so can help swell the fund for Uncle Charlie which has my hearty approval and will have my assistance within the limits of propriety.

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

"Saint Jonathan," Sequel to "June's House of Joy."

Don't miss this unique and thrilling Christmas romance, all complete in December COMFORT. "June's House of Joy" appeared in our June issue, and this sequel, by the same author, is even more fascinating. Renew your subscription now, two years for 30 cents, and make sure of it.

House Plants for Winter

By Elizabeth Atwood

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FLOWERS for shut-ins should have two virtues—beauty and adaptability for indoor growing.

Flowers that grow in the house only through constant care and effort, and that even then frequently droop and die or grow scaggly and refuse to bloom, should be avoided; first of all because many a shut-in seems to see her own life reflected in the flowers. I have known such unfortunates who actually became worse and believed they were going to die because some plant they cherished would not grow or bloom and finally withered and had to be removed.

First select such flowers as give brilliancy, not too heavy an odor and have attractive foliage as well as blossoms. Too many flowers are not advisable in one room. Too many flowers seem to detract one from the other and do not give the pleasure that comes from a few well-chosen varieties.

Geraniums are always delightful in the house. They are ideal for shut-ins because with proper care one can keep them nearly always in bloom and there is something bright, cheerful and at the same time soothing about the foliage as well as the blossom.

Others best suited for the house include the primrose, cyclamen, flowering maple and the lobster cactus (called "crab" cactus by some.)

Several primrose plants should be used, as they bloom about six months with good care and then rest six months. By using several plants, some started to bloom in the spring and others started to bloom in the fall, you will have primrose blossoms throughout nearly all of the year. They stand heat very well and should be given all the sunshine possible. No plants should be too close to a radiator or register. The



PRIMROSE.

flowers are borne in clusters on stems four or five inches high and are tinged with blue or rose. The foliage is heavy and attractive, making this plant a genuine delight. Some people find the hairs on the leaves irritating to the skin, but this trouble is not general and otherwise the primrose known as "primula obconica," is unsurpassed as a plant for the window. There are other primroses which are worth growing, although they do not bloom so freely. Kewensis, which is one of them, has small yellow flowers on the top of tall stems carrying several leaves.

Some of the begonias flower almost as freely as the primroses and the fibrous varieties are very easy to grow. The foliage is green in some varieties and variegated in others, but always having a curious waxy appearance, except the "beef-steak" sort. They are grown for their foliage, which is decidedly ornamental, being dark green on top and a rich red underneath. The leaves often measure eight inches across. They grow well in a north room where they get no sun, although they will bear flowers of higher color when exposed to the sun's stimulating rays. The varieties of begonia run into the thousands. Probably the class known as "semperflorens" is the best for the house. The variety listed as "gigantea rosea" is especially satisfactory, as it will bloom without ceasing for the greater part of the year. The flowers range from white through all shades of pink and scarlet.

The cyclamen is as fine as most of the orchids and the flowers are unsurpassed for cutting. It is no trouble to keep fresh cyclamen blooms for a week or ten days in a vase of water and few flowers are more acceptable to "shut-ins," partly because of their rare beauty and partly because they are so seldom seen. The cyclamen plants should be kept in a fairly cool room or else close to the window, where there is usually cool, fresh air. The plants are started from seed, but a little bulb is formed before the plant grows above ground. The top of the bulb should be even with the surface of the soil. It will gradually work higher as the plant develops. Do not throw away the plants when they have finished blooming. There is no reason why they should not be kept and made to flower again. When the blooming period is over, the plant should be set out of doors in a cool and shady spot where it can rest and recuperate. It must not be allowed to dry out and when growth starts afresh, it is best shifted to a pot one inch larger than the one in which it has been grown. For a few days it should be kept out of the sun, in order that it may become well started, after which it may be set in the window again. With such treatment a plant may be made to bloom several years, but it is well to buy at least one new specimen each season.

Geraniums need a cool situation and a moist atmosphere, yet often thrive under conditions which seem all but impossible. They will flourish especially well in a kitchen where there is plenty of steam. Dry heat is objectionable, but they cannot have too much sunlight.

Never discard a geranium just because it has passed its youth. If well cared for, it will flourish and flower for years. The main thing is to keep it cut back and well nourished. There is no reason for repotting them, except at long intervals. It is much better to remove an inch or more of the surface soil each fall and replace it with very rich earth or with compost from the garden or the florist's.



LOBSTER OR CRAB CACTUS.

The flowering maple is a small shrub with odd, bell-shaped flowers and is generous with its blossoms, remaining in flower many months if the plant is a strong one. The flowers differ in color according to the variety. *Boule de Neige*, "ball of snow," is pure white, "Thompsoni" has double flowers of orange striped with crimson, "Golden Fleece" is pure yellow. Plants cost but a few cents and are easily increased by cuttings. They must be kept cut back for they shoot up rapidly. While they are in blossom they require much water and the drainage must be perfect. After they cease flowering, they should be given just enough water to prevent their drying up.

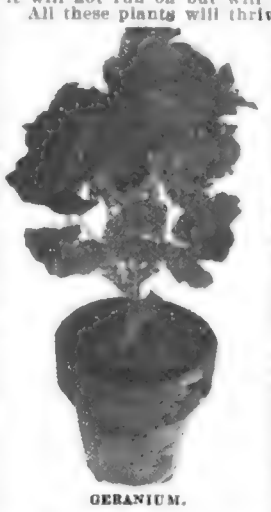
The crab or lobster cactus is a splendid indoor decorative plant. A good young one will have a profusion of bright red blossoms much of the season. The stems resemble the claws of a crab and a pair of gorgeous red flowers grow at the edge of each tip. The plants may be grown in hanging pots for a brilliant display.

Flowering bulbs are splendid for shut-ins. Select tulips, hyacinths, narcissi, the common Chinese lily, and freesias. These are easy to grow and yield a bountiful supply of the exquisite blossoms. Freesias should be started in a cool room, that is well lighted. Chinese lilies are best grown in a bowl or shallow dish filled with water, pebbles being used to keep the bulbs in place. Keep the buds from being blighted by extreme heat or draughts of cold air.

The paper white narcissus may be grown in the same way as the Chinese lily bulb. Hyacinths are also grown in water, but usually in glasses made especially for the purpose and so arranged at the neck that the bulbs are held in position at the top of the glass. The water should just touch the bottom of the bulb and it is well to keep a little charcoal in the water to sweeten it. If the water evaporates, more must be added, although without disturbing the bulb. The glass with its bulb should be set in a cool, dark place until the bottom of the glass is filled with roots.

Wide, shallow pots are better for bulbs than any other kind and the tops of the bulbs should be set just under the soil or barely protruding. It is a mistake to fill the pots; half an inch should be left so that when water is applied it will not run off but will have time to soak in.

All these plants will thrive in soil from a well-fertilized garden. In most cases it will help to work in a little leaf mold and pulverized sheep manure, but as you are to grow only a limited number of plants, you can do no better than to buy a little potting soil at the store of some florist. It will cost only a few cents and you can be sure that it contains what your plants need for good, strong growth.



GERANIUM.

When plants grow rapidly and throw out hosts of blossoms, heavy drain is made on the plant food in the soil and it is well to replace some of it. There is no better fertilizer for house plants than liquid manure. It is easily made by placing a few cents' worth of pulverized sheep manure from the seed store in a bucket in an out-of-the-way place and allowing water to stand on it. When used, it must be diluted to the color of very weak tea. This feeding will help to give large flowers of good color. These fertilizers must not be used too freely, or the plants will be over-stimulated and will rebel. To a large extent the coloring of flowers depends upon the amount of sunlight they receive. Begonias for example carry much brighter, richer hues when they are grown in sunny windows than if kept in partial shade.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

children far surpasses the care they are when they are small. And how quickly they grow up, indeed, all too soon. One of the saddest sights I know of is an old couple with no children to love and care for them in their old age. So take my advice, dear ones, and don't injure your health so that you will not live out your days. I think there is no better sight this side of Heaven than a kind and loving old couple with a nice family of girls and boys who have been brought up to be a blessing and an honor to them and a comfort in their old age.

I do hope and pray for Mattie Fugitt's recovery, that she may be spared to her children.

I enjoyed Mrs. Reynold's letter, from among the chimney tops, very much and wish she could step in and enjoy the country life with me. I often wonder why people stay so crowded in the large cities when there is so much room and some to spare in the country and where one can raise nearly all they eat and enjoy God's great outdoors.

Can you give me Hebert Kaufman's address?

With all good wishes for our dear COMFORT and its readers.

HAPPY MOTHER.

Happy Mother. As much as I admire Herbert Kaufman's writings I am unable to give you his address. Perhaps some of the readers can tell us. —Ed.

PADUCAH, 1740 Clay St., KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you make room for a Kentucky sister? I have been benefited so much by the helpful recipes and letters that I want to add my mite. To any of the sisters sending self-addressed, stamped envelope I will send pattern and directions for making nursery quilt, "Sunbonnet Baby," which is all the rage here. Will send picture of block and you can use all kinds of scraps.

Well, sisters, on divorce, I think there are always two sides to a case, as the lawyers say. I, for one, don't think it right, but if a man abuses his wife—well, they started wrong in the beginning. She never should have allowed such a thing. I have been married twenty-seven years and know what I am talking about.

Cordially yours, MRS. H. S. THIXTON.

Mrs. Thixton. The "Sunbonnet Baby" quilts are very pretty, but I hope you are prepared to supply quite a demand. It is one thing to expect a few replies and to get fifty or a hundred, if not more, as has been the experience of more than one sister. Anyway, all send stamped envelopes and that will help some. Working on the theory that "men are but children of a larger growth" evidently you believe in early training, of husbands, but won't you tell some of the young wives how to begin. Do you believe in these married-fifty-years-and never quarrelled people, or are they too good, to be true? If there are any, won't they tell us how they did it—and we'll be satisfied with an account of even five or ten years.—Ed.

ARAPAHO, OKLA.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS:

May I come in a little while? I will make my letter as brief as possible and tell what I came for.

My home is just outside the corporation of Arapaho the county seat of Custer county, overlooking the business part of the town, and four miles south of here is Clinton, a very hustling "little city" and the best town in this part of Oklahoma. I dearly love my little home, the only one I have, known since I lost my mother some years ago, back in an Eastern state, but my husband is failing in health so we, with our twenty months old daughter, are obliged to seek another home in a different state. We want a country home in eastern Colorado, south of the river and not too far east of the mountains, outside the irrigation district where there is grazing for cows and a market for poultry and dairy products.

If any of the sisters know of property in that line I would like to correspond. We will sell or exchange our property here where we live and also some property in town.

There are so many subjects open for discussion that I hardly know which needs the most attention but will say a few words on marriage and home life. When I was but a young girl I determined never to get married until I could make up my mind to take upon myself the cares of motherhood. I was twenty-eight years old when I married. It is wrong to bring little ones into the world if we cannot care for them but if we do our part, God will give us the needed strength for what can the human family find to take the place of little ones, upon which to bestow our love and affection.

I am in favor of women voting.

Success to all, MRS. ELI YODER.

RAIRDEN, WYO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I'm only a young wife, twenty-two years old, clamoring for a chance to become acquainted with you. I've never written before but I want to thank you and our kind editor for the cheery letters. I'm happily married to one of the best of husbands and we have a sweet baby boy, nine months old, who is such a blessing to us.

We've been in this part of the United States only a few months (came from southwest Oklahoma) and at times we get lonely, as we have but few neighbors and no relatives or close friends nearer than Iowa and Oklahoma, so we depend on each other, our baby and our books and papers for "company" and I assure you I derive a great deal of pleasure from the Sisters' Corner in COMFORT.

I'm very much interested in the discussion of the different topics and hardly know just which to choose as the most helpful. I like the descriptions of the different parts of our country. It's like a very interesting geography lesson. Then, too, such questions as Woman Suffrage, child rearing, the divorce question and all others, have their charm for me.

Who says women can't think on serious questions? Just let him read the Sisters' Corner and he will find a clear, concise, logical way of treating all topics worth while, and done as good as the men could do it, too.

I would like to say a few words in regard to our so-called "Mexican Problem." I believe it is nothing more or less than the attempt of capitalists of this and other countries who—with the help of Diaz, took Mexico from the people—to utterly crush the revolution and force those poor Mexican people back into peonage. We have facts to prove that ninety-one per cent of the mining enterprises in Mexico are controlled by the Americans, British, French, German and Dutch and the remaining nine per cent are divided with Spain and the South American countries, and in everything else they have been treated unfairly and denied every right. Is it any wonder they eye Uncle Sam with suspicion, or that the capitalists would like to force interventions by inciting bandit raids?

It surely seems that our country is fast becoming militaristic. Now, don't anyone tell me that Congress is in favor of National Defense and that their program has that end in view, only, because the Congressional Record for July plainly states that the Senate overwhelmingly declared the Navy was for offense and not defense. I believe in preparedness just so far that it is for defense and there I stop. I can't understand why, after all these years of peace, our shores aren't sufficiently protected, since sixty cents of every dollar Uncle Sam gets goes for war purposes—or is supposed to. Will some one enlighten me as to why conditions are such?

I'm enough interested in politics that I'd like to see everybody getting a square deal in this land of plenty and because women have to work for their living I believe they should have the vote. Only one national platform this year demands the adoption of the "Susan B. Anthony amendment" to the Federal constitution which would give all women the vote at once and if I could I'd vote for that party which recognizes women's rights—the Socialist party.

I also take a great interest in housekeeping, care of baby, crocheting and am learning how to care for and raise house plants. I love flowers but the only ones we can have here must be raised in pots. We live on the Big Horn Basin about 100 miles southeast of the Yellowstone Park, on an eighty-acre, irrigated farm. The principal crops are Alfalfa, beets, beans and potatoes.

Would be glad to hear from anyone and will answer if stamped envelope is enclosed.

Good luck to all. MRS. MARK C. JONES.

STRUM, WISCONSIN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for a number of years and have enjoyed its pages from first to last. I don't know which part I like best for I find a part for every mood.

I am a busy farmer's wife with poor health and a family of three girls and three boys so you see I can find use for much reading and on many subjects from housekeeping, church work and rearing a family on down to fancy work and mending for the dear ones. I am a young woman, only thirty-seven now, and when I first became "tied" (?) down to my little family it seemed very hard to do the homely tasks we all find to do around the home. But I always did them for the love of the babies and my husband in this way,—when the dishes needed to be washed and I "just hated" to do it I said to myself, "What if this were the last time I could wash the little plates?" and in an instant the task became a pleasure. Now I have two big girls, eighteen and nineteen years old, and more loving girls would be hard to find and they are always faithful to return the love that I have bestowed upon them. I have never lied to them in any way and am rewarded by having them perfectly truthful with me.

Will the sister who gave a remedy for head lice, four or five years ago, please repeat it in COMFORT or, better still, send it direct to me. It was a bitter bark, steeped and used as a tea. It was also a very good tonic for the scalp.

Hoping this letter will be a help to some tired mother, I remain, A friend to COMFORT's staff of workers and all the sisters.

MRS. G. M. HEADLEY.

Mrs. Headley. If more mothers could follow your example the homely, everyday tasks would become glorified and take on a greater meaning for as a labor of love they would be less tiresome than if thought of as mere drudgery. If we knew that our children were to be taken away from us because caring for them was such a task, straightway it would become a pleasure and we would be unable to do enough for their comfort. And the same holds true of all other members of the family as well.—Ed.

MARION, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT ever since I married and we all love it. I missed my July issue and would be glad if some sister would send me one. Will pay postage on same.

I have been married eleven years and have four boys and one little girl, six months old, who is the light of our home. Also have two baby boys gone on home. I like to read the letters regarding the training of children, for we certainly have many problems to face. I have one that I do not know how to manage. He is so contrary, at times he will do anything he thinks I do not want him to. He will stand in the hot sun because he knows I want him to stay in the shade. The only way, or rather the easiest way, I have found is not to pay any attention to him. He is only two years old yet and I hope he will outgrow it.

How many of the sisters have ever made little suspenders for their babies' napkins? I make them like men's suspenders except that I do not cross them in the back. Have two straps to go over the shoulders and sewed to a square or oblong piece of cloth, front and back, then sew a little strip to fasten to napkin, front and back. Put a strip of elastic, if desired, in strips over shoulders. This slips on over the head and is a great convenience.

I do not feed my babies till they are old enough to eat and I do not use "any old rag" to wash baby with. She has a clean washcloth and a separate basin from the grownups.

My baby is unusually healthy as are my older children.

We have had a hard struggle the last few years to make both ends meet. Our house and contents were burned four years ago and now the boll weevil gets all the cotton and the floods of July did a great deal of damage, but not so much here as along the rivers for people there lost their houses as well as their crops. The towns fed some of the destitute people. I feel that we have something to be thankful for.

I see some are writing about large families. Of course we all know that two children can have more advantages than several, I think that children of a large family have more self denial and are more independent than those from a small family.

I have a sister, Mrs. George Brewster, living at Millville, Florida. If anyone living near her sees this please show it to her, as she does not take COMFORT.

Your sister, MRS. FLOYD F. TUBB.

PARADIS, LA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am an old reader of COMFORT and could not do without the dear old paper. It was the first paper I can remember reading when I was but a little tot.

I have been married less than two years to one of the best of husbands and we are very happy indeed. I think a great many cases of divorce could be avoided if every married couple would try and study each other's disposition and cultivate a habit of pleasing each other instead of trying to find something to quarrel about. I wish the sisters would give their views on t' matter. Let's discuss it and bring it before the readers of COMFORT. It might help many couples who are always finding fault with each other.

I live in God's country where we can grow something for the table all the year around. Our land produces fine vegetables on account of the richness of the soil. We can grow anything that will grow in a temperate zone and we don't have to build expensive barns or silos as our winters are mild and we can grow green feed during the winter. Our summers are long but not excessively hot as we always have a breeze, due to our close proximity to the Gulf.

Enquirers are reminded to send stamp for reply.

MRS. FRED PITTE.

——, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR "STEPPY" AND ALL COMFORT SISTERS:

After I read "Steppy's" letter in July COMFORT I sat down and wept for did I not have almost the same experience except with an adopted child instead of a stepchild. I love children but expect to be obeyed. I sacrificed, as did "Steppy" and my reward was disobedience and sullen looks. I gave all the love of my starving heart to the little girl. I was a widow of twenty-two when I adopted her. She slept every night in my arms but tore my heart by day. She had relatives, who appeared jealous and unsympathetic of my struggles with her naughtiness, who seemed to urge her to be naughty. I then married a dear boy and he was certainly wise. He saw how things were and talked seriously to me. He advised me to send her into the lion's mouth, in other words to her relatives, for a visit. I emphatically refused at first for I feared they would turn her against me. Finally I sent her, just before the Christmas holidays. I wrote her only three letters and she was there six months, though I could hardly endure it and as it turned out, neither could she. The uncle and aunt had children also. The first week was ideal, then where the little girl had been first she became last. Her wishes were disregarded and she was sneered at and ridiculed.

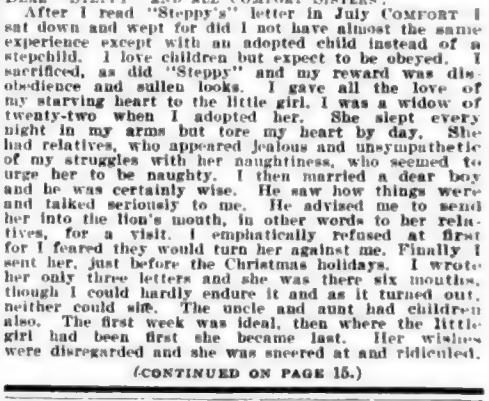
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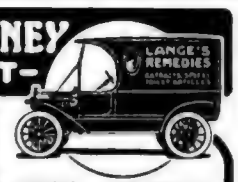
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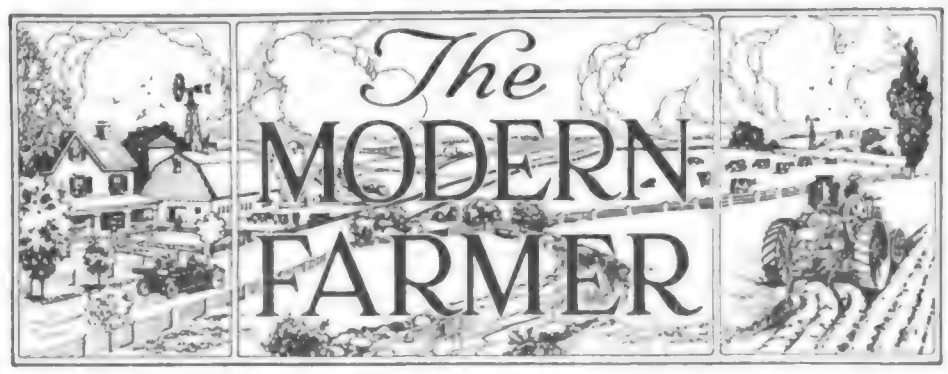
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Making Pork Without Corn

THE high price of meat means that meat is scarce. The supply is not increasing. Population is. Meat will therefore continue to be high. The cheapest form of meat to produce is pork. With present prices prevailing there is "money in pork."

One of the highest priced meat articles on the market is bacon. Bacon is preferred to other forms of pork because—it keeps well, is of good flavor and is not so fat as salt pork. That is, lean bacon is preferred.

Good bacon is produced from young pigs not too fat—but the best bacon comes from the bacon type of hog.

Bacon Hogs

To make the largest amount of bacon the hog must have a deep, broad side. This must be well muscled and must not be too fat. The Yorkshire and the Tamworth are the favorite bacon breeds. These breeds have a much higher proportion of fat to lean than the so-called "lard hog."

While *breed* is a factor in the production of bacon, *feed* is of even greater importance. Hogs are produced chiefly in the corn belt. Corn is, therefore, their principal feed. Corn makes fat pork not desirable for bacon. Since hogs and corn go together, it is assumed that hogs cannot be grown with profit without corn. This may have been true in the past but with present prices prevailing it is no longer true. Besides the best of bacon is produced without corn.

Feeding for Bacon

About this time of the year spring pigs that have been reared on milk and pasture weigh from 100 to 150 pounds. These, if finished on corn, make "lard" hogs. But if finished without corn will produce the choicest of bacon. Here are a few good rations:

In potato sections the cull potatoes may be cooked and mixed with milk, bran and shorts and fed abundantly, all the pigs will eat up clean. A little dry barley may be added to this ration. When peas are grown, field peas, fed dry in trough, will be found to supplement the slop feed. In general, to produce good bacon, feed a slop feed composed of milk and some good ground grain feed like shorts, oats and barley ground together, or ground peas, or boiled potatoes and shorts. To this add a dry grain like peas or barley, fed sparingly in the trough after the other feed is cleaned up. If the pigs' teeth get sore, feed all grain ground in the slop.

The above feeds make a lean pork and lean pork produces the best of bacon.

Good pork can be made without corn—in fact the best bacon cannot be made from corn.

Feeding Roots

There are a few important things which should be remembered relative to the feeding of roots. This form of feed is expensive, in that roots contain great quantities of water. One pound of dry matter in roots is practically equal to one pound of dry matter in grain, for feeding purposes, but roots contain eighty per cent or more of water. Experiments have shown that it requires 400 to 425 pounds of potatoes to equal 100 pounds of corn-meal in the fattening of pigs. Potatoes should be cooked for swine. In Ireland cooked potatoes and barley meal are popular for the final fattening of pigs, and in some parts of Great Britain such hogs are finished off on whole peas, to give the hams a fine flavor. In feeding cooked potatoes they are mashed and the meal sprinkled on them in that state. For the feeding of cows and sheep raw potatoes should be sliced, but we have never seen any great advantage in this root (really a tuber or under-ground stem) in the keeping or fattening of cattle or sheep. Fed in large quantities to cows raw potatoes tend to make the butter soft and salvy. They are apt to choke cows, unless sliced. Raw potatoes are of little value in the feeding of horses, but they are quite useful in ridding these animals of worms. For that purpose the potatoes should be fed in small quantities, watching the bowels, and increased gradually. Fed too liberally at first they produce scouring. They are particularly useful for young colts, infested with worms. Carrots are the best roots for horse feeding. They have a fine effect upon the skin and kidneys. If fed in quantity they produce scouring. They should be wiped clean at feeding time, but need not be washed, as they are produced in light friable soil, which usually does not tend to cling to the roots. Parsnips, not commonly used, are excellent feed for the horse, being more nutritious than the carrot and almost as palatable. Some horses will not eat carrots, and then should be offered parsnips. These roots are fed freely to dairy cows in the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey. There is a special variety on the market for stock feeding. Rutabagas, called Swede turnips, or Aberdeen Purple Tops in Scotland are the staple feed of cattle and sheep in many parts of Great Britain. In Scotland the farmers allow five tons of these roots per cow, for winter feeding and young, growing "store" cattle are wintered on roots and oat straw. For fattening cattle the roots are simply cut in four parts, by pounding with an x shaped knife. For sheep, and often for cow feeding, the turnips (for they are turnips) are sliced into fingers, by a special machine, or another form of machine slices them for all stock. In cow feeding the roots often are pulped by machinery and spread on oat straw, layer by layer, or they are steamed along with cut straw, cut hay, grain and meals. It is best to feed raw turnips just after milking, else they will taint the milk. Cattle eat 50 pounds or more a day. In Scotland, where some 8,000,000 sheep are kept, Swede turnips are eaten off the ground until only shells are left; then the shells are lifted with a pick and eaten in due course. Oats, bran and oilcake, with oat straw and hay, are also fed. Rutabagas are relished by horses, but care must be taken to cut them up, to prevent choking. Two or three a day are sufficient. Sugar beets are sometimes fed, but the large proportion of sugar tends to cause scouring. Mangels are better, but contain more water and there is the further disadvantage in feeding these roots that they tend to cause gravel and stone in the bladder, in sheep and also in cattle. This only occurs when fat animals are given mangels in large quantities daily for a long time. They are fed late in the season, the rutabagas being fed off first. Mangels are easier and less expensive than sugar beets to cultivate, as they grow higher out of the ground and their immense production lessens the disadvantage of their large content of water. Fed as a part ration to fattening hogs they regulate the bowels and improve the pork. Beets and mangels are fine for pregnant sow feeding. Combined with good alfalfa hay they will serve as a complete winter ration and sows so fed have strong pigs and little if any trouble at farrowing time. Roots should be grown, to a limited extent, on every farm where such crops can be produced to advantage, especially so in northern and wet districts, but root houses have to be provided for their keeping and that tends to make them unpopular with men of small means and the extra work necessary to keep the crops clean, also is a disadvantage. There is no finer beef anywhere than that raised in Great Britain where roots form a large part of the ration.

Woful Waste of Feed

The daily papers and certain ill-informed calamity howlers are spilling ink profusely advising people to save the calves, feed the calves, relieve the tension in regard to meat supply, make cheaper meat, help the poor city man to live more cheaply, make meat possible on every table. This is all very well in some respects and wrong in others. It is a shame when really good calves are butchered too young, ill-fed, unfinished for veal. It is wrong practise to slaughter dairy heifer calves, if they have come from deep producing cows and pure bred sires. It is right to slaughter thousands of calves that are not worth raising. The trouble is not actually in the slaughter of calves worth feeding for human consumption. The fault is in the production of runt calves of mongrel and scrub breeding that no man can afford to feed or raise. The country is full of such worthless stuff. On the big farms of the plains one can see hundred of such calves. They were sired by nondescript bulls and the owners have too little feed to make them into cheap beef. No wonder they flood the market with such calves. The same thing holds true of many men in the dairy business. All they want is to have fresh cows for milk production. They do not raise the calves. The calves born on their farms are not worth raising and so they go to the city by the carload and make sorry veal at that. Then there is the man who is in still worse plight. He is the fellow who uses a scrub or grade bull and feeds the progeny with the hope that the females will make good dairy cows and the steers good beef animals. Such hopes are absurd, such work futile. The only way of getting calves that are worth raising for dairying, or fattening for beef, is by the use of pure bred bulls of dairy and beef breeds. It also is well to know that the dams of the calves are fine milk producing cows. *One should breed for performance from known performers.* The same rule and logic obtain as regards beef cattle. It is sinful waste of good feed to put it into scrub stock. Let each reader ask himself if he is doing that kind of ruinous feeding.

Make the Gains Early

It should ever be borne in mind that the profit in the feeding of all animals is largest from the early put on gain or weight. If the foal, calf, pig or lamb milk flesh is lost it may never be perfectly regained and it always is an expensive matter to start growth in stunted young animals. The weight that is gained by steady growth is the least expensive to acquire and after the natural growth of the body has ceased the extra weight is put on at much expense and often does not prove profitable. It should be the aim of every feeder of animals for the market to keep his young animals growing just as fast as possible, without causing sickness from overfeeding. A draft colt acquires at least one half of his adult weight during the first year of his life, if he is properly fed, but if he is partially starved, so that he weighs too little at one year old he may never grow to his full stature, weight or strength, no matter how much feed is supplied. Grow the colt to his maximum weight and size during the first year. It pays to feed him to do this. So too with the feeding steer, pig and lamb. None of these animals is a one food beast; yet many a farmer forgets that and thinks that an ample supply of any one good feed is sufficient. Timothy hay is a good feed, so is bright oat straw, so is corn; but the growing animal needs a mixture of feeds and cannot perfectly thrive on a one food diet. Sell some of the feed that is superabundant and buy other feeds to balance the ration, or better still try to grow a variety of feeds for all of the animals upon the farm. As an illustration of the kind of feed mixture needed for a young pig we may state that the Wisconsin experiment station people give their young growing pigs a mixture of 32 pounds each of corn-meal, wheat middlings and ground oats and four pounds of oilmeal in the form of thick slop made up with hot water. The oilmeal makes a sticky mixture, the meals of which do not settle to the bottom of the trough at feeding time. Ear corn may be added as the pigs attain good weights and come to the fattening time of life. Other suitable rations are: 47 pounds each of corn-meal and wheat middlings, six pounds oilmeal; or 32 pounds each of ground barley, wheat middlings, ground oats and four pounds oilmeal; or 47 pounds each of wheat middlings and ground barley and six pounds of oilmeal.

Things Learned Last Season

On Riverholm farm we did not again seed land to winter rye and winter vetch. Last year these crops grew well, but the cows did not relish the combination at the time such feed was most needed. Green grass is most appreciated by dairy cows and when the pasture becomes bare, short and dry an adjunct feed to be appreciated must be succulent, like grass. By the time grass is drying rye and vetch are too ripe and coarse to be well relished. At first the cows will lick out the vetch, then they will eat some rye heads, but soon they do not care for the mixture. The same is true of winter wheat and vetch. These are relished when quite short and green but at that stage of growth grass is plentiful. Rye and vetch, however, make a capital growth and furnish a valuable green crop for turning under as manure; or the crop may be allowed to ripen and the vetch will then furnish ripe seed to put in again, as a mixture, with rye. We have some of this combination stacked and will use it in the scratching shed for the chickens this winter, instead of threshing. Where one has but a small acreage in various grains and oats is the chief grain it seldom pays to change the thresher parts to thresh each sort of grain in turn. It seems best to thresh the oats and use the lesser grain crops in the bundle.

A combination of peas and oats is far preferable to rye and vetch for soiling cows in summer. The rye and vetch of course have the advantage in that they are seeded in fall, cover the ground through the winter and come away quickly in spring, but the cows greatly prefer oats and peas and gain in milk flow when such feed can be generously supplied. One bushel each of oats and Canada or field pea are sown just as soon as the ground can be worked in spring and has become warm enough to seed. The seed may be drilled in or put in with a broadcasting seeder. The land should be very rich and in fine tilth. The crop will then be ready for use in the latter part of July and beginning of August, just when it is most required. After the oats and peas have been used the corn fodder comes in season and is relished, but it does not induce milk flow so well as the other combination.

Early sweet corn may be seeded first to give an early cut of green feed for the cows. Then flint corn comes in and then ordinary field corn. It is not well to plant the field corn very thickly for fodder purposes. The sweet corn and flint may be broadcasted or thickly drilled, but the late planted field corn for fall cutting should make lots of good ears and so should be drilled not closer than nine inches apart and some prefer ten to fourteen. Our silage corn this year was drilled in about a foot to fourteen inches apart in the row and made good ears. That for husking was drilled two feet apart in the row, with a special check-row wire and this was much easier to keep clean than the close drilled corn. Experience teaches that it is poor policy to drill corn on land that is foul with weeds, or on farms where little help is kept. Weeds will get the better of corn in wet weather and where help is lacking. Wide checked corn usually gets two or three cultivations before haying comes on and then will thrive fairly well, provided the weather is moist and hot. On the other hand the close drilled corn, with similar cultivation, tends to become choked by growth of weeds in the rows which never are perfectly buried by two or three ordinary cultivations and without the use of the hoe.

It may be remembered that we seeded four pounds of red clover per acre with the barley last spring. One and one half bushels of barley per acre gave a good crop and allowed a magnificent growth of clover. The stand was perfect and now the cows are pasturing that field and making more and more milk every day. They also have the run of an adjoining field from which a heavy crop of clover hay was taken in July. This field was seeded to red clover, alsike, Timothy and a little Alfalfa. The latter did well and gave the clover hay a beautiful green color. It was mowed away without a drop of rain and the plants are again making a nice growth and adding greatly to the value of the pasturing crop. As soon as the cattle have taken the best of these two fields they will be manured and fall plowed and next year will be in corn for the silo. We certainly are highly pleased with the investment in red clover seed with the barley crop and we also seeded it with the oats. Not such a good stand was had in the oat and wheat combination field. Still there is enough on the ground to furnish a good bite for the cows and to help as a manure for the next crop. We can strongly recommend seeding clover with every bushel of grain seeded on the farm.

Avoiding Scratches

By "scratches" is meant a condition of the skin of a horse's heels and fetlocks akin to that which we term "chapped hands" in man. It comes from wetting and lack of drying and will become worse if washed by the owner. To avoid such conditions do not wash a horse's legs from November to May; and any time they just have to be washed remember to rub them perfectly dry. The drying is best done by rubbing with sawdust or coarse corn-meal. The horse that has to stand in a cold draft in the stable while his legs are wet, is most liable to scratches. It is a mistake to clip off the long hair on a horse's legs, below the knees and hocks. The hair protects the skin and tends to prevent scratches. When a horse comes in with his hairy legs covered with mud allow them to dry; then rub off the mud. If such legs are washed the skin becomes wet and unless thoroughly dried will in time become affected with scratches. A good, simple ointment for scratches is made by mixing together one dram of spirits of camphor, two drams of sulphur and one ounce of lard. Apply it freely twice a day. Do not apply strong, drying (astringent) lotions or powders in cases of scratches. They do more harm than good. "Mud fever" is similar to scratches but affects the leg from foot to knee or hock. It is caused by mud, snow or wet and failure to dry the legs. Hot flaxseed poultices may be applied for two or three days. Then wash once, dry perfectly and afterward apply two or three times a day a lotion composed of two ounces of Goulard's extract and one ounce of glycerine with soft water to make one pint.

Grubbing Trees

On one farm the other day we saw some thirty or forty big white oak and black oak trees which had been grubbed instead of sawed through near the ground. The owner wished as quickly as possible to get the three-acre patch which had been pastured as timber land, reclaimed and plowed for cropping. And so the "boys" had grubbed the trees after a wet spell, when the ground was soft and they could not work on the land. "Some job," you say. "Yes; but after all it is a better plan than cutting down with the crosscut saw, or chopping with the axe, when the land has to be got into cropping condition quickly. It will require at least eight years for hard wood stumps to rot so that they may be pulled. If grubbed the logs can be sawed and the butts sledded out of the way, the holes filled and plowing started as soon as the frost is out in spring, or in fall, if the grubbing is done early. It usually is necessary to also grub hazel brush and sumac if they are strong growths. Why not use dynamite? some will enquire. Well, it can be done, and the stumps may be shattered in that way, but it is a somewhat dangerous job and the blast holes are often very large and hard to fill. The grubbing is a clean, quick job and we think it pays.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

Win A $635 Auto and Cash to Run It

Our New Grand Prize Contest presents you the splendid opportunity to win a $635 Overland touring car, delivered absolutely free of charge, and at the same time earn the cash to run the car a season.

Read the announcement on page 36, and enter now.



"THE turkey is not our national bird," said a patriotic looking party, "but it is the one that we give thanks over officially on one day in the year and that day in November. We call it Thanksgiving Day, but what the turkey calls it is not fit for publication. All of us know about Thanksgiving, but all of us don't know about the turkey. I didn't, till I read up a little. Like the potato, Indian corn and tobacco, the turkey originated in America and was unknown to the civilized world until the discovery of America by Columbus. It is generally believed to have been found in Mexico by the Spaniards and sent by them to Europe in 1518. The Spaniards first called the bird 'Pavo,' peafowl, because the Mexican variety has a more brilliant plumage than our Northern bird. The size of the fowl made it available for food supply on Spanish ships, the small vessels of those days not being able to accommodate many chicken coops, and in a very short time it was distributed to all parts of the known world. It was called 'turkey' because it was supposed by the great mass of people to have come from that country, though just why is not known. That Turkey, by the way, gets its name from Turk, son of Japheth, son of Noah, whose descendants people and named Turkestan whence come the present Turks. I don't swear to this, but that's what they say. In the Balkan states the turkey is known as the 'turke,' but in Turkey itself, it is known as the Hindu fowl. The Germans call it 'trut hahn,' or 'turkisher hahn;' the Italians and French, having received their first supply from India, call it 'gallo d'India' and 'poule d'Inde,' hence 'Dindon,' its pet name; it is 'gallo pavo' and 'gallo peru' to Spaniards and Portuguese, the latter supposing it to have come from Peru. In India it is known as 'peru,' or was when it went back to Europe in the sixteenth century. In Brazil it is 'pavo de Peru,' whence the Portuguese may have got the name as their ships went often to that country. There is no other country except ours that devotes a day to Thanksgiving and turkey, but the time may come when Thanksgiving and the turkey may become universal, the turkey at present being nearer that point than Thanksgiving is. In the mean time the turkeys of this country are viewing with alarm the day in this month of November when so many of them will be offered up on the altar of sacrifice and not one among them feels at all like giving thanks."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

Her clothes were neglected and she was never loved or petted. Well, believe me, little daughter wanted her "mother" very badly. She had enough of it in a very little while but I had will power enough to leave her there six months, then she came home. Such a change! She could not do enough for me. Just went on her knees and begged me never to send her from me again. She is all sweetness now. If a sulky look comes over her face, all I need say is "Do you want to go to Aunt —— again?" How quickly that frown vanishes and "Dear mother, I'll be good" is uttered with a kiss and fond embrace. This occurred years ago. She is twelve years old now and my little comfort indeed.

Could not "Steppy" do something like this? I would like to write to her personally.

Good luck and better times to "Steppy."

MOTHER.

Evidently "Steppy" has moved for I forwarded a number of letters to her and they were returned. If she sees this and will write me again I will be glad to remail them once more.—Ed.

LOXLEY, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come again from the sunny southland for a little chat?

I am quite well now, but just recovering from a bad fall I took last January. It might have been worse so "I'm glad" as Pollyanna says. I have many COMFORT friends whom I have formed acquaintance with through the Sisters' Corner, but haven't been able to answer many letters this summer.

We live on a sixty-acre farm two miles north of Loxley. Have fifty acres fenced with woven wire. Corn is our main crop with cow peas between the rows, some rice and Sudan grass for hay. Last spring we set out two acres of satsuma oranges and a few grafted pecan trees.

Two miles south of Loxley a company has set out over nine hundred acres to satsuma oranges, with kumquats for a border next to the fence. Most of the 1915 crop was shipped to Chicago where a ready sale was found.

Two years ago I set out several eucalyptus trees. They are over sixteen feet high now.

We keep chickens and cows. We have a cream separator and I make butter to sell. Have no trouble in making good, sweet, firm butter all the year round. To begin with, the cows must be kept clean. Our cows' udders are washed clean (not wiped off with a damp cloth) before each milking, then wiped dry with a clean cloth; then there is no dust and dirt to fall into the milk pail. We keep our cows in the barn nights during winter and always put them in to milk them. They are all pets.

Fig trees grow fast here and can be started from cuttings. They bear a few figs the second year and more as they grow older.

Don't you think, sisters, it is unjust that women should be forced to obey laws they have no power to make or unmake, yet under which they are taxed as men are? It would seem from experience that the more people know about equal suffrage the less afraid of it they would be. Then a voter does not vote all the time so the women would be allowed a number of days off to attend to their tatting and embroidery.

Now just a few words in the training of children. A mother should remember that her child is a free spirit that needs to be taught and not a servant to obey orders. Most parents teach their children to be untruthful; not intentionally, of course, but nevertheless they do. How often we hear this: "Now Jimmie, if you do that again I'll whip you." A few minutes later and Jimmie does it again but no whipping follows. Is it any wonder that Jimmie becomes a liar? The wonder is that he remains as truthful as he is. And sisters, please don't nag and always be faultfinding, but smile for we know a smile, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

I received so much help from the Sisters' Corner that I must return my hearty thanks and try to help a little in my turn.

Kerosene applied to tarnished silver with a cloth and then washed off will leave a good luster.

Hot milk is valuable as a stimulant and very nourishing. Do not let it quite boil. Sip it slowly and feel your strength and courage coming back.

The big old world admires greatness but it lives by kindness and to the cheerful heart every day is fine and happiness is contagious.

On the State Fair Grounds at Salem, Oregon, they have a model dairy barn with different kinds of stalls for cows, to show how they can be kept clean. Some with trenches back of the stall and some without trenches. My husband took a pattern of a stall from this barn, called the Schumeric stall, which we have in our barn. I can't explain how it is made but the feeding rack is built up high enough so when the cow lies down she can lie with her head under the rack facing the feed way. A piece of timber is nailed back of the stall to keep her from lying back in the dirt. We don't like stanchions so tie the cows around the neck.

Last week my husband killed a hawk, one opossum and two skunks. The 'possum and skunks were after our corn and peanuts. We found out two years ago that they were very fond of chickens. The female 'possums have a pouch underneath in which they carry their young. They are like the kangaroo in that respect.

I wonder if any of the sisters ever get the wanderlust and want to travel? My husband and I both like to travel. It has been very beneficial to our health but bad for our pocketbook and bank account. We have crossed the Rocky Mountains six times and have lived in Washington, Oregon, Wisconsin and Alabama. In the summer of 1907 we took our team and back and drove all over Oregon, up one side and down the other, slept in a tent for three months, wherever night overtook us; saw all the beautiful snow-capped mountain peaks and crater lake on top of a mountain. We would like to travel again next summer by team or auto but if we do we will have to sell or rent our farm. We are planning on going sometime but don't know how soon it will be. I hope to be able to take subscriptions to COMFORT if we ever go.

I like farm life much better than the city, but don't get time to read as much as I would like, maybe though the people who work in factories and mills don't get any more time to read than the farm people. The quiet life of the country encourages study. I read not long ago that at a meeting of successful business men in New York City that out of five hundred present, over ninety per cent had been reared in the country.

I wish to thank the sisters who sent me silk and velvet pieces for my state quilt, and will answer all who send stamps or stamped envelope.

Sincerely, MRS. P. S. HENDRY.

LORE CITY, Lock Box 22, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for about fourteen years or ever since I could first read. I take several magazines, all of which are good, but COMFORT is in a class by itself. I have one little boy two years and a half old and my small sister is six years old. They enjoy the Cubby Bear stories more than any other story I can tell them. My mother has been dead two years and my little sister stays with me. I have been married four years and have one of the good Johns we read about, only he is a Jim. We try to be partners in everything and there is only one pocketbook in our family and we both know where it is kept.

I wonder if some middle aged woman on reading this would like a good place to stay? My Dad is trying to keep the two small boys together, with him, but a good capable woman is so hard to get that he is about discouraged. He would pay good wages and anyone would have full charge. Isn't there someone who can fill this place? Dad is French but mother was an American. I would like to help him if I can. Anyone interested in this place, please write to me. The boys are twelve and fourteen years of age and one young man besides father.

I am five feet seven inches tall, brown hair and eyes, plenty of freckles and am jolly and full of the joy of living. I am twenty-five years young. My husband is ten years my senior. I don't believe in early marriages.

My little boy stammers. I try not to notice and make him repeat the words slowly but he still stammers. Can someone suggest something else?

Yours very sincerely, MRS. LOTTIE GIFFEN.

——, MICHIGAN.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for some time but until I saw Steppy's letter I never had the courage to write. Perhaps I can do some good, for I, too, am a stepmother.

My husband had two children when we were married and now we have two more. I have had my heart aches but now I have my reward. My family are grown up and they all think there is no one like mother. My stepchildren were like yours, at first and it seemed there was nothing too mean for them to do. Talk to them, ask them what their own mother would think of them if she knew how they were acting. I found that talking to them in this way would touch a tender spot in their hearts and bring better results quicker than anything else.

At dishwashing time, after the work is finished, let them have a good time by making candy, having a party and help them make doll clothes. Of course you cannot do this every time but it helps to win them. My husband had quite a temper and believed in whippings but I did not at such times and tried to save them from being punished and they soon learned to have confidence in me. Of course there were times when I had to be firm and let them know I was to be obeyed. Try and make home pleasant and they will not want to go away as many do on account of having a mean stepmother. It means a great deal but I think stepmothers will receive double reward for taking the place of two mothers. Kindness and patience will certainly win them. Keep up your courage and may be some day you can sign yourself what I am,

A loved and happy stepmother.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

TO MY DEAR SISTER WITH THE LITTLE GIRL THAT POUTS

Bless your heart, you are lucky with only *one* little girl that pouts—what if you had *three* little pouting girls like I have. Until you drew my attention to it, I thought it pertained to nature. My grandmother read your letter and she said that seventy-five years ago she knew a little girl who pouted—none other than herself—she is eighty-five now so you see it has been handed down from generation to generation. I believe all children pout—sometimes grown people too.

I was a school teacher before I married and some days I had as many as thirty-five pouters. Your baby Alice is not eligible to join the Pouter's Club, but I feel safe in assuring you that as soon as her age will permit she will be a staunch member.

I have three girls, and not one alike in disposition. Louise, age seven is a very quiet, reserved little dear, she cannot take a joke or be teased in any way so we regard her feelings and we have no trouble in that line. Then she pouts and makes herself very miserable sometimes she pouts a whole day, but we do do not believe in corporal punishment so let her come out of it herself. We take no heed of her but read or sing and play with the other children. On the other hand, she is a dear little mother's helper and we love her dearly. Her father says that when she gets older and deals with the public it will bring her out of it, but her little hands and feet are ever willing to help mother, and she never complains.

Evelyn, aged five, not only pouts but has a temper that goes with it; gets cross and destroys her playthings and musses up her hair, but we can joke her. She never pouts or is angry very long.

Last, but not least, Cecelia, our baby of three years, jumps down from the table if she isn't satisfied with the way things are being served, but we just let her go and after a while she comes back looking very much ashamed of herself. She expects to be coaxed but we do not notice her. Then again she gets angry and pouts and we cannot get her in a good humor by petting or joking, it makes her worse, so I pay no attention to her and eventually she is playing and as happy as a bird. I think parents, as a rule, pay too much attention to their children's faults.

I love one just as dearly as the others, as all natural mothers do, but I often wonder if Louise loves mother best? Her one thought is of doing something for me or for her sisters.

Let's be patient, dear sisters, God only loaned them to us and He can call His own at any time. We mothers are also only loaned to them. If God should call me from my little ones I want them to always think, "Mother was always good to me," for I love their little bodies too well to do them any injury.

I hope you and your girlies will have many blessings bestowed upon you and that they will rise up and call you blessed.

A COMFORT SISTER.

NEBO, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you admit a sister from the "Old North State," the land of the long leaf pine?

Nebo is a little village almost surrounded by mountains. The scenery is very picturesque but I fear we who live here do not appreciate it as much as those from other places who come here. Strangers almost go wild with delight over our wonderful mountain scenery which we seldom think of admiring.

Betty, I will suggest "Sunny View" as a pretty and appropriate name for your home.

By the way, I noticed in a letter in the April COMFORT in which Mrs. Benese discussed the art of right dressing. I agree with part of what you say Mrs. Benese, but I certainly do not agree with you when you say that some women looked as though they were never introduced to corsets, meaning that they should wear corsets. The soiled kimono, the house slippers and the bushy head may be objected to but please do not object to women going corsetless for that is just the way they should always be. You may ask how women would look if they were to allow their forms to go unlaced? I answer, they would look as God intended they should. At present of course Fashion does not demand such an extremely slender waist but if Fashion demanded it women would, if possible, devise some plan to contract their waists to the fashionable standard. The evil effects, however, of the present corset wearing are almost beyond estimation. The bone structure of the human body is so constructed as to give just enough room for the free action of every internal organ and the least construction of this human framework throws some organ out of place or deprives it of the room required in order to properly perform its functions. As a general rule, young girls begin to wear corsets when about thirteen years of age and often before. At that age the bone structure is very tender and if incased in a corset it can never attain its full growth. Why is it that mothers cannot understand this? Has the All-wise architect of our bodies made a mistake in giving us our proportions? What a shame that we should thus reflect upon the Creator and change His plans to suit the desires of a wicked world and bring disease and physical weakness instead of health and vigor. No woman who wears a corset can properly breathe as she should. The entire nervous system is overheated, crushed and deformed by the use of the corset. What a great thing it would be if the women of America would turn a deaf ear to fashion and give more heed to the laws of hygiene and common sense. I wonder if there is anyone who will agree with me on this subject?

Before leaving you I wish to say that I have read COMFORT for several years and certainly could not do without it.

I am five feet three inches tall and weigh one hundred and nine pounds. Have dark hair, eyes and complexion. Was nineteen years old the fifth of July. Am too late for a birthday shower but would like cards just the same.

With kindest regards to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the COMFORT readers, MRS. J. C. MASON.

PENDLETON, S. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please let me thank all that have written me such nice letters and cards since my letter appeared in April COMFORT. I have tried to reply to all letters from shut-ins, especially those that were so lonely. Some have written that they have sent letters and cards and received no answer. Friends, if you sent stamps and have time, don't get discouraged. If your "God Bless You" and "Best Wishes" have meant as much to others as they have to me perhaps they have been "the cup of cold water given in His name," and you will not lose your reward.

So many have wanted to know how they could help my afflicted one. To all those I would say, he can only enjoy music and good things to eat and being rolled in his wheel chair. My only girl, eleven years old, and I do all our work and care for him and she is in school a large portion of the time.

I have read about all of Harold Bell Wright's books and "The Calling of Dan Matthews" is my favorite. I do so much admire the trained nurse, the heroine of the book, then I quite agree with the author in regard to churches, etc.

Dickens' travels in America during 1840 interested me very much, as did the "Tale of Two Cities," "The Pickwick Papers" and "David Copperfield." Would that we had more of the kind of love that was in Sidney Carson's heart, in the "Tale of Two Cities." And I smile now when I think of Mr. Micawber in "David Copperfield," always looking for something to "turn up," and I'm hoping something will "turn up" some day with me and give me time to reply to all your nice letters.

Mrs. Wilkinson, I felt that I wanted to change the name of our little farm, "Oakgate" to one of those suggested in May COMFORT. We gave ours this name because two oak trees stand near enough to give the effect of one passing through a gate as they enter the yard. "Happy Hill" has a good ring to me. Perhaps I am not always as happy as I should be but believe in "playing that I am" and the name would be a good incentive.

I think I will pin a blue ribbon on my May COMFORT, for surely the letters on Woman Suffrage make it the finest ever. It seems that nothing more could be said for, or against, the cause and I'm sure we will all rise now and make the vote for it unanimous. COMFORT, it seems, is not what it once was to some because of the stand some have taken on preparedness, but there is one consolation—we all want peace, we just differ as to how best to keep peace. I, for one, can't see how not being prepared will keep peace any more than I can see that being prepared will assure peace. Germany seems to be prepared to fight nearly the whole of Europe and you know the killing that is being done in Germany is about the same as in other countries—but it's only a woman's point of view—if other nations ever attack our shores there will be plenty of men, and even women, who will go to their unfortunate friends and it will be nothing but right, and "Thrice armed is he whose cause is just."

It was a Northern soldier who, during the Civil War, told his sister who was praying for her Confederate lover to be spared and his side to win, that "A woman's heart knows no country and no flag, pray for the man you love."

MRS. Wilkinson, please pardon me for not being more brief, I only intended thanking my friends and they, I feel now, are all the way from Honolulu to Canada and in almost every state in the Union and are from sixteen years of age to one hundred and three. Many of them are doing a grand work for the shut-ins and more have written that they are going to do more. One woman said she was going to give up so much ice cream and candy. Let us all find a way to do our best. One dear old lady in a large city says she feels like a cat in a strange garret when she attends a modern city church. Let us be careful friends.

COMFORT friends, we may never exchange friendly smiles,
But let's shake hands across the miles.

MRS. E. O. BROCK.

POLLOCK, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

After reading Mrs. Mattie Fugitt's letter in July number of COMFORT I thought I would stop being a silent reader, even at the risk of landing in the waste-basket.

In my opinion it is next to impossible to raise just one child without it being selfish and hard to please. Even when there are two this is likely to be the case. But why bring children into the world to suffer the pangs and temptations of bitter poverty? Why not fewer children and better ones? To have healthy children there must be a measure of sanitary conditions, well-cooked food, proper clothing, and so on, all of which takes time and work to say nothing of expense. Is it right that a mother should have no time for rest, no time to read and keep up with events enough to be a companion and wise friend to her children? No time to care for and promote her own health that she may be able to cope with the many problems and the work that falls to the lot of those in such circumstances that they are unable to hire help. Is there not a happy medium between too many and too few? Indeed it is wrong to shun motherhood in order that one or two children may be raised in luxury and granted every whim. Indeed it is fiendish to destroy the unborn as too many conscienceless creatures do. But why not a smaller number in order to bring them up in simple, wholesome comfort? A mother whose time is all taken up with cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing and sewing for a large family has little time to study each child and give it the individual attention it needs to bring out the best of its nature and discourage the worst, to say nothing of a little time for recreation for herself. A day of pleasure for the family means a double strain on her as every mother of a large family can testify and rare indeed is she who can keep sweet tempered and set a good example for her little ones when with failing health and straining nerves she must drudge on, day after day, with never a moment's time she can call her own. I think Satan smiles more at such conditions that God does. No, Providence did not intend or cause such suffering so do not lay the blame there. Have as many children as health will permit, as you can give proper care and attention, and they will be a blessing to you and everyone else and God, who is just, will say "Well done," when you have wisely kept yourself strong physically and spiritually in order that you may send better children into the world. Yes, better than you are at your best. Teach them that they may avoid the mistakes you have made, stand between them and Satan and fail not to teach them to lean upon a mighty Friend above. If children are worth dying for they are worth living for. I am a mother and I would not change places with any single woman I know, but I do not intend to use the power God gave me to bring little ones with immortal souls, into the world to bring sorrow upon all concerned. And if I did so I would lay the blame where it belonged. Such a condition is unjust and therefore none of God's planning for He is just.

This is the conclusion at which I have arrived after looking at both sides of the question.

God bless you Mrs. Fugitt and all other mothers that suffer with matchless heroism that they may be the means of doing some good in this world. Such earnest intent to do good and right will surely be rewarded in the life to come.

Respectfully yours, MRS. E. M. SMITH.

CHIRICAHUA, Cochise County, ARIZONA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

The last time I took a peep into our valuable corner was November 1915, so maybe after all I am not too often.

While I long believed the waste-basket got its deserved morsel when my last letter helped fill it, yet how pleasantly surprised I was in April last to receive my old sombrero full of letters in one post in answer thereto, it having actually reached COMFORT Corner certainly having accidently evaded close criticism of each of the COMFORT staff. I made up my mind then and there to immediately stop housekeeping and drudgery and make a great writer of myself. I felt sure, by next post, writing was my calling, but by the next week I fully decided I was surely one of the sorriest, most uninteresting writers in the United States. I tried my best to make my letters in reply to my correspondents as interesting to them and their individual requirements as theirs were to me, but what a miserable failure I feel I am! However, I believe I have learned what my talent consists of now; that of envying others for their ability to write so interestingly.

I have to date received nearly five hundred pieces of mail from all parts of the United States and have replied to the best of my ability to each and all; if I have not filled requirements, sisters, please pardon and attribute any seeming failures and errors to mental capacity and not to my heart.

Not a few letters returned "unclaimed;" then I went over all letters and found I had made only two mistakes in addresses, wrote them later; some have again returned.

I want to thank each one for the good letters, lovely post-cards, valuable books, flowers and garden seeds, pressed flowers, etc., and other pretty and valuable tokens of love sent me and my little girl, Bonnie.

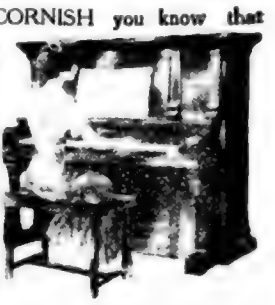
I am not an invalid exactly; it might ruffle my feelings terribly to be told that by some for I am fifty-five years young. I am a "shut-in" by living out a homestead via homestead requirements of the United States, I am a widow, and I want each one to know they have contributed very materially, to our otherwise would be sordid existence, much cheer, comfort pleasure and blessings. We also received several sub-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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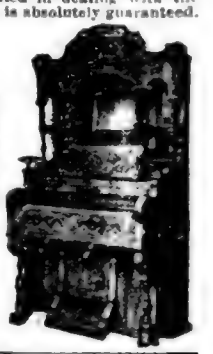


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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Preparing Birds for the Showroom

OWNERS of thoroughbred fowls should enter one or more of them at their local or state fair, for a showroom endorsement increases profits considerably. It changes the value of thirteen eggs from the ordinary market price of twenty-five to forty cents to two dollars, and sometimes even to five dollars a setting, if your birds happen to be good enough to capture two or three first prizes at different shows during the same season. So everyone who keeps poultry should do some showing, if they keep thoroughbred birds. Every poultry keeper should thank the clubs and fanciers through whose work shows have been established in different parts of the country, or they arouse general interest in good stock, and bring the cream of profit to the breeder industrious enough to study the standard and develop point by point until their birds approach perfection.

First, of course, you must have some thoroughbred birds, of whatever breed you intend to devote your energies to. Many people think that "thoroughbred" and "full-blooded" means a breed sure to win prizes. But that is a great mistake. A bird which has been hatched from an egg laid by a champion may develop a wry tail, comb, wattles or earlobes that are off color or out of proportion, or some other small blemish which quite unfits him for competition in a showroom. Yet he would of course be a thoroughbred bird. This is why it is often possible to buy full-blooded birds at reasonable prices from established fanciers, and by good mating develop prize winners in your own yards. Having good, pure-blooded birds, you must study their faults, and breed to counterbalance them. To explain: If you have a hen with legs slightly too long, coarse comb, or some such slight defect, mate her to a rooster which has short legs, or a very fine comb. It is only by this means that improvement can be made in a flock.

You who have been breeding from well-selected birds will surely have a few good youngsters worthy of being sent to the showroom, and it is none too soon to start on their training and special care.

It is not possible to tell just how a bird will develop, so it is best to prepare several, even if you only contemplate entering two or three. Of course, there must be thoroughbred stock to start with, but feeding and general care have much to do with success. The best blood won't take a prize if the bird is out of condition either in health or plumage. The selected birds should be confined in a special house and yard, and accustomed to handling. A little patience will soon get them so tame that they will eat out of your hand. Once used to being picked up and stroked they will not be frightened when put up for public admiration, nor will they give the judge trouble when they have to be examined for points. But if the birds are taken from large yards and sent off in small coops to be handled by strangers, they invariably get sick, and show to such poor advantage that they fail to receive their due rating.

The Standard of Perfection instructs judges to deduct two points a pound for any deficit from standard, or one half point an ounce for any excess over the standard in bantams. In all varieties of turkeys, geese and ducks having weight clauses, three points per pound are deducted for any deficit from standard. This short summary will prove the importance of weight.

Feeding and Care

First, the frame of the bird must be the right size, so that firm, sound flesh will cause it to tip the scales at the right mark. Over-fattened birds lose shape and condition. Many birds of good shape, size and build fail to receive awards because of condition and plumage, more the result of feed and care than of breeding. I have seen a bird take first prize at one show, and at another later in the season, when out of condition, be passed over entirely.

From time of selecion, feed good, sound food three times a day—just the amount they will eat clean in ten minutes. Never throw down unlimited supplies, or they will get over-fat and lazy. A quarter of the whole grain each day should be hemp or sunflower seed, to make the feathers bright and glossy. A good mash feed for the last few weeks is rice or wheat boiled in milk. If your birds are white or light-colored, shade them from the full rays of the sun, for it has a tendency to tan white feathers and impoverish the quality of the buff plumage.

The day before shipping, light-colored fowls of any sort should be washed. Don't gasp—it's not by any means a difficult undertaking—but must be done thoroughly, or the result will be anything but pleasing to behold. An ordinary wash-boiler makes a good bath, because of the oblong shape. Put enough warm water into it to cover the bird. Make a lather of good white soap. Stand the fowl in the water and soak for a few minutes. With a moderately soft brush, scrub down and across the feathers, but never upward. Go at it with a will—don't be afraid—and work as quickly as you can. When every spot is removed, hold up the bird and have some one empty and refill the bath with clean water; rinse, repeating the scrubbing downward, to remove the soap. Repeat this process with the third and fourth water. On the rinsing depends the success of this washing. When every vestige of soap has disappeared, stand the bird in a tray and dry with a soft towel. Next, brush downward with a fairly stiff, dry brush; then place in a drying cage. This is easily made of wire netting, sides and top, with a wooden floor, and a perch across the center for the bird to roost on, high enough to prevent its tail touching the floor. Cover the floor with three inches of sawdust, so that all droppings will immediately be absorbed. The cage should be placed in a warm corner out of all draft, and in a surprisingly short time the feathers will begin to web and fluff out.

Let me warn you—if the water is too warm, the fowl may faint. Don't be alarmed. No permanent harm will result. It will revive immediately the head is doused in cold water. Get all the dirt off the legs and feet; next morning rub just a touch of vaseline over the extremities to soften and brighten them.

The shipping coops should be large enough for the birds to stand upright in. As most shows are held in cold weather, cover the open parts with strong, unbleached muslin. Personally, I think the exhibitors should go with the birds, or send a trusty attendant to all shows. Such a course assures better care on the journey, and enables you to care for their health during the trying time of close confinement which competing for honors condemns the birds to. Your presence often procures better bench accommodations, insures coops which are free from dust, clean drinking cups, and all the small details which help a good appearance.

Correspondence

E. D. M.—Swollen head, fever and hard breathing, suggest a severe cold more than any other disease, so I don't think the sprouted oats can have caused the trouble, though sour, maggoty grain of any kind is very liable to cause indigestion and limberneck. There may be a knothole or crack in the side of the chicken-house which caused a draft which struck the hen either when on the roost or nest. Better look the house over carefully. Whenever a bird shows symptoms of cold, such as sneezing, coughing, or any swelling around the head or eyes, the safest plan is to doctor for roup. Dissolve one teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in one quart of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the lotion with three of water. Spray the bird's eyes, nostrils and throat three times a day for a week, or longer, if necessary. Roup is a very contagious disease, and any form of cold is likely to develop into malignant roup if neglected; for this reason, it is better to treat a bird at once without loss of time. The suspicious cases should be confined in a small quarantine coop placed in a sheltered sunny shed, or outdoors, far removed from the rest of the poultry. The only unmistakable symptom of roup which is not present in any other form of cold, is an offensive odor of the bird's breath, which is easily noticed if the beak is opened. Oats should not be started in water or dirt. The best method is to knock the bottom out of a shallow box, and replace with burlap. (A piece of an old feed bag will do.) Nail it tight across the bottom of the box with small tacks. Soak the oats in a pail of water for twelve hours. Drain, and spread two inches thick over the burlap. Set the box on blocks, or something to raise it a little, so that the air can circulate under it. Spread two or three thicknesses of newspaper over the oats, and keep in a warm place. Remove the paper every morning and stir the oats about until the sprouts are visible. Sprinkle every day with warm water, and remove the paper entirely when the sprouts are about half an inch high. Feed when sprouts are two inches high.

A. G.—I am afraid the turkey has what is called blackhead—a name which is very misleading, as the head turning black is only one of the symptoms which develop occasionally when turkeys are in an advanced stage of a disease which is especially characterized by sores in the cocum and liver, which are caused by a protozoan, which has been named *Amoeba meleagridis*, a minute protoplasmic animal, found to vary between six and ten millionths of an inch in diameter. While they are microscopic in size, they are at least three to four times larger than the red blood corpuscles, but they are, nevertheless, small enough to float in the blood capillaries of the portal system from the *cocum* to the liver, where they seem to be stopped from going further. This short description of the parasite contains all that is of general interest. It may be summed up as follows: the amoeba is a microscopic animal or parasite capable of living within the tissues of the turkey, its host. It can, therefore, eat, grow, and reproduce itself in large numbers, thereby causing irritations, destruction of the tissues, and nearly always death of the invalid turkeys. The majority of young poults die after a day or two of droopiness. Adults may droop longer and pass into chronic stages of the disease. Refusal to eat and standing apart constitute late symptoms. Starvation in chronic cases produces thinness. When the disease in the cocum is slight, it is doubtful if the affected animals have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older poults the droppings will be liquid, and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackened blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages. Experiments show that more than four fifths of the young poults exposed to infected yards die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been popularly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older turkeys do not escape. Of the one fifth which do escape or survive its ravages, at least ten to twenty per cent may die, throughout the year, at almost any age. Examination of the organs is the only sure means of telling the cause of death. The amoebæ are transmitted from diseased turkeys to others through the droppings, which contaminate the food with which they come in contact. Evidence obtained here indicates that the amoe-



PRIDE OF THE FARMYARD.

bæ may also be carried by ordinary fowl, and may be transmitted to turkeys by them in the same manner. So you see once again the importance of exercising strict cleanliness is impressed upon us poultry people, for if droppings are removed regularly, there is little danger of infection. Plow up the old yards and ground where poultry usually congregate. Disinfect the coops and houses, and don't let the turkeys roost in the same house with the hens. An open shed is the best place for them, even in zero weather. After blackhead, I think the most serious trouble that assails turkeys is worms. In fact, some authorities declare that they are the fundamental cause of blackhead. Now, I am a strong believer in prevention rather than cure, and my advice is, to take time by the forelocks, and dose the old birds for worms right now. Then there will be less fear of contamination in the spring, when young ones are around. You may not realize that the old birds have worms, for unless they are very badly affected, they cause the old birds no special inconvenience, nor materially affect the health of old birds; but young stock are not strong enough to stand any strain on their vitality, and what is more, all intestinal parasites seem to develop and mature more rapidly in young creatures than in mature stock. Young birds can be kept free if they are properly fed, unless they become contaminated by droppings from other birds. For this reason it is wisdom to purify the old birds, who are strong enough to stand medicine; besides, it is easier to dose a few old birds than a lot of youngsters. Put fifteen grains of asafetida into a quart of water. Empty the ordinary drinking vessels and put in the mixture. This dose should be given two nights in succession, once a month during the winter, and when the little ones commence to arrive, chop up the green tops of onions and mix with pot cheese or any other soft food you may be using, for at least one feed a day, and don't torture the poor little creatures with red pepper. On cold, wet days, add a little ginger and sugar to the drinking water, making it just about as strong as you would for a baby. The address of the people making the tablets has been sent you, by mail, but they would be useless now that the disease has developed.

G. O. R.—Turkeys can be raised in captivity if the enclosures are large enough. One acre would do for the old birds all through the winter. If in the spring you enclose half an acre for each hen, put her in her own yard as soon as she is bred. She will lay her eggs and rear her brood without any further trouble. Feed your old stock as you would any other poultry during the winter, but not quite so heavily, as they don't lay in cold weather. Yes, they must have grit at all times. Any clean sharp gravel will do. If you haven't any supply on hand, it can be bought at poultry supply houses. For advice regarding sick birds, please read answer to A. G.

C. A. P.—All poultry supply and seed stores have caponizing tools for sale. Price varies from a dollar to two and a half.

E. M.—Please read answer to A. G. If on free range, feed nothing until about three months old, then just a little wheat or cracked corn when they come up at night. "Shooting the red" has nothing to do with the development of blackhead.

P. M. N.—The chickens had cocoidiosis, a disease caused by a minute form of animal life called coccidiæ, which multiply very rapidly after they are once introduced into the bird's body, and are distributed by the droppings of affected birds. The germs are usually found in that part of the small intestine nearest the gizzard, where they cause inflammation and thickening of the lining. After a time the disease may extend to the liver and lungs. Wild birds often suffer from it, and their droppings are usually the cause of outbreaks in chicken yards. The best treatment is to put three grains of copperas in the drinking water, and use asafetida as recommended for turkeys in answer to A. G.

J. S.—Please read the first part of the department of this month. It deals with preparing birds for the show room.

L. A. L.—Reading the first part of your letter, I thought the birds had bronchitis. Then I noticed the postscript, in which you added the information that there was a discharge from the nostrils, and the cheesy substance in the intestines of the bird you opened, which entirely changed my diagnosis of the case, and I now think the birds are suffering from what is called blackhead, which, as a rule, only develops severely in turkeys, where it frequently originates in fowls which carry it in a chronic form, and spread the disease through their droppings. Please read answer to A. G. and E. D. M. and use combined treatment.

O. F. F.—Can't understand what caused the young ducks to die off so rapidly. I suppose you know that they must not get wet until they have got all their feathers, and that drinking water must be in a deep, partly covered dish, so that they can get their heads entirely under water. Otherwise the little holes at the base of the bill, through which they breathe, are liable to get stuffed up with mash or dirt, and the poor little creatures will smother to death. They must also have plenty of sand and green vegetables mixed with their food, and be kept on dry ground, with some protection from the noonday sun. Pekin ducks are the best all round bird.

V. M. K.—Please read answer to A. G. It explains the cause of troubles with young turkeys and suggests remedies.

L. G. M.—You will have better success with ducks if you keep them entirely away from swimming water until they are fully feathered. Read answer to O. F. F. The best way to rid the birds of worms is to give them a few doses of eggs and turpentine, mixed with a little grain, every second morning until they have had three doses. Beat an egg and one tablespoonful of turpentine together, and mix with enough grain to make a crumbly mass. Feed when the birds are fasting in the early morning, and see that each one gets a fair share.

E. W. S.—Do you keep the coop dry and clean? Ducks' droppings are very watery, and soon make the bedding they sleep on damp and unhealthy. The bedding should be at least six inches deep, and the soiled part should be removed every morning; the rest shaken up and allowed to dry, and a little fresh added each day. Read answer to O. F. F.

P. M.—You have given me so little information about the bird's condition and your method of feeding that I am quite unable to discover what the trouble may be. Read letter to L. G. M. I think it may help you.

L. H.—I fear the chickens and ducks have roup, or very severe indigestion. From your account I cannot be sure which it really is. Read answer to E. D. M.

M. M.—Guinea fowl are naturally extremely shy and suspicious of strangers, but readily succumb to patient coaxing, and their confidence once gained, they become friendly and devoted, guarding the place with the watchful care of a good dog; in fact, so far as the poultry is concerned, they are more useful, for they seem to possess intuition of the hawk's approach, and their shrill cry frightens the chicken thieves more effectually than a gun. They need no special house, all that is necessary for their comfort being a roost high up in a shed. If left to themselves, they take to the trees, and in all probability will get frozen if the winters should be very severe, so the safest plan with new birds is to cover the front of a shed with two-inch wire netting, just tacking it up lightly so that it can easily be removed at the end of two or three weeks, when they are accustomed to their new quarters. While they are prisoners, feed a trio two or three times a day, about half a pint of mixed wheat and cracked corn night and morning, and at noon about half the quantity of grain with a little chopped meat or ground bone alternating with the vegetables. All this food should be cut quite small, or the guineas will not eat it. Like other birds, they must have a constant supply of sharp grit and fresh water. As a market commodity they have been growing in favor during the last five years, to take the place of game during the closed season. Guinea fowls commence laying when the first warm days come in April. As it is their natural instinct to be very secretive about laying, some patience and diplomacy are necessary to locate their nests. The usual spot selected is a hollow in the ground, by the root of a tree, or a fence post well screened by brush. Don't attempt to approach it while they are in sight. Go away and return later armed with a long-handled spoon. The eggs are almost the color of the earth, and often covered with fallen leaves, so it needs a sharp eye to detect them. Be very careful not to touch the nest with your hand. Guineas seem to be able to scent the human hand about the nest; they can also count up to three. For that reason leave that number of eggs in the nest, removing the others with the spoon, to insure there being no telltale clues left to arouse Mrs. Guinea's suspicions.

F. H. R.—The symptoms you describe are those of limberneck, which is caused by impure food or water. As your neighbor's chickens are also affected, it is most likely that there is a stagnant pool, or the carcase of some dead animal in the meadow. A tablespoonful of Castor oil, followed two hours later by a teaspoonful of sweet oil, is a helpful remedy in such cases if administered at once.

J. T. W.—Undoubtedly the rooster died from enlargement of the liver. Too much corn and potatoes, or other fattening food, or stimulating powders and drugs, are likely to cause such troubles. The bird may have been abnormally greedy, and eaten more than a fair share of the daily rations. As a safeguard, you had better catch and examine some of the other birds. If they seem very fat and heavy, change your method of feeding, and if they are confined to yards, be sure that they have plenty of sharp grit before them all the time, and plenty of green vegetable food. Cabbages, beets or sprouted oats are best during the winter. Failing this, chopped clover or alfalfa hay, very fine, steamed for several hours, and mixed with their mash; and add one teaspoonful of powdered muriate of ammonia to every quart of drinking water from that day until they have had three doses.

A. E. D.—I have used board floors in the large houses for ten years and find them quite satisfactory, but we always cover them to a depth of six inches with corn-stalks or dried leaves and common hay, adding a top-dressing of leaves about two inches deep every two weeks, and cleaning out thoroughly once every six weeks during the winter. I have never tried using brine for lice and mites, but I should think it might be serviceable. We scrub out the house with a mixture of strong soapsuds, adding two ounces of carbolic acid and a small cup of kerosene to each pailful. The houses are thoroughly cleaned late in the fall, and as soon as the weather is at all warm in the spring. Dropping boards and roosts are cleaned every day, and nests once a week. Birds are powdered every other night for a week before they are put into their winter quarters, and a week later they are powdered three nights in succession, and again thoroughly dosed in the spring, before the breeding season. If the houses and birds are kept clean, you need not worry about vermin congregating in wooden floors.

W. L. R.—We don't publish any poultry book, nor have we White Wyandottes or other poultry for sale. You may find what you want in the advertising columns.

W. F. H.—Of course there is always some danger of eggs being frozen when shipped during extremely cold weather, but I have had them come hundreds of miles to me and have shipped safely. It depends greatly on the way they are packed. (2) Mash made of equal parts of ground corn, oats and wheat bran, chopped clover hay, and one half part of beef scraps or any of the commercial animal foods; scratch feed made of equal parts of wheat, oats, cracked corn and Kafir corn. Whole corn for supper. If you are keeping Leghorns or any of the light breeds, one rooster is enough to mate to fifteen hens. For Plymouth Rocks, Orpingtons, Wyandottes or Rhode Island Reds, better have two male birds.

L. C.—It was all right to mate the old drake to young ducks, if he was a good bird and not more than five years of age. Young ducks' eggs, especially Muscovys, rarely hatch well the first year. Five ducks are enough for each drake to take care of. The feet, shanks and bill usually show age. The bill gets dark at the base, and the shanks and feet coarse and hard looking. Better get a drake that is not related to your ducks to mate with the birds you raise next season.



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A. M. P.—It would take more than the space allowed for our whole poultry department to answer your letter fully. Look up some of your back numbers of COMFORT, and read this department each month. You will find directions for feeding and the care necessary at different seasons of the year given in timely order, also suggestions for coops and houses. White Wyandottes, Orpingtons, Plymouth Rocks and Rhode Island Reds, are all good, general purpose fowls.

E. P.—The birds have chicken pox, which is contagious and quickly spreads from bird to bird, so quarantine all cases as soon as noticed. Give light nourishing food; ground oats, mixed with finely chopped Alfalfa or clover hay which has been steamed for several hours, is good. Give milk which has been scalded and allowed to cool, instead of water, to drink. Rub carbolic vaseline on the sores to soften them. Let it remain two hours, then bathe in warm, soapy water. Dry on a clean, soft rag, then bathe with a saturated solution of boric acid. If the eyes are inflamed, bathe frequently with the following solution. Dissolve three quarters of an ounce of boric acid and half an ounce of borate of soda in a pint of warm water. The disease rarely causes death unless the birds get chilled. Keep in a dry, sheltered coop.

W. H. S.—I cannot recommend breeders in this column. Look through the poultry advertisements in COMFORT; I think you will find what you require.

J. C. N.—You have been misinformed. A single service will not fertilize a hen's eggs for a whole season. The objectionable feature in the eggs will soon disappear, if it has not already done so.

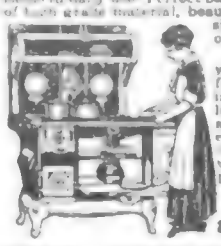


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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

What however seems to you a mystery is not so much a mystery at all. It is not because God goes around protecting dirty people, putting muzzles on the bacilli and bacteria which are swarming about them that they escape disease and death. The odds are these people are particularly tough physical specimens with constitutions strong enough to withstand every known germ except perhaps that of bubonic plague, or some other knock-out germ of that description. Nature is a wise old guy and she took especial care to make a few people here and there immune from almost every form of germ life. If this had not been so the race long ago would have ceased to exist. When the white man came to this country he brought certain diseases which only had a mild effect on him but which were perfectly deadly when they were communicated to the Indians. Those diseases had been peculiar to Europe so many centuries, and had been passed on from generation to generation, that they gradually lost their virulence. You are probably aware that you can only have certain diseases once. These diseases leave behind a substance which unites with the poisonous bacteria and renders them harmless. In our blood we have dear, good blessed angelic little policemen called leucocytes or phagocytes, and whenever you get a scratch the leucocytes rush to the danger spot and keep the naughty bad bacteria from invading the body. If the bacteria however force their way in, the good little policeman or scavengers of the blood will put up a terrific fight with the invading bacteria and inflammation will result, and a white creamy mass known as pus will form and be discharged from the wound. This creamy mass is comprised of dead bacteria and good little leucocytes. If the leucocytes are victorious in the struggle they start forming new tissue and the wound heals. If the bacteria win, pus invades the blood and then you have what is called septicæmia or blood poisoning, a terribly dangerous condition. If it were not for those good little scavenger corpuscles in the blood, those dirty people who seem to defy disease would be quickly snuffed out. Now don't get it into your head that there is nothing in the germ theory of disease and that cleanliness and sanitation do not help to keep down the death rate. I've written on this subject before so it is not necessary to go over all the ground covered in previous articles. It is cleanliness and sanitation, keeping bodies, homes and streets clean that has lengthened human life enormously. In the place where I was born some forty years ago the death rate was about twenty-seven for every thousand inhabitants. That means that nearly thirty people per thousand died every twelve months. When sewerage systems were introduced into that town and wells abolished, and water carried through pipes, and the rains no longer transported germs from body waste down through the soil, and so on into the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, typhoid ceased its ravages and today only eleven people in a thousand die in that town where nearly thirty died forty years ago. There are still dirty people in that town who make coal bins of their bath tubs, but they can't give anyone typhoid fever and they can't get typhoid fever except through the milk they drink and the city authorities look after the milk. The city authorities also isolate all sufferers from contagious diseases. Epidemics are nipped in the bud and they are not allowed to spread. Food stuffs in all civilized communities are kept under glass cases and windows are screened from flies. That fact alone probably cut the death rate in every city from thirty in a thousand to twenty. In a big city in England years ago babies used to die like flies. The mayor of the city was greatly concerned about this infant mortality. He was a wealthy man and he offered a reward of from five to ten dollars to every mother who succeeded in keeping her baby alive for one year. That little act reduced the infant mortality in that town fifty per cent and produced hundreds of sturdy citizens who but for the thought of one man would have perished miserably in their infancy. If you take a family where there are eight children of normally healthy parentage and those children are given plenty of fresh air, good food, soap and water and scientific attention in case of sickness, the whole bunch of them in all probability will grow to maturity without the loss of a single life, while a family that is raised in dirt and squalor, where the mother is indifferent and hygiene and sanitation unknown, will lose half its members before their tenth birthday. In such a family however, there will be one or two probably that will develop extraordinary resisting powers to disease, for individuals and races vary in their susceptibilities to bacterial disease, owing probably to some inherited constituent in the blood. The blood of these persons will be found to contain plenty of healthy leucocytes, capable of overwhelming any diabolical disease bug that happens to get into the system. These people enjoy what we call natural or hereditary immunity. They are the lucky guys. Cleanliness is the twin brother of health and godliness, dirt the twin brother of disease and death. Don't take Methuselah's age too seriously. The old Biblical writers had a peculiar way of measuring time, and if a man in those days ever succeeded in living to be seventy years of age (and mighty few ever did) he generally called it seven hundred, for few people knew how to count, and those who could generally lost count. Remember there was no registration of births and deaths in those days, no vital statistics were kept, and Daniel or Dinah as the case may be, that sleeping porch would not have helped Methuselah much, for on inquiry I find that Methuselah had a sleeping porch, and Billy the Goat informs me that while he (Methuselah) was wandering around it one night in a dream (a very bad dream that had been superinduced by eating cucumbers, bologny and soft shell crabs) he fell off the porch and broke his neck. If you would live long and enjoy life, eat only those things that agree with you, and eat only that which is nourishing and of good quality; sleep not less than eight hours in a well-ventilated room; get as much outdoor exercise as possible; don't overwork or overloaf; worry as little as possible; see that water and milk are absolutely pure, and if uncertain on that score, boil them. Keep your feet dry, your head cool, be temperate in all things, keep your home and body clean and especially keep your teeth clean and have the dentist overhaul them once a year, for an abcess at the root of a tooth (and most people have one or more) is one of the most fruitful sources of disease. Have plenty of antiseptics and disinfectants about the home. Have your doctor overhaul you once a year whether you need it or not. You do that with your teeth if you are sensible, and as the mouth is but a small portion of a body that is filled with the most delicate machinery that is liable to get out of order, think how much more necessary it is to have the entire body overhauled. The day will come when the health of a nation will be its first care. Every physician will be a government official, and medical attendance will be free, except of course for the yearly sum we shall all pay for health insurance. In that day there will be no poor people dying for the want of proper medical treatment as thousands die today, and there will be no jollying sick people along with a view to getting something out of them. In that day all the forces of science will be directed towards the prevention rather than the cure of disease. We are headed in that direction right now, for we are getting sensible enough to know that disease prevention though less profitable to the doctors is more profitable for us.

NEWTON, COLO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am sixteen years old, blue eyes, brown hair, weight one hundred and twenty-two pounds, am five feet two inches tall and of German nationality.

I live on a large farm twelve miles west of Kansas. We have two farms twelve miles apart. We call them "Idalia" and "Newton." My oldest brother and my youngest sister and myself stay at the Newton ranch, most of the time, while my parents and the rest stay at the Idalia ranch. Our nearest railroad is twenty-five miles distant.

Colorado is said to be a dry country. This year we have had lots of rain. Our crops are fine. I can do most every kind of house work and also outside work. I am helping them out in the hay-field now days. I do not like to help very well, as I think girls should work in the house and learn to keep their homes clean.

I like to go to school. I think it is fine for people to have a good education. Cousins, do not lay aside your school books and get married. There is plenty of time to think of that when you are older. How many of you like music? I do but cannot play anything. I have Uncle Charlie's song book and also poem book, they surely are nice. I think the poems entitled "How Pop Played Santa Claus" and "When Father hangs a Picture on the Wall," will drive the blues away for anybody.

Girls do not think that you can win respect from men, by being "fast," for you cannot. It is very wrong to let the boys kiss you and call you pet names, till after you are engaged.

Cousins, let us do all we can for the poor shut-ins. I am writing to eleven of them.

Your cousin, GOLDA ARMKNECHT.

You are quite right Golda, a girl should keep the house clean. It came as an awful shock to me to find out that lots of girls don't know even how to sweep and dust a room properly, let alone cook. I know more than one girl who knows nothing of giving a house a thorough, drastic, weekly cleaning. In New York there is a terrific fight all the year round with roaches. They don't bother you in the winter but in the spring and summer they come out by the millions. Once we had an Irish Goat and Maria told her to keep her eye skinned for roaches, but the young lady paid no attention to them though they had begun to get as thick as flies around a molasses barrel. Then Maria swept down on her like an avalanche, and told her if she didn't keep the roaches under control she would have to get out: "Ah shure," said our Hibernian Goat, "I won't fuss with them now, but youse just wait until summer time comes and there is a million of them and then bedad I'll start in and kill the whole bunch of them off at once." You will probably think that's fiction but it isn't. Most girls know how to give a room a superficial cleaning, a little sweeping and dusting, but when it comes to going into corners, running a vacuum cleaner, pulling everything out of place so as to get behind and under, and swabbing every bit of woodwork and floor space with a kerosene mop, they don't know what it all means. A young married woman told me, apparently with great pleasure and pride that she did mighty little cleaning and fussing around her home, and said she with a laugh: "My husband writes on the dusty windows and mirrors 'Lazy,' 'Dirty' and 'Slob.'" She thought it was a great joke but I'll tell you how the joke ended. One day he packed his trunk and got out and disappeared. I congratulate him on his good sense. People who glory in being slobs have no right to expect anyone to be willing to share their dirt with them. Keep up your house cleaning Golda, and let the men look after the hay-field. Girls who are fast are not trying to win respect from men or anything else. When girls are fast they have lost their self respect and when you lose your self respect you lose everything. All that the swift girl is after is attention and what she calls a good time. She gets what she is looking for, and believe me she pays a frightful price for it, for the wages of sin is death and the average life of the girl who goes the pace is only five years, and most of that five years is spent in suffering and misery. Now Golda, let me question you about that very extraordinary sentence in your letter where you say: "It is very wrong to let the boys kiss you and call you pet names till after you are engaged." Great Scott child what do you mean by that? Do you really mean that it is all right to kiss a girl and call her pet names after she has become engaged? If that is the case I pity the poor fellow who becomes engaged to you. Believe me he'll have a sorry time of it. The Goat says you meant that a girl should not kiss a fellow or permit any familiarities until she is engaged to him. I hope that is what you really mean, Golda. Make men respect you girls. Most men are willing and ready to be respectful, but if a girl holds herself cheap of course the men will hold her cheap too. It is the girl that enforces respect that men seek in marriage. Men are always on the lookout for easy mark girls but never with any intention of putting wedding rings on their fingers. I am pleased to know Golda, that you are doing so much for the shut-ins, and I wish to heaven there were more like you.

ESKDALE, COLO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Would you allow a little American girl to join your merry circle. I am fourteen years old, five feet three inches tall, weigh ninety-eight pounds, have blue eyes, black hair and light complexion. I live on a farm of three hundred and twenty acres that is quite a large farm, we raise wheat, corn, oats and so forth. We live in one mile of a schoolhouse. They hold Sunday school in it every Sunday. I belong to the Methodist Episcopal church in Fort Morgan, Colo., and also the L. T. L. and Libety Bell Bird Club of Ft. Morgan. I have three sisters and four brothers. One of my brothers are married and has two little girls, named Edith and Fern. I go to school at Ft. Morgan and am in the sixth grade. I like to cook and play the organ and crochet. I would like to have the songs. "It's a Long, Long Ways to Tipperary" and "The Baggage Coach Ahead."

I have taken COMFORT for over a year and enjoy reading the letters from young people.

I would like to exchange scenery post-cards with COMFORT readers, as I love to look at sceneries.

With best wishes to Uncle Charlie and COMFORT readers. Your friend, RUTH CRESCY.

I am tickled to bits Ruth, to have you join our magic circle. I'm glad you have such a nice, large farm, and put it to such good use, I'm more than interested in one of the things you raise. You tell us that you raise wheat, corn, oats and so forth. I've heard of wheat, corn and oats, and now I would like to get acquainted with the so forth crop, if you would tell us something about it. That crop is a new one on me. Is it a winter or a summer crop, Ruth, and do you harvest it with a reaper, a scythe or a pair of scissors? Is it used for feeding stock or do you convert it into breakfast food for millionaires? The Goat is quite excited about the so forth crop and says that you mean you raise wheat, corn, oats and other things along that line. I'm horribly disappointed. I was in hopes you had discovered some new edible that would be a welcome change, and add a little variety to the bran and whisk broom diet that Maria and the Goat chew up for breakfast nearly every morning of their lives. So you live in one mile of the schoolhouse. That must be a big schoolhouse if you live in one mile of it. Better say live within one mile of the schoolhouse, or one mile from the schoolhouse. What is the L. T. L. of which you are a member? The Goat says he thinks it is the Ladies' Temperance League. If you did not belong to it, I might think it was the Loafer's Tranquility League. The Goat thinks it is possible that L. T. L. might mean Lost Tramps Located, Loving Thoughts League, Lady's Tooth Laundry or something like that. Sorry you didn't enlighten us. I'm glad to see you have a bird club in Fort Morgan. The birds will soon become extinct unless somebody takes an interest in them and saves them from cats and pot hunters. One of my brothers *is* married, Ruth, not one of my brothers *are* married. Ruth informs us she likes to cook and play the organ. I suppose her idea in cooking the organ was to give us a feast of music. Thank you Ruth we will take our music uncooked, though maybe a fried organ would sound better than some of the uncooked ones I've heard. Let us know the next time you cook the organ Ruth, so we can all take a squint through the kitchen window when you have it on the stove. Young girls should not sing morguey songs of the "Baggage Coach Ahead," type. When you sing, sing something bright, cheerful and worth while. Directly I got

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

Little Teeth and Little Toothbrushes

By Mrs. Elizabeth Atwood



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THE moment you see a tiny white speck in baby's mouth protruding from a rather inflamed little gum, brush it!

It is a tooth, baby's first tooth, and from his very first tooth on through his first set and then the youngster's second or permanent teeth, keep every one of them thoroughly brushed.

Of course you do not brush baby's first tooth with a real tooth-brush—at least it is to be hoped you do not—not even the softest and finest camel's-hair brush will do for this. Baby's first teeth must be kept clean with a tiny bit of linen rag or a bit of medicated or antiseptic absorbent cotton, then the bit of rag or little dab of cotton is thrown away and a new piece used when next the little tooth is "brushed."

Never wait for baby to get a number of teeth before cleaning them, begin with the first one. Use only water that has been boiled and only a soft rag or cotton until baby has several teeth in a row. Now is the time to use a very small brush of the softest camel's hair, because there are now little spaces between the teeth which must be cleaned. But at this early age do not use any sort of tooth wash or polish, paste or anything of that sort. Stick to the water that has been boiled. To this add a little milk of magnesia, about a teaspoonful to a cup of water. Better still, make it up fresh from time to time by adding two or three drops to a tablespoonful of water. Dip the camel's-hair brush in this and clean the youngster's teeth. It will not do any harm if baby swallows a little.

Pretty soon the baby will begin to eat a few solids, or semi-solids. Now is the time to keep right after his teeth. Brush them the first thing in the morning before he has eaten anything, and again at night after he has had his supper. By doing this in the morning you clean out anything that may have accumulated during the night and this prevents it from being carried into the stomach with the food. At bedtime the cleaning leaves his mouth wholesome and antiseptic throughout the night. No matter how clean the little one's mouth may seem, remember that there are all sorts of spaces and wrinkles and crevices between, in and around the teeth in which food and various things may find lodgment. Remember, too, that a child is forever putting things in his mouth, so that many things harmful to the child may lodge in the mouth and teeth unless they are cleaned.

A little stiffer brush may be used when the child is three years old. When he is five, begin to teach him to care for his teeth himself. But please do not make the mistake so many mothers do which is fatal to their children's teeth, that of thinking that because the little one brushes them they are quite clean. Look after them yourself and make sure they are clean.

Now a cute little brush hung on a little hook where the child can reach it, is necessary. By teaching the youngster that it is fun to brush his teeth he will not grow up to think it a disagreeable duty to be shirked whenever mother isn't looking. Make him think it is fun. Brush your own teeth with him at the beginning. Have a tooth-brushing race with him. Some very mild tooth powder or paste may now be used. If the child is trained to think it fun to brush his teeth he will get in the habit of doing it always, and then he will have a cleanly-mouth insurance all his days, as the habit will stick.

Examine the child's mouth at least once a week. Do it carefully, look in behind the teeth. Tiny decayed spots may start away back out of sight. No matter if they are the first teeth and other ones will soon come, keep the first teeth just as clean, just as free from decayed spots as though they were permanent. Sometimes a second tooth pushing its way out through the place where a first tooth was, which was decayed, will result in decaying the second tooth because some of the little germs or animal and vegetable parasitic growths will adhere to the second tooth and make trouble.

So many mothers boast with great pride that baby has a tooth. That is nothing much to boast about. Of course baby will have a first tooth. Nature attends to that, then nature stops and mother must step in and keep the little teeth as spotless and clean and healthy as they were when good Mother Nature gave them to baby. If your baby's teeth are just as clean and whole when he loses his first ones as they were when he cut them, then mother may boast, and with every right.

Remember that by keeping your children's teeth clean you are preserving their health, you are greatly lessening the dangers of impaired eyesight, for this frequently results from bad teeth, as years of carefully kept school medical examinations have proven.

When baby has become a big healthy romping child with a goodly supply of second or permanent teeth, keep a more strict watch over them than ever, if that is possible. It doesn't take half as much of mother's time as it sounds. Ten minutes once a week will do for examination. Then if there is a speck, off to the dentist. At that time the work will be slight, there will be no pain, the little decayed spot will be cleaned out and a white composition filling put in and that danger will be stopped. But with careful watching, careful cleaning and the ability to make the children keep their teeth brushed twice a day, there will be little danger of decayed teeth.

Never allow the child to go to bed without brushing his teeth, and if he has eaten candy before retiring, see to it that the cleaning is doubly thorough. By this time a fairly stiff brush may be used without danger.

It is really advisable to have the child clean his teeth after every meal, just a light brushing will do if the morning and night cleaning is thorough. Brush the upper teeth from the gums downward and the lower teeth from the gums upward. Naturally this takes the foreign matter away from the junction of the gums and teeth. When it gets in there and decays, the dangerous Riggs' disease may set in, the gums shrink and the teeth become loose. Brush the crowns with a rotary motion.

Teach the youngsters how to use dental floss and teach them to always use it if they get something in their teeth that the brush will not remove, such as berry seeds and the like.

Sometimes illness will cause teeth to decay even with care, but the dentist can remedy this if the first sign of decay is watched and the damage repaired. On the other hand, unclean teeth will cause illness, prevent the children from becoming robust and do far more damage than most mothers realize.

Dip the tooth-brush in boiling water once a week. Do not use the same tooth-brush after it becomes ragged and the bristles loose or soft. Better get the less expensive sort and then buy new ones more frequently. A tooth-brush that will drain well when rinsed is best, this has rather wide spaces between the rows of bristles. Rinse out the mouth every time after brushing the teeth.

The importance of all this can never be exaggerated. The dangers from neglecting the teeth are many and great. Not only should every mother know this, but she should make her children know and understand it. Tell the girls they will never be beautiful unless they keep their teeth clean. Tell the boys they will never grow up strong and manly unless they do this. It will all help you to give them the priceless habit of keeping their teeth clean all through life.



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Hair Growth and Other Beauty Secrets

By Miss Valeska Suratt

The Famous Self-Made Beauty of the American Stage

THE very same problem I solved for myself, I have solved for thousands of my hair-afflicted sisters—the problem of actually forcing hair to grow. It is accomplished; and as a result, I am known as the only woman on the American Stage who wears no switches, puffs, wool rolls or other hair make-shifts. I have never known anything but the formula given below to produce satisfactory results.

This formula requires but a few moments to mix at home, and it makes over a pint or over two dollars' worth of the best hair-grower you can ever obtain. You also see the great economy in using this formula. Mix together one-half pint of alcohol, a half pint of water (or a full pint of bay rum instead of the water and alcohol, if you prefer) and one ounce of beta-quinol. Then your hair-grower is ready to use. Any druggist will supply you with the beta-quinol for fifty cents.

This will stop your hair from falling and force your hair to grow vigorously, as it invigorates the hair roots and brings the hair back to its youthful health. Use this formula and nothing else.

Wrinkle Question Answered

It will be one of the happiest periods of your life when your mirror begins to tell you the story of vanishing wrinkles. It is remarkable indeed what a tremendous difference may be produced in your appearance of age by the use of this simple formula, to be mixed at home in a few moments. It is so inexpensive, too, that a woman who refuses to try it, cannot complain that she has not had the opportunity to get rid of lines of age, crow's feet, sagging of flesh and wrinkles. Mix two ounces of eptol with half a pint of water and one tablespoonful of glycerine. This makes an adorable, satiny cream. Use it liberally. You can obtain the eptol from your druggist for fifty cents. This cream will give your face a girlish freshness nothing else can give.

An Adorable Complexion

I can assure you that the simplicity and ease of the proper method of beautifying the skin are really astonishing. An illustration of what can be done to the skin is shown by the result of my following formula: Simply mix two tablespoonfuls of glycerine in a full pint of water and add one ounce of zintone, which any drug store can furnish you for fifty cents. This cream should be used on the hands, arms, face and shoulders, liberally, every day. This quickly turns a skin, previously muddy, sallow or spotty, into one of exquisite loveliness, pure in its tint, spotless as a lily, soft as velvet. Use it generously and every day faithfully, and you will be grateful you followed my suggestions.

Hair and Scalp Cleanser

Keeping the hair and scalp clean is absolutely essential to hair health. Here is the most remarkable cleanser I have ever known for the purpose: a mixture of a teaspoonful of eggol in half a cup of hot water. As it contains no alkali whatever, it actually dissolves all fatty accumulations, and dandruff completely disappears. It cannot be surpassed as a cleanser. It is also economical, since you can obtain enough eggol for twenty-five cents at any drug store to supply you for a dozen or more shampoos.

To Remove Superfluous Hair

Visible superfluous hair on a woman's face or body is hideous, and it is inexcusable, because so easily and thoroughly removed, at least it becomes so by using the following, which never fails: You moisten the hairs to be removed with sulfo solution. You see the hair dissolve away in quite a remarkable manner, and you then wash it off. The skin is left clear, soft and unmarked. Another splendid feature is that it can be used on the tenderest skin, or any part of the body, with perfect safety. It can be obtained at any drug store for one dollar. Ordinary depilatories burn off the hair and leave a red or irritated spot where applied. But instead of burning off the hair and injuring the skin, no matter how tough, sulfo solution dissolves the hair and is a positive benefit to the skin. With the fashions as they are at present, a perfect hair-remover is a positive necessity to the woman who is particular about her appearance.

Splendid for Blackheads

You can get rid of blackheads in a few minutes by sprinkling some neroxin on a sponge made wet with hot water and rubbing the face with it. It is the only real blackhead remover I ever used. Neroxin will cost you fifty cents at the drug store.

Extraordinarily Fine Face Powder

There is much complaint about face powders being much too chalky. That is why I had a powder made after my own formula, called "Valeska Suratt Face Powder." It is the utmost in powder loveliness, exquisite in fineness and smoothness, delicate in scent, free from chalkiness, and practically invisible. It is now obtainable in drug and department stores for 50c. in white, flesh and brunette tints.

For Perspiration in Armpits

You can at once relieve that excessive and unnatural armpit perspiration by the simple use of hydrolized talc. You can obtain this at any drug store for 50c. It will at once remove all odor of perspiraton and other body odors and prevent the soppy condition under the arms. It will save you from embarrassment and save your garments as well.

Miss Suratt has instructed her secretary to obtain for you any article mentioned above, and necessary for making up any of her beauty formulas, if for any reason you have any difficulty or delay in getting them from any drug or department store. In such case simply send your name and address with the price to "Secretary to Valeska Suratt," Suite 416 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, mentioning the articles you want.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

How About Repairs

HAVE you a neat little row of useful bottles and jars on your toilet table?

And are you ever so careful about a daily bath and a nightly complexion scrub, and the diligent use of your tooth-brush?

I hope you can say yes to all these queries, for while I do not want you to be all wrapped up in thoughts of your personal appearance—oh, no, indeed—I do want you to take the very best possible care of yourself that you may always look every bit as pretty as you were meant to be before you neglected your skin and let a discouraging crop of blackheads settle down there, or got to treating your hair in a most careless fashion unil it grew thin in protest, and fell out in handfuls, and became dry and faded. Oh, you see, I know some of you have done these things, for your letters tell me so!

But, besides the regular care which complexion, and hair, and eyes, and teeth, and finger nails must all receive if they are to look their best, there is another way of keeping yourself young and fresh, which you must not neglect.



PROPER POSITION FOR DEEP BREATHING EXERCISES.

Our sewing-machines, our automobiles, our furniture, our houses, all have almost regular periods of needing repairs. Your body and minds need to go to the repair shop even more regularly! They tire out, break down, wear out.

Then wrinkles come, and worry lines, and faded skin and hair, and dull, lack-luster eyes. But you can keep all these ills at bay by giving a few minutes to "repairs" every day, with a longer period at more extended intervals, if work or worry have been heavier than usual.

And it's such an easy matter—no long program of this to do and that to do, but just a shutting of your bedroom door on the rest of the world, the lowering of a shade to keep out the brightness of the day, the opening of a window to let in a current of fresh cold air, and then—fifteen minutes or half an hour on your pillow, with a blanket about you if the day is cool.

Of course you will take off shoes, corsets, and any garment which can bind you in the slightest. Indeed you will be sensible if you slip out of all your day things and into a pair of loose pajamas.

Close your eyes gently, curve up the corners of your mouth (your temples will relax involuntarily), and, breathing deeply and regularly, lie perfectly relaxed and still.

"But you can't sleep in the daytime?" Oh, I don't care. Sleep if you can; but, if you can't, rest! Only don't let your mind stray to one single worry or responsibility. Think of happy things only, and if happy things aren't happening, then think of the ones you would like to have happen. Thus will the lines disappear from your face; and eyes and mouth grow sweet and soft, and good to look upon.

When you've had a hard week or two, for one reason or another, do as a little friend of mine does, and stay in bed for two days (only, she makes it a week!) living on nothing but milk—a glass and a half every hour, carefully "chewed" before swallowing. You will be refreshed and beautified by these brief repair times.

And when there is a party to come off at which you want to look your best, take a half hour of "repairs" in the afternoon, and as soon as you jump up from your nap stand by the open window and practise deep breathing for two or three minutes.

To open up the lungs and make it easy to take very deep breaths, indeed, raise the arms on a level with the shoulders, then curve them so that the finger-tips almost meet in front, still on a level with the shoulders. Keep the arms stiff in this position, and breathe in slowly through your nose (not your mouth), then exhale the breath very slowly indeed.

Going into the repair shop this very day? I'm glad!

Answers to Questions

Jacksonville, Ill.—Just ask at your drug-store for peroxide of hydrogen and for toilet ammonia. To destroy superfluous hair, dampen growth one day with peroxide, letting dry on, the next day with ammonia. Keep this up until the hairs dry up and fall out. It is a slow process, but varies with different people. I am sorry the rules of this department prevent my replying by mail, as requested, but hope this answer will do as well.

Daisy.—In taking the milk diet, the milk should be sweet, and unskimmed. The fresher and richer, the better. In skimmed milk, the fattening qualities have been largely removed. When you have finished taking the milk diet, go back, at first, to but one meal a day—dinner at night, taking milk until three or four o'clock, as before. Then take milk in the morning, for a week, a glass and a half an hour till about eleven o'clock, with lunch at one o'clock, dinner at night, drinking two or three glasses of water during the afternoon. The next week drop your milk altogether, if you want to, eating three well-selected meals a day, avoiding fried foods, always, cutting out too many sweets, having your meats roasted, broiled or boiled, your potatoes baked, boiled or mashed, and eating plenty of vegetables and fruits. Drink, then, eight to ten glasses of water a day, but not at meals.

Pet.—Perspiraton of the face can be lessened by careful eating, and cool clothing. If one eats quite heartily, and is rather fleshy, the face is apt to perspire. Take a daily bath, and finish with a cool spray or shower, except on the days when you are not feeling well, when, of course, avoid cold water but do not omit the bath, seeing that water and room are warm, and that you are not exposed to the slightest chill. Powder after the bath, shaking on talcum generously and using pads of absorbent cotton to go over the surface of the skin gently. Keep on light diet in hot weather, and at all times eat plenty of fruits and see that bowels are kept open daily. As to the large bust, dieting is your best friend, as well as in connection with the excessive perspiration. Exercise will help to reduce the bust—there is nothing which "rubbed on" will materially decrease size, and you should puchase a brassiere and wear over your corset to hold the bust firm. All department stores and mail-order houses carry them. A brassiere, as you know, is a boned or strapped corset cover which fits tightly over the bust, and is of heavy enough material to keep the bust perfectly firm. One way to reduce the bust is to purchase rubber sheeting wide enough to extend above and below bust, and long enough to wrap around the body. Then fasten this strip tight around body and over bust, fastening overlapping ends together with adhesive tape. This induces perspiration of the bust, and perspiration always breaks down fat and reduces it. Here is an exercise for you, but the main thing you need is a cutting down of the amount of food taken and the leaving off of all sweets, fats, cereals, butter, milk, cream, potatoes, rice and other fat-producing foods.

Exercise to Reduce Bust

Standing with heels together, chin up, chest out, raise the arms to a level with the shoulders, and extend them straight out in front of the body, palms facing each other, elbows perfectly stiff. Now throw the arms quickly and vigorously back as if trying to make them touch in the middle of the back. Be sure not to let them fall below the shoulder line, and do not bend elbow. Throw them forward, back, forward, back. Do this rapidly, breathing in as they are close together, and exhaling as you throw them apart each time.

Laura.—That was a very nice letter, and indeed it did not tire me—it interested me. There is no reason in the world why you should not weigh as much as you want to. The directions given in COMFORT for the milk diet apply perfectly to your case, and I hope you will follow them conscientiously. Indeed you do not need to go to bed—you may go about your usual work without any change, except that you must cut out solid food and take the milk as directed. You should gain from one to three pounds a week, and improve in every way. You may stop your exercises while on the diet. As a matter of fact, you ought to gain even on an ordinary diet, for you sound like quite a healthy young woman. The matter, no doubt, is that you are eating the wrong kinds of foods or those that are difficult of digestion—fried potatoes, vegetables cooked in grease instead of being boiled in quantities of water, thoroughly drained and seasoned—and probably fried meats, as well as a good deal of ham and pork, etc. Then, how about hot biscuits, and cake and pie? All bad for you, my dear! Not that a small amount of cake will hurt the ordinary person, but rich preserves and cake, or pie, every day, will do deadly deeds to even the best-intentioned stomach. Eat plenty of fruits, apples raw or baked or in apple sauce form; baked pears, grape fruit, oranges, stewed prunes or figs, pineapple (excellent for you), and if you have lots of home-canned fruits, they will be all right for you provided they are not preserves or made very sweet. Fresh fruits are always better, however. Eat onions, spinach, beets, string beans, and every other vegetable you can secure. For breakfast omit meat and potatoes—probably you do—and eat fruit, cereal with cream, crisp toast, and soft boiled, soft poached, or scrambled eggs. Drink quantities of water through the day, and see that the bowels are kept thoroughly open, even if you have to resort to special exercises or to more walking in the open air. Drink the juice of a lemon in a glass of cool water—without sugar—every morning a half hour before breakfast. All this advice is for the time when you are not on the milk diet—but I hope that you will go on milk right away and keep it up until you have gained eighteen or twenty pounds. You can! How does that sound?

Bright Eyes.—Lemon juice in water is only a "good reducer" in so far as it acts on the liver and makes it do its work better, so that the food is more completely assimilated. Probably you need to cut down your diet and alter it somewhat. See answer to "Pet" for exercise to reduce bust. Here is one for the abdomen

To Reduce Abdomen

Lying on the back, in nightgown or [illegible] clothing, raise the right leg, without bending the knee in the slightest, until it is at right angles with the body. Then lower it very slowly indeed, as if it were being held back. Repeat ten or fifteen times, then go through the exercise with the left leg, then with both together. You will find it difficult, if not impossible to raise the leg, at first, until it is practically, but this will come with faithful and daily practise, and every ten minutes will be doing its work on your abdomen. This is also an excellent exercise for constipation

E. L. B.—See answer to "Daisy." You should be able to buy almond milk at your druggist's.

M. E.—I cannot tell from your description just what is the matter with your hair, but judge the little oil cells are clogged. You should give your hair a thorough shampoo as soon as you read this, and thereafter shampoo it once in two weeks, being very careful to rinse many, many, many times until every particle of soap is out of the hair. Of course you will not rub soap on the hair, but use a homemade soap jelly such as I have given many times in these columns. Then brush your hair every night, one hundred strokes—fifty to each half—and massage the scalp for a few minutes with the fingers. Leave the hair down for the night, either loose or very loosely braided. To massage, place the finger-tips against the scalp, and without lifting them move the skin back and forth on the skull. Do not let fingers rub back and forth, but hold them firmly against scalp. I should not pull out the little hairs. The reason the "pimples" on the scalp get well when you pull them out is because an outlet for the matter which clogs the pimples is thus made.



A COUPLE OF DAYS IN BED ON THE MILK DIET WILL DO WONDERS FOR A TIRED FACE AND BODY.

Gray Eyes.—For five feet, five inches, the correct weight for one of small bones is one hundred and forty pounds, but this is too much for the girl of larger bone. If you are only sixteen, one hundred and twenty pounds would probably be a very good weight for you. You should have a slim bust—thirty-four is all right—and your waist should be not more than ten inches smaller than your hips. The dark circles under your eyes, left by your long illness, will disappear as you gradually grow stronger. Be very careful to eat nourishing food, to drink plenty of water, to see that the bowels move daily, and not to let yourself get chilled at any time. Keep your ankles always warm and well-covered, and wear warm underwear coming to the ankles, in the winter. More illness and other troubles come from getting the feet chilled than most people imagine. Read what I have to say this month about "repairs." Just after an illness you should get at least an hour's rest a day on the bed—and even more if you can—a rest in the morning, and one in the afternoon, and go to bed early at night. Here's a wish for early roses for your cheeks!

Violet.—For a too red complexion, look to your diet. You cannot bleach a red face—only one which is sallow or browned. Your digestion is probably not what it should be, and that would suggest that you have been eating too many sweets, fried foods and other food difficult of digestion. Read my answers to "Daisy," "Laura" and "Bright Eyes," and see if some of the advice does not fit you. To develop the bust, practise deep breathing exercises for at least fifteen minutes a day, and be careful always to stand or sit or walk with chest thrown out, and shoulders dropped. This will increase the apparent size of the bust. The exercise given "Pet" to reduce her fat bust will also develop a thin bust, for in the one case it burns up the fat, and in the other develops the muscle. Practise daily: This is also good for the arms. Using slightly heavy dumbbells would develop the arms, as the labor of lifting them so that the arm was perpendicular with the shoulder, then throwing them out on a straight line with the shoulder in front, then the same to the side, will develop the muscles.

Eveline.—Yes, you are over weight, for five feet ten inches—one hundred and fifty-four would be the correct weight, so you have twenty-six pounds to lose. Your bust should be about forty inches, and your hips the same. Your waist is smaller than it should be, so under no circumstances attempt to reduce it. Why, my dear, you would be all out of proportion. A twenty-eight inch waist, in these days, is considered a very good waist size, for nobody now thinks of squeezing up her waist as used to be done some years ago. So if you want to look up-to-date in figure, and not hopelessly "small-towny" as one of my girls says—though why one should object to looking like anything so nice and homey as a small town, I don't know—let your waist alone. It is too small, now! Your hip measure is about correct. Red rubber bands around the waist? Take them off at once! To make the eyebrows grow, rub in vaseline or olive oil nightly. You say this makes the hair fall out—it can't, my dear, but it may be that you rub so vigorously that you dislodge the hairs. Apply gently with a clean mucilage or paste brush. In the morning wash with hot soapy water. Yes, in using cold cream before powder go over the face with a cloth or pad of cotton and rub in the cold cream, at the same time wiping off the surplus or all that the skin will not absorb. With medium brown hair, dark blue eyes and fair complexion, you can wear most colors—blue, either dark or light, yellow or orange or brown, mahogany, olive green, wine color, dark gray (if your color is good), a reddish purple, dark pinkish tan, etc. To bleach the arms, beat the yolk of an egg until fluffy, then add a teaspoonful of olive oil, half an ounce each of glycerine and rosewater, twenty drops of tincture of benzoin, and enough flour to make a paste. Spread this on the arms, then wrap with bands of surgical gauze, so that the paste will be kept on and the bedding saved from being soiled. Wear all night, and in the morning wash off with warm soapy water, rinse in warm water, then in cold. Repeat nightly for seven days. Nobody could tell you the ingredients of a powder by looking at it—it would have to be analyzed in a laboratory, so I cannot advise you as to the character of the powder you inclosed me. I am sorry.

Blockhead.—For large, blunt finger-tips, see that the nails are cut in a graceful oval, and kept in perfect condition. This will give the fingers an appearance of tapering. When washing the hands always compress and pull the finger-tips, and do the same when wiping them and any other time in the day that the hands are idle. This will help to alter their shape. To develop your arms and make them "large and plump," as you desire, perhaps you need to add a little more weight to the entire body. How about it? See answer to "Violet" for suggestions about developing the arms.

Miss C. H.—You weigh eight pounds more than the correct weight for your height if of small bones—one hundred and thirty. However, it may be that one hundred and twenty-five would be enough for you. Cut down, temporarily, on all sweet desserts—such as cake, candy, preserves—and on potatoes, rice and cereals. Eat, however, plenty of vegetables and fresh fruit—no fat meat, very little butter, milk or cream. See answer to "Pet" about reducing bust. It would not be possible for you to learn to marcel hair, without long training. It is difficult, and many good hairdressers do not attempt it.

Hilday B.—I am sorry I cannot offer to sell your depilatory to the other subscriber you mention. This would not be fair to those who pay money to advertise such articles in the columns of COMFORT, where all our readers may benefit by them. No magazine can help to sell articles to its subscribers except through its advertising colmuns. Do you see? Good luck to you!

Smiles.—You do not tell me your weight, so I cannot tell you whether you weigh too much. For your height, five feet, six inches, the weight should be one hundred and forty-three pounds, bust should be thirty-nine and hips the same, waist about ten inches smaller than the hips. I expect you eat too much at one meal. I notice you do not eat breakfast or supper, and I am afraid that at the other meal you eat too much, or supplement it with food between meals. I suggest you take a glass of water in which the juice of a lemon has been squeezed, an hour before breakfast—or even a half hour. For breakfast, eat an orange, some crisp toast (without butter) and a soft-boiled egg. Drink nothing with your meals, at any time. In the morning drink two glasses of water. For lunch eat some stewed tomatoes, some boiled onions, some corn, graham or whole wheat bread, some lean meat, and no dessert. Substitute any other vegetables except potatoes, rice, macaroni. For your supper, some crisp toast again, or bran muffins, a baked apple without cream, or some stewed prunes or figs. I am not suggesting much for supper, since you say you are in the habit of going without it. Drink three glasses of water in the afternoon, and two between supper and going to bed, but not within an hour after the meal. Do not eat more than one helping of any article of food at any meal, and not too generous a helping at that. On this regime you should decrease in weight and improve in health and strength. Freckles are sometimes obstinate and difficult to get rid of. Try this: but keep it out of the reach of children, as it is poison, if taken internally. And be careful not to get any in or near the eyes.

To Remove Freckles

One half ounce solution of ammonia, weak, one half ounce rose-water, one half ounce powdered borax, one quarter ounce glycerine, one half ounce bay rum. Distilled water, five ounces. Mix these ingredients—or have your druggist put up this formula for you. Use it carefully, for it is quite strong. If it irritates the skin, stop using it. Try it on the leg first to test its strength for your skin. To use, dampen freckled skin and allow to dry on at night.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

300 Homes Pictured and Described in the COMFORT HOME ALBUM

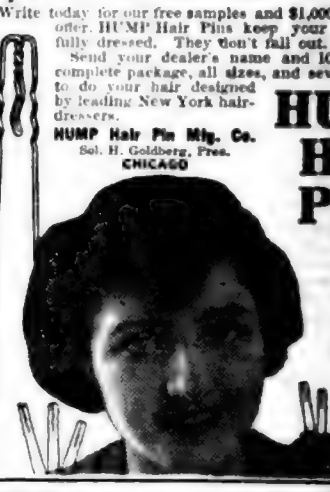
We still have a few copies of this beautiful, interesting and instructive book. Contains numberless valuable ideas for the home-maker. It is not for sale, but while they last, the COMFORT Home Album may be had free as a premium for one 25-cent yearly subscription (not your own), or with your own 30-cent two-year renewal and 10 cents extra (40 cents in all for the renewal and the Album).

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Send your dealer's name and 10c postage for complete package, all sizes, and seven new ways to do your hair designed by leading New York hairdressers.

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SURGICAL FEATS WITH MAGNETS.—It is said that a French army surgeon has, with the aid of an extraordinarily strong electro-magnet, recently performed several successful operations without the use of an anesthetic. A casing of ferro-nickel surrounds the German bullet and the electro-magnet simply draws it out of the wounded man's body, as well as splinters of shells.

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasoline engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed.

Three Types of Power Plants

SINCE the advent of the automobile three types of engines or motor have been developed to a stage considered by many to be almost perfection. These are the gasoline, steam and electric motors. Many advantages are claimed for each type and the object of this article is to place the facts before the readers as viewed by the writer.

The Steam Engine

Almost everyone is acquainted with the make-up of the steam engine. In brief it necessitates a boiler, a fire for generating the steam and a cylinder for delivering the power. The cylinder contains a piston so arranged as to work from one end of the cylinder to the other. The opening of certain valves allows the steam under pressure to contact with one face of the piston thus forcing the piston to move across the cylinder. Steam under pressure then contacts with the opposite face of the piston and thus forces it back. The advantage of the steam engine is that the full pressure of steam generated in the boiler can be directed on the piston and thus start a heavy load easily from standstill. Because of the admission of steam from both ends of the cylinder, this engine is very flexible, can be run at slow speeds with much power, is noiseless, does not require a transmission and can be operated at very fast speeds.

The Electric Motor

Viewing the electric motor from a mechanical standpoint it forms an ideal powerplant for the automobile. The electric motor has but one moving part that being what is termed the armature and its shaft may be used to turn the machinery. The armature has a rotary motion and therefore may be run at high speeds without causing vibration. This motor will start itself by simply turning on the current, will start a vehicle from a standstill with considerable power and is easily controlled. The chief drawback of the electric motor for automobile use is that the current for turning over the motor must be taken from a battery carried in the vehicle. It does not require a great deal of running before



DIAGRAM OF THREE SPEED SELECTIVE TYPE, SLIDING GEAR TRANSMISSION.

This device consists of two parallel shafts—a main shaft, M, and a countershaft, C. S. The gears C'—I'—L'—R' are keyed to the countershaft and cannot be moved on the shaft. The mainshaft, M, is usually a square shaft and the gears, I and L can be slid along it. It will be noticed that the end of the main transmission shaft rotates freely in the end of the driving pinion. As the gears C and C' are permanently meshed, the power is first delivered to the countershaft and then to the mainshaft and thus to the wheels. The only time the road wheels are in direct connection with the engine is when the gear, I, is meshed with the one marked C.

all current is taken from the battery and it is therefore necessary to recharge the same frequently. Charging stations are few and far between, a long time, experience and great care are required to recharge without injuring the battery, and the power is running down continually while in use.

Gasoline Engine

The chief fault of the electric motor is the necessity of using a storage battery while the chief objection to the steam engine is the use of the boiler. The objectionable features of these parts are space required, weight, and constant need of attention. Although not free of faults the gas engine is not restrained as the two types of power plants mentioned above. It requires no boiler or need the power be stored in reserve. The explosive mixture is made for each cylinder as needed and consequently the slower the engine is run the less fuel is used. The chief objectionable feature of the gas engine is that when running at high speeds some of the power is lost because of the rapidity in which the explosive charges are taken in. In other words the cylinder does not have time to draw in a full breath. Another point to be considered is that each explosive mixture can only develop a certain amount of power. At slow engine speeds a less number of explosive charges are taken in and consequently there is a loss of power.

The intention of the writer is to make clear that the gas engine is not an ideal power plant being the most powerful when operated at medium speed. At slow speeds and at high speeds its full power is not delivered. As stated above the gas engine has no reserve power and when additional power is needed it has to be obtained through the use of gears. Neither can the gas engine used in the automobile be run in a reverse direction and therefore, when it is desired to run the car in a reverse direction or deliver more power to the driving wheels it must be done by manipulating gears. This part of the automobile is referred to as the transmission. The only time when the driving wheels are directly coupled with the engine is when the gear shifting lever is placed in the position usually referred to as "high." When the car is operated in "intermediate, low or reverse" the road wheels are not directly coupled with the engine, but the power is being delivered to the wheels through gears in the transmission.

Now that you have heard of the objectionable features of the gas engine let us consider the advantages which it has over all others as a power plant for the automobile. To start the steam engine in the morning it is first necessary to light a fire under the boiler and wait until a certain pressure of steam has been generated. The electric motor does not have this objectionable feature but the battery is a constant care. The gas engine if turned over once or twice will start and only requires fuel to keep it running. Gasoline and oil can be purchased even in the country districts. When the ignited current is shut off everything becomes dead, so to speak, but instantly becomes alive by switching on the current and turning the motor over. This engine has been developed to a point far in advance of the other types and is in comparison much less in weight. Its many advantages for practical use have given it a long lead over the other two types.

Trouble with Low Grade Gasoline Worse in Cold Weather

More than one motorist has been surprised as the days have been growing colder to note that his car did not consume the usual amount of lubricating oil. This condition is not confined to any one make of car in particular but to all c · generally. If the motorist will but drain the oil from the crankcase of his motor he is apt to find that gasoline is mixed with the lubricant. This new difficulty is principally due to the present low grade of gasoline in use. The gasoline air mixture leaks past the pistons and rings during the compression strokes and when striking the cold crankcase condenses back to the liquid form. The question is apt to arise in one's mind, why was this condition not evident during the summer months since the present grade of fuel has been in use for some time? The answer is this. More complete vaporization of the gasoline took place in the summer due to the high surrounding temperature. The crankcase was also of a higher temperature as the fan was not continuously directing a volume of cold air on it. The same amount of gasoline and air mixture worked by the piston rings in warm weather as does at present but due to the warmth of crankcase and surrounding atmosphere the mixture was not allowed to condense back to the liquid state and was passed out of the crankcase breather in the form of vapor. At this time of year the lighter portion of the heavy fuel is burned and the unconsumed part is partly carried out with the exhaust gases while some of it works past the pistons and rings into the crankcase. Liquid gasoline in the crankcase thins the lubricating oil and also washes the oil off the cylinder walls, pistons and rings thus causing the motor to turn over hard and in some instances scores or cuts the cylinders. Naturally if an engine turns over hard and an electric starter is used considerable current is taken away from the storage battery.

Regardless of the condition of cylinders or piston rings, it is impossible to prevent some of the mixture from leaking past the piston rings into the crankcase. It is plain then that it does not require a great while before a large amount of gasoline has collected in the crankcase. A motor which has been very economical in lubricating oil will be apt to show the effects of this condition sooner than any other. This condition is one over which the most experienced motorist or repairman has no control. The reason for bringing this matter to the attention of the motoring world is to instruct owners in the handling and care of their cars in cold weather and thus prevent damage being done.

The careful operator will always cover the radiator when leaving the car as it has been determined that there is a difference of about 200 degrees in temperature of a motor in the summer and winter. Closely watch the oil indicator and note whether or not the motor appears to be using the usual amount of oil or whether the crank case seems to be filling up. When either of these conditions are noticed drain off the oil and refill to about three quarters capacity with fresh oil.

Another matter which will bear watching is the running of the car with the carburetor dash control turned to the position which prevents the carburetor receiving all the air possible. Running the car with the choker shut or commonly referred to as the starting position will greatly assist in the filling of the crankcase with gasoline. The operator should be careful to adjust the carburetor according to the manufacturer's instructions. It may be well to have this work done by a carburetor expert if one is available. On a cold morning do not expect to start from a cold garage with the motor running smoothly without allowing the engine to warm up for a few minutes. Even then it may require a quarter of a mile of running, depending of course on the surrounding atmosphere, to get the motor warm enough to run smoothly. It cannot be expected that the throttle can be opened wide at once without the carburetor spitting and popping. If it is found necessary to place the carburetor control in the starting position do so, but bear in mind that you are assisting the gasoline to accumulate in the crankcase and so place it back to the open position as soon as possible.

Particular attention should be paid to the storage battery especially in cold weather. If the ignition current is taken from the storage battery and the battery is allowed to become weak, starting will be difficult due to the poor ignition spark and also because the battery does not produce sufficient current to rapidly turn over the engine. If the electric starter is used and the engine refuses to start after being turned over about 10 times, do not continue the cranking. Bear in mind that the cylinders are burning no gas and that a large amount of gasoline will be washed down into the crankcase. Get out and pour a little gasoline into the cylinders as a primer and then start the motor with the handcrank.

The majority of instruction books furnished with cars recommend the draining of oil from the crankcase once in every 2,000 miles. An authority on motors has recently determined that while the present grade of motor fuel exists far better results can be obtained by draining the old oil off and refilling with new once every 500 miles. The results obtained will well warrant the little care required to follow out the above suggestions.

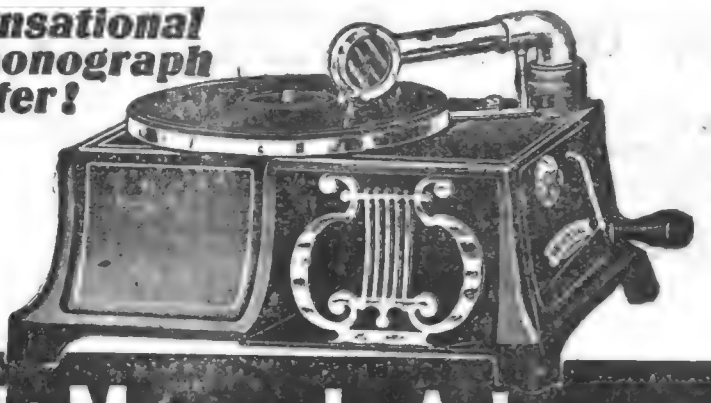
Clear Vision

Mist and rain if allowed to settle on the windshield cause deceiving illusions which frequently result in serious accidents. There are many devices on the market which may be obtained at a trifling cost for the maintaining of a clear vision during stormy weather but in the absence of any of these a simple and inexpensive remedy is as follows: Mix equal parts of kerosene and glycerine and apply a fine film to the windshield glass with a brush. A glass so treated will shed water like a duck's back.

There's a Reason

Automobile designers have a good reason for placing each part in a certain position on the machine. Owners who study their machines are apt to wonder why the water pipe leading from the top of the engine to the top of the radiator is generally given an upward inclination. The reason is that water when sufficiently heated generates steam. If the pipe was level there would be danger of the steam gathering at the highest portions and materially interfere with the flow of water. On the other hand, when the pipe is given a slight upward inclination the steam will travel up the pipe to the radiator where it is cooled and condensed into water or passes into the atmosphere through the overflow pipe of the radiator.

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Never before—and without doubt never again—will an offer so liberal be made. Not one cent in advance—no reference asked—no delay—no red tape—not even your promise to keep the machine. The coupon below is all that is necessary. And with this remarkable machine will be sent four splendid selections—the regular 65c double disc Columbia records. Play this grand Universal in your home with the superb selections sent along with it—give the Universal a thorough

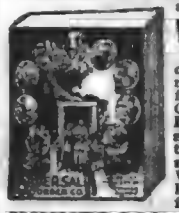
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

scriptions to various splendid papers which we enjoy reading and appreciate sincerely even though we do not know who subscribed for them.

I have some lovely pen friends whom I hope to keep; some are dear old people; I have their names and addresses filed away to have a permanent record of their birthdays and I shall remember them that date with a letter or card as long as they or I live; bless the dear old folks! I love the young folks too, but venerate the old.

I feel sure some have believed me to be a long time in sending the few helps I promised, but if they could only know how very many have asked me for so many different helps I know their patience would be unending.

I am including herewith a few to our paper hoping to be of some service to so many others who have been of such splendid aid to me.

All who have asked for the Mexican beans (Frijoles—pronounced free-ho-leys—meaning beans) and may not have received them, I wish to state that I sent them; every one whose letter reached me asking for same I surely mailed promptly so they could plant for this season. They are a bush bean, good "Samps" or as green beans; have written several individually the Mexican way of seasoning and serving them and many have written me they cannot find one kind of the flavor I named so have sent them the label off of bottles or containers.

I am delighted with the many good letters, etc., but would be so pleased to have at least sender's names or initials and post-office address on post-cards and letters, etc., then I could let them know that same were received by me. Thanks to each who sent stamps and stamped envelopes.

Many inquiries have come asking about climate, crops, rain, etc., etc., and some of my letters not reaching addressee or theirs not reaching me, I feel there is no surer way than through the medium of this corner to answer every one.

Our rains—this year—began the 7th of July, sometimes little earlier, other years later. So we are now farmers for the next two to four months. Such lovely rains have come so far that we now have a green valley—the native wild grass being knee-deep to range stock all over and they are rolling fat. I often wonder if our valley does not look like "The Low Green Valley on the Old Kentucky Shore." We planted more than two acres of all sorts of vegetable seeds and so invite COMFORT staff and readers passing to call in this winter and I will serve them a pot of frijoles seasoned a la Mexican as also other Spanish dishes.

The climate is temperate; that is, short, mild winters,—December, January and February; spring (beautiful), is lovely and cool, March, April and May, though dry; summer rushes in with that beautiful auspicious month of wedding-bells and honeymoons, June, very pleasant until it warms up to a few days of almost torrid weather in July, cooling down with rains in August, then deliciously cool and enlivening enters autumn with September, October and November. Most years have had sufficient snow-fall in winter to put a good season in ground to start spring gardening and crops for the rainy season. As to homestead laws friends, please let me refer you to the United States for rules and regulations governing requirements, addressing the Department of The Interior, Phoenix, Arizona about any lands of this state and said laws; they are free for the asking and you should plainly state just what you wish to know.

We are not so scared over war as we were a month ago before so many U. S. soldiers arrived in our midst; we try to be content with our lot in life come what may; "It is better to whistle than whine."

Now, that our spring and summer are here we must cheer up and do our part in making the sunshine glad we enjoy the rains; without either our land would not be so beautifully carpeted with living green and all nature seems so glad. If we are not glad Nature's efforts must be in vain and E. W. W. says: "The wiser man shapes into God's plan, as the water does in the vessel." I like natural scenery; the sisters seem to have sensed this from the many lovely scenes they sent on post-cards, etc. I also like scenes of man's handywork, such as great buildings and in cities and on ocean shores one can see and note well directed energy, work and wisdom; it proves to me we are living in a busy world of large and grand undertakings, and rapid progress with Father Time; on every side is to be seen advancement and expansion; I like all this, but I like best of all the quietude of a country home and life.

Just an hour of city life brings me to the full realization of "Home Sweet Home" in the country.

Wishing Uncle Charlie and all our COMFORT staff and each sister an abundant shower of blessings and joys for the future, I am your COMFORT sister.

LILLIE D. ELDREDGE.

The Fallen Hero

REQUESTED

"He went to war in the morning—
The roll of the drums could be heard.
But he paused at the gate with his mother
For a kiss and a comforting word.
He was full of the dreams and ambitions
That youth is so ready to weave,
And proud of the clank of his sabre
And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve.

"He came back from the war in the evening—
The meadows were sprinkled with snow,
The drums and the bugles were silent,
And the steps of the soldier were slow.
He was wrapped in the flag of his country
When they laid him away in the mould,
With the glittering stars of a captain
Replacing the chevrons of gold.

"With the heroes who slept on the hillside,
He lies with a flag at his head,
But, blind with the years of her weeping,
His mother yet mourns for her dead.
The soldiers who fall in the battle
May feel but a moment of pain,
But the women who wait in the homesteads
Must dwell with the ghosts of the slain.

Sent in by Mrs. Fred Baker, S. Wallingford, Vt.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



The Ideal Xmas Present for Baby

is a "Rock-a-Bye" Baby Swing.

Babies don't cry when in a Rock-a-Bye. Every move of their little bodies sways the swing and keeps them interested. They get exercise. They're kept off the cold floor and out of dirt. They can't get into mischief, pick up things from the floor which might prove dangerous, or fall out and hurt themselves.

The Rock-a-Bye Baby Swing is made of heavy washable duck on strong, steel frames. It has reinforced strap hangers and screw hook. Can be hung in any doorway, from porch ceiling or tree branch.

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Send also for free catalog of other useful articles for women and children.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

Conducted By
Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson

Inexpensive Novelties

What Can Be Done with Ribbon

HOW our thoughts fly to absent friends as the great holiday, Christmas, draws near. We long to send forth expressions of our loving thoughts, but as usual there arises the old question I wonder what I can make for——?

Many a woman who is beginning to puzzle over a long list should be able to decide on the making of some suitable gifts by copying some of the doilies, yokes, pillows, bags, etc., which have been given in this department in the past few months.

Any number of these things would make exceedingly pretty presents but the woman who can neither crochet, embroider, nor paint is often at a total loss to know just what to do especially when a slim purse must be made to do considerable. So for her especially have these hints for using ribbons and silk been prepared.

As is usual the dainty trifles which are really new, are always high in price as it is the idea rather than the material used, which is charged for. However if one takes the time and plans ahead many of these especially attractive little articles may be readily concocted at home of silk or ribbon on hand, or remnants at bargain prices can be purchased as one has the opportunity.

Ribbon Bedroom Slippers

These are the easiest things in the world to copy and are so pretty. Secure a pair of fleece or quilted satin soles of the proper size. A yard of three and one half inch soft ribbon and nine inches of elastic will be required for each slipper. Make a half inch casing along one edge of the ribbon for the elastic. Shur the opposite edge, arrange the fullness evenly all around and sew with fine close stitches to the sole. Finish the fronts with white narrow ribbon daisies or tiny rosebud.



RIBBON BEDROOM SLIPPERS.

The daisies can very easily be made by tying knots every two inches in baby ribbon. Then loop back and forth, tying tightly in the center, which should be finished with a little yellow embroidery silk, frayed out. The knots in the ribbon should be arranged to come in the center of each loop. Rose buds may be made by folding an inch ribbon or a piece of bias silk, coil or wind round and round, sewing securely. Sew a group of three together and back with loops of half inch green ribbon.

Another style ribbon slipper which can be easily made is just sort of a sandal. For this, one will need besides the soles, three yards of inch and a quarter ribbon. Cut off two seven-inch pieces, sew one end of each to either side of one sole at the instep, cross and sew the opposite ends of the ribbons to the sole near the toe, thus crossing these ribbons over the arch or front of the foot.

Sew a third ribbon to the center of the toe, this runs straight up the foot, finishing in a loop.

To the back of the heel attach a ribbon which



SANDAL SLIPPERS.

ties about the ankle after passing through the loop on the end of the toe piece. Finish and hold the ribbons in place, by tying a bow over the crossing of the ribbons in front.

These suggestions for little personal remembrances combine daintiness simplicity and rapidity of execution.

Nothing more than the ability to sew neatly is needful, and the best part of it all is that each one of these articles is as useful as it is ornamental.

A New Bandeau

The fad of tying the hair down across the forehead is still as popular as ever with young girls. For everyday wear ribbons are used but these give place to dressier affairs for parties or dances. These bands are so becoming to most youthful faces, any young girl who enjoys good times would surely be pleased with a gift of this sort.

To copy the one shown two and one quarter yards of flat white ribbon wire will be necessary for the foundation. Cut this into three pieces, then cover each by winding with half inch satin ribbon fasten the ends together and cover with ribbon so the wire will not catch in the hair.

Now braid the three strands and finish the



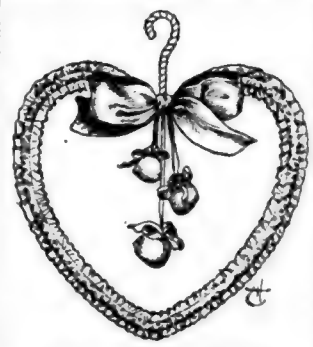
A NEW BANDEAU.

opposite end with a full rosette. If the ribbon for this is knotted every three inches and then folded back and forth so the knots will come in the center of each loop, it will be much prettier.

Any girl would surely be delighted with a pair of silk slippers or a bandeau of ribbon. Any young mother could hardly help liking a little heart-shaped baby-coat hanger, or a bib holder, while almost anybody welcomes a new pin-cushion, at least once a year.

Baby-Coat Hanger

This is a very dainty little affair made up of either blue or pink, and is a bit of work which can be done by any one who can do plain sewing.



HEART-SHAPED COAT HANGER.

For the frame one will need about 30 inches of wire, either the ordinary sort which can be purchased for a few cents at any hardware store, or large hat wire will do. This is covered before bending into shape, for which one will need five yards of inch wide satin ribbon. Fold in the center, satin sides out and run two rows of machine stitching the entire length to make a casing through which the wire is run. Fasten ribbon to one end of the wire and about four inches from the other end this piece being necessary for the hook. The ribbon being fulled on the wire creates little frills on either edge.

If wider frills are desired two and one half yards of four-inch ribbon can be used, folded lengthwise. Wind the hook with narrow ribbon and finish with a bow and long sachets.

Hanger No. 2 is made by simply covering one



COVERED BABY HANGER.

of the small wire hangers with twisted ribbon and sewing a full rosette at the base of the hook.

Any ordinary coat hanger if covered attractively makes a specially nice present. This year those which are intended solely for outside or heavy garments are covered with tapestry instead of the usual ribbons which soil and wear out quickly from constant use. This new idea is much more practical and a hanger, well padded covered with a rich deep-toned tapestry, comes near to being a joy forever, as such a covering will wear indefinitely. Among the best odors for sachets or to sprinkle on the padding of these hangers are pine, clover, lavender, cedar and lavender.

Reminder Tablet

Now that telephones are the rule rather than the exception a unique gift which can be very inexpensively and quickly made is a tablet of heavy water color paper. Seven sheets of paper measuring eight by ten inches will be needed.

Use white ink and write on the first—at the top—Sunday the day that is Blest.

Next comes—

Monday for Health.

Then—

Tuesday for Wealth.

Followed by

Wednesday, the Best Day of all.

Thursday for Losses

And—

Friday for Crosses.

While Lastly is

Saturday, No Luck at all.

While the ink is wet sprinkle with powdered gilt and shake off all which does not adhere.

Tie all the sheets together with a bright ribbon, after ruling a two-inch space down the left side of each sheet for telephone numbers.

Bib Holder

This is a very good suggestion especially of use and value to a mother when away from home as by its use, a napkin can be readily made to do duty as a bib for a young child and will be quite as secure.

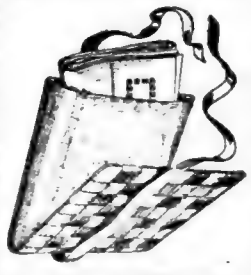


BIB HOLDER.

Ten inches of fine white tape, a piece of silk braid or a bit of ribbon and two garter fasteners are all that is necessary. An embroidered design of small French knot flowerets adds to the appearance of this useful little trifle.

Ribbon Handkerchief Case

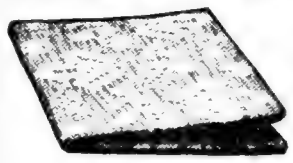
This handsome case requires two thirds of a yard of five-inch ribbon, and three and one half yards of one half inch ribbon. Weave the two shades of ribbon together for the outside. Sew the ends over two pieces of cardboard measuring five by five and one half inches, then line with the wide ribbon, basting in place. Hem the ends of the other piece of wide ribbon, place on the inside of the case to form pockets and overcast all edges together. Attach a ribbon for tying to the center of the back.



HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

Card Case

To send in place of a Christmas card to one who has need of it, what would prove more acceptable than a little card case.



CARD CASE.

This can be made very quickly, covered with any pretty bit of silk, satin or brocade, or lacking this a case similar to that illustrated can be made of a solid color covered on the outside with a piece of lace.

Pin Cushions

New odd cushions always make their appearance at this time of the year as they are always in demand.

Ribbons and silk seem to be the favored materials as usual, but for this purpose everything used should be of a good quality, or with actual use they soon become very shabby.



HANGING CUSHION WITH SAFETY PIN HOLDER. FIG. 1.

For the unique little hanging cushion Fig. 1, only a third of a yard of five-inch ribbon will be needed, two yards of half inch ribbon, one ivory ring, one half dozen safety pins and a few pins with colored heads. Seam up the wide ribbon, gather up the selvedge edges and fit over a cushion of the right size. Finish as is clearly shown in the illustration.

Hanger Fig. 2 is very delicate made of a third yard of light blue ribbon, two yards baby ribbon, twelve inches of half inch ribbon for hanging, four ivory rings, and some safety pins.

The ribbon for the foundation should be about four inches wide, fringe one end of this, sew the other end over a collar or bit of feather bone to keep it flat. Run the narrow ribbon through rings, fasten to the center of this, add ribbon for hanging and decorate with loops of the baby ribbon and tiny roses made of any bits of pink silk or chiffon which one happens to have handy.



FIG. 2.

Sewing Conveniences

Today many of the most useful little sewing contrivances are quite gay and attractive, they are also disguised in the most surprising manner.

The new emeries especially will do credit to the best and prettiest of work baskets, for they come in all sorts of artistic shades some representing luscious strawberries, while others look like big raspberries which would melt in your mouth.

Radishes and carrots are also seen but perhaps the most realistic of all are the shiny brown chestnuts made of brown satin. The sides are of this, cut the size and shape of a nut and joined together with a piece of brown velvet. Finish the wove point side with a few long and short stitches with tan floss and the effect will be very much like the real thing.

Some of the most convenient sewing cases shown this year are really very clever combinations of two or three articles.

An illustration of this is a novelty particularly designed for the woman who is away from home.

It is really a combination sewing-bag, spool holder and needlecase.

The bag of silk is six by nine inches when complete and fitted on the inside with little pockets for buttons, hooks and eyes, thimble, etc.

To the bottom of the bag is attached a needle case with soft covers of cream canvas bound with satin ribbon. Six spools threaded on ribbons (three on each side of the back at the bottom) complete this article, which is rolled up over the spools when not in use and tied securely with the drawstrings.

Crocheted Necktie

By Request

Use fine steel hook, 3 spools ordinary crochet silk.

Ch. 22, turn 21 singles, then make 21 s. c. working through both loops each st.

3d row.—Ch. 3, 3 d. c. in 1st st., * skip 2 sts., 1 s. c. in next. Ch. 3, 3 d. c. in same st. Repeat from * making 7 shells in this row.

4th row.—Ch. 3, 2 d. c. in first s. c., 1 s. c. under ch., 2 d. c. in next s. c. and repeat.

Now repeat from beginning of 1st row until work is 15 inches long.

Narrow for neck band by decreasing 1 shell each end of a shell row, make 7 rows without decrease and again drop 2 shells, leaving work 3 shells wide and ready for band. For this crochet in pattern or all singles, make 10-inch strip, fasten off.

Begin 2nd end same as 1st, make 10 inches, decrease, then make six narrow rows, fasten off and join.

Knitted Motor Scarf

1 pr. No. 12 knitting needles, 2 spools silk.

Cast on 60 sts. Knit 20 rows plain. Now on each row 10 sts. on each end plain. 40 sts in center in dice pattern as follows:

P.4, k.4, next 3 rows purl the purled sts. Knit the knitted sts. Then 2 rows k. plain.

7th row.—P. 4, k. 4, then 3 rows purling and knitting same sts. 2 rows plain. This completes 2 series of blocks. Repeat from first block pattern, making scarf 30 inches long, then 20 rows plain knitting, bind off.

Work single crochet along all edges and tie 6-inch fringe in every 4th st. along each end.

Round Cushion

Although there is nothing new about this cushion in shape, it deserves mention as circular cushions are always popular and this is finished in a little out of the ordinary way. Instead of being rounded in all directions, the bottom is made flat, by using a piece of pasteboard. The top of the cushion is dome shaped the center of of this being covered plain and the edge finished with a puff.



ROUND TOP CUSHION.

This is a good idea for working up odd bits of one kind and another as two materials combined really make a prettier cushion.

One may vary the size to fit their goods, but for the center of a bureau a cushion five or six inches in diameter will be ample.

Woven Sofa Pillow Cover

A handsome and novel pillow cover may be made in the same way as the hot plate mats recently illustrated. For this nothing will be necessary but a square frame, a little larger than one wishes the finished cover.

For materials use soft three-inch ribbon and baby ribbon or silkateen for cross tying. Light blue ribbon tied with black and then mounted over canary yellow is only one of the many pretty combinations, others of which will readily suggest themselves, but one should plan for a good contrast of color to have the finished work most effective.

Cross the wide ribbons both ways of the frame, tacking securely on all sides, then tie crosswise with the baby ribbon or silk; this draws the wide ribbon apart into open squares which are crossed with the narrow ribbon.

Star Pin Cushion

This little novelty will require five five-inch squares of silk, fold each crosswise, or in shape of a triangle and seam up to two sides. After the five cushions are complete place together as shown in our illustration and fasten the top and bottom corners then finish the top with a bow of ribbon. Fill the cushion with wool. This prevents pins from rusting.

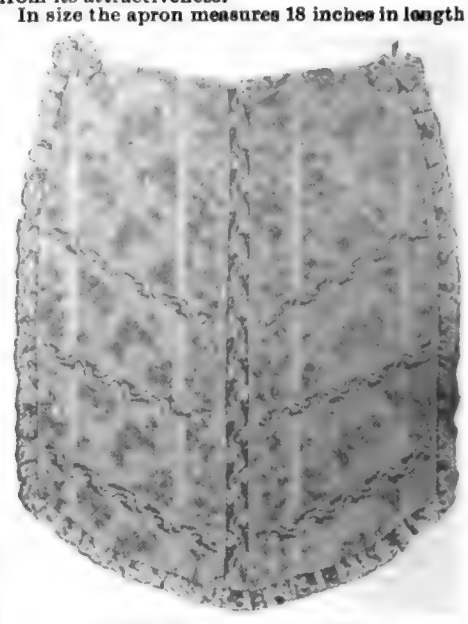


STAR PINCUSHION.

A Dainty Apron

This rather frivolous little affair is of Dresden silk and lace, but a pretty flowered lawn could be substituted without detracting much from its attractiveness.

In size the apron measures 18 inches in length



APRON OF SILK AND LACE.

by 14 inches in width without the lace edge. Two yards each of insertion and edging will be needed a yard and a half of ribbon for strings and three yards of baby ribbon for rosettes on either side at the top of the apron.

Crocheted Edging for Pillow Ends

Use course ecru cotton or carpet warp. Make ch. of ample length, turn, 1 tr. c. in third st., 1 tr. c. each every other st., ch. 3.

2nd row.—1 tr. c. in first tr. c., ch. 6, sk. 6 tr. c., 1 tr. c. in next, ch. 6, sk. 6, 1 tr. c., repeat, ch. 3.

3rd row.—1 tr. in each st. of ch. 6, ch. 3, sk. tr. in last row, 6 tr. on ch. 6, repeat.

4th row.—Ch. 3, 3 tr. c. under ch. 3, ch. 3, 3 tr. c. under same ch., ch. 3, 1 s. c. under next ch. 3. Repeat.

5th row.—4 s. c., ch. 3, 1 sl. st. to form picot, * 3 s. c., on 3 tr. c., 1 p., 2 s. c. under ch. 3, 1 p., 2 s. c. under same ch.

THE BRAND OF SHAME

By Maud Mary Brown

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The Crisis in Two Lives

He caught her roughly, his anger past control. "My money bought you, didn't it? If one of my horses played the devil with me as you have done, I'd kill him. But I am not going to kill you. I am going to master you. My cattle bear my brand to warn thieves away, and before God, so shall you."

She sobbed and struggled but he was inexorable. "You may flaunt your white shoulders before men but they shall see that you have an owner—that YOU BELONG TO DRAKE, of the Big Four Ranch."

He held her, half-fainting, till he had accomplished his task, then, releasing her, he strode to the door and went down the street, while Julia, a sorry figure in her barbaric splendor, her shoulders marred by the brand that would mark her for life, lay in a huddled heap on the floor.

The dramatic incident above described is the crisis of this strong story which faithfully portrays a phase of modern life that is undermining social morals and needs a drastic remedy.

HAD Drake been able to blot out the vision of the man looking with too-admiring eyes into his wife's face, the living picture of Julia arranging nasturtiums in a huge brass bowl would have delighted him.

Warned by some telepathic message, the other man glanced at his host whose huge bulk half filled the doorway; he straightened instantly from his lounging position against the table.

"Morning, Drake," he greeted, and strolled nonchalantly out of the room.

"Well, Julia, aren't you up pretty early for you?" Drake advanced to his wife and waited for her to lift her face for his salute.

But Julia Drake kept her dark, rather sullen, eyes lowered. Except for the vivid scarlet of her lips there was no trace of color in her delicately-chiselled face.

"I couldn't bear to miss one moment of the last day they are to be here," she replied.

Drake frowned slightly. "You'll miss them, naturally. I shall miss that sister of yours, myself."

"And I shall miss Page," she said sharply. "And Kingsley Pierce as well. Jeff, just why are you not keeping King here at the ranch? You've often told me that you needed an assistant."

"My dear girl, Pierce has been down here for five months and he has no more command of the business than he had the day he came. Perhaps it isn't strange; you know very well the life he has led; this must seem pretty slow to him. When he came down with the idea of pulling up, I was glad enough to give him a trial; well, he hasn't made good. And I have no use for him. He hates it, to begin with——"

"You can't blame him for that," Julia interposed swiftly. She looked about the room, aversion in her eyes. Yet it was, as living-rooms in Texas go, a luxurious and very dignified apartment. It was, however, essentially a man's room; as yet, in spite of her having lived in it for a year, it reflected none of Julia Drake's personality. One would have said that it lacked the subtle touch that proclaimed its mistress a happy woman.

"Julia!" Drake's voice was sharp.

"Oh, I spoke hastily, Jefferson. But can't you see that being so very much alone nearly drives me mad? At times I become so *cnnuied* that I could scream."

Drake's heavy brows met. "I can't understand it, dear," he said, "you can ride."

She laughed mirthlessly. "One can't ride all day, silly; and besides, this fierce sun hurts my eyes and ruins my skin. What it will be when summer really sets in, I dread to contemplate."

"There is the car, and you have books and magazines. You know you can order anything you want, honey."

She dismissed his generosity with a petulant gesture.

"Well, just what do you want, Julia?" he asked gravely.

"I want life!" Her dark eyes fired and her face quickened.

"And—Pierce means—life?"

"Jeff, stop! Kingsley Pierce is nothing to me except in so far as he represents the life that I gave up by marrying you. We both love New York and gayety but that is all." Her heavy lids curtained her eyes once more.

"Here they are!" Julia's younger sister had entered the room and was calling over her shoulder to Page Beardsley and Pierce. "They're at their mututinal philandering."

She glanced sharply at her sister and Drake, and wheeling suddenly, she surprised the frown on Pierce's brow.

"Will you see who's here!" young Beardsley sang out with his habitual grin. "Sister Julia! I don't seem to remember that she cared for worms!"

"Texas has reformed her, you audacious infant!" Edith Bentley returned. "She can get up with the best of us now. Isn't breakfast ready, sister? I am immoderately hungry."

Drake opened the door to the dining-room. He liked this frank, boyish sister of Julia's and he had hoped that her brief visit might help to restore his wife's contentment.

But, strangely enough, Julia had seemed almost indifferent to Edith and to Page Beardsley who had followed her South on the slender chance that a fresh environment might lead her to consider an engagement. Page was an amusing cub, too rich to make work a necessity, too indolent to desire it for the stimulant of accomplishment.

Edith Bentley and her exotic sister were dissimilar types, the younger being less inflammable, infinitely more wholesome. Without Julia's rare beauty, she nevertheless had her share; her color was fresher; her lips were fashioned on less petulant lines, and her eyes, while not so provocative, would, one felt certain, meet the world with a steadier gaze.

In spite of Page's nonsense, breakfast was not a cheerful feast. Pierce gloomed openly and Julia, her smoldering eyes downcast, was silent. Drake was serene enough, though he was unaccustomedly pale underneath his tan.

"What time do we light out in the morning?" queried Page Beardsley as they rose.

"By seven; I will drive you in myself. You will go, of course, Julia?"

"Oh, I suppose so. This triple exodus is cruel, if you're consulting me. Couldn't you manage to leave in sections?"

"Not I," returned Edith. "My chaperon has been cooling her heels in town long enough. She admits it. Page might stay."

Beardsley looked reproachfully into her tantalizing eyes. "Pierce," he said, turning to the older man, "I thought you came down here to learn ranching. Sick of it?"

"We will let it go at that," was Pierce's reply.

As they strolled out to the court between the two wings of the rambling bungalow, Drake adjusted his sombrero with care.

"The wagon will start with your baggage at daybreak," he said. "I must run along now. I rather expect we shall hit oil over on the eastern division today. And an engineer is coming—he'll be here for luncheon, Julia—to go with me into the hills to advise about that irrigation scheme. It's my busy day. Any one coming with me?"

The men were silent. Page Beardsley was too idle for such a morning and Pierce, now that his obligation had so nearly ceased, made no attempt to conceal his contempt for Drake.

"I'm going, Jeff, if I may," Edith declared.

"Good!" He looked at her with affection and she gave him back a smile.

"Silly!" jeered Julia. "They'll take you for a half-breed when you get back to New York. At least put on a broad hat."

After watching the two ride away, Page went to his room and Pierce turned eagerly to Mrs. Drake.

"This is probably our last hour alone, dear," he said; "can't we go where we shall be undisturbed?"

"The library is the most comfortable room in the morning," Julia returned coolly.

"Now then, what are we going to do about it?" he demanded when they had entered the room.

She chose not to understand.

"Don't try the tricks of the eternal woman at a time like this," he urged. "You know very well what I mean. Are you going North with us tomorrow?"

She considered a moment. "No," she replied.

"Just what ties you here? Surely not that self-centered husband of yours. You are not so much to him as a growthy steer. It maddens me to see you shunted aside for ditches and oil and live stock. I am not asking you to go away with me, dear. I am only urging you to go home to your father; then, when things adjust themselves, we can think about our own happiness. You've helped me to pull up, Julia; it can't be that you intend to desert me now. What are you going to do with me?"

She did not reply.

"Are you going to send me to the devil without a sign that you care?" He drew her to him.

"We mustn't, King."

"You do care?"

She pushed him away. "I don't know. I don't whether it is you or the life that you represent that I love. If I were sure——"

He reached for her again but she eluded his arms.

"I don't know what I am going to do after you leave." She covered her face with her white hands.

"Julia! I can't leave you here! It is too much to ask. Your youth and beauty will be devoured, crushed out. It is sacrilege. Dear, come with us tomorrow."

She caught her lips between her white teeth. "I shall never go back to my father's house without my husband," she said.

They heard Beardsley's footsteps approaching and Pierce, without another word, turned and strode out of the room.

Two people at dinner at the Big Four Ranch that night had no suspicion of the strain in the atmosphere. They were Drake and the young engineer whom he had persuaded to stay the night. Drake was unwontedly talkative. His drills had found oil and he anticipated a big yield.

Too, his irrigation scheme might be expected to work out satisfactorily. The two men discussed the matter, frequently interrupted by Edith who demanded explanation of their terms of speech.

The engineer obviously felt her charm and Beardsley, observing it, was disheartened. He tried to rouse himself, felt his technical inferiority, felt that the exertion was too great, and relapsed into sulky silence.

All save Drake and the engineer were in evening dress. Drake rarely got into his dinner clothes, Julia always.

She glanced at the two men so unembarrassed in their khaki, and her seductive lips curled.

She was radiant in a yellow frock with somewhere a daring touch of scarlet to add to its allurement. More than once the stranger glanced speculatively at her, wondering where Drake found his orchid and if it would survive transplanting.

After dinner the two men continued to dominate the conversation and Julia and her sister went early to their rooms, the latter to pack.

Getting into a peignoir, Julia drifted into Edith's room and perched on the bed to watch proceedings.

"Fancy having no maid! A civilized one won't stay a week."

"There are compensations, my dear."

"*Are* there! I wish you would lend me your glasses."

Edith sat back on the floor, encircling her knees with her bared arms. "Julia," she said, "if you aren't wary you're coming to a fearful cropper."

Mrs. Drake looked at her sister defiantly.

"You know quite well what I mean. You don't appreciate your husband. He is doing a tremendous work here. Doesn't the thought of it all—the cattle, the land, the oil, the ditches—thrill you? Can't you see the romance in it all?"

"Romance in steers! Look at me, Edith! Do you think I was fashioned for this sort of thing?"

"Foolish! You knew what you were doing. Jeff didn't drag you here an unwilling bride."

"No, but he dominated me during those few weeks in New York. He can do that. He took advantage of my youth and my ignorance of conditions here. Sometimes I think I shall go mad."

"You are a foolish and very self-centered woman, my dear. You could if you would, find tranquility here—find the eternal significance of things, which is life. You are too busy with your sandpile to appreciate the mountain."

Julia understood and reddened.

"I pity Jeff. A man has a right to expect his wife to be a woman, not a spoiled child; to play the game staunchly and without cheating." She resumed her packing in silence.

The next morning Julia, with hard, tearless eyes watched the train bearing away the reminders of her happier days.

"Come, dear," Drake urged after the train had rounded a curve, "it is time I was getting back to the ranch. There will be a couple of men in for luncheon."

"Always it is the ranch," sighed Julia.

"That's my job, girl."

She was silent during the rapid drive home but her thoughts were not idle. Julia was not stupid and she felt that her situation was desperate enough to legitimatize any measure for its alleviation.

During the first few months of her marriage Drake had satisfied her wholly. In his admiration for her there had been something very close to reverence; but the expression of his adoration had gradually ceased. It was not that he loved her less and she knew it; it was the final readjustment of marriage—the putting her out of his arms that they might be free for his work.

Before her dissatisfaction at this state of affairs had had time to crystallize, Kingsley Pierce, a distant kinsman and a New York man about town, had come to the Big Four. He fed her vanity unweariedly. It was the only thing which he did really well while at the ranch.

And now that he was gone, life stretched ahead, as monotonous as a vast plain. She wondered what she should do—how live. By tears and mutiny she knew that she could accomplish nothing with her husband. But there were other methods of achieving one's will with a man. And so she was thoughtful.

At luncheon she was charming to the strangers whom Drake brought home. Half expecting a sulky silence, he was delighted. At dinner her mood had not altered.

"Gad!" Drake ejaculated. "It is good to be alone with you again."

"But you have been following stimulating pursuits all day," she reminded him, smiling.

"And you have been lonely? There isn't much for you to do, is there? I always did say that supplanting the distaff and the wheel was bad business for the women."

"What primordial sentiments! Can you give me the evening?"

For a fraction of a moment Drake hesitated. "I have a bunch of letters to get off, but I'll see Jenkins for a few minutes and let him manage them. That man's a whale for work, honey."

During the days which followed Julia was with her husband as much has his pursuits permitted and she lost no opportunity to play upon the weakest spot in man's armor—love of power.

"Is it quite fair to bury your business talents down here?" she asked one day.

"Honey, I don't believe I get you."

"There is bigger, finer work for you up North. Oh, I understood your conversation with those men the other day. There is oil stock to be floated and there is that mining business to be put through."

In spite of her proximity and her soft appeal Drake saw clearly.

"Just my love isn't enough for you, is it, Julia?"

"Oh, my dear, yes! But let us not risk murdering it in a *tete-a-tete* on a Texas ranch."

"I abominate the city, dear; this is my life. Why, looking from any window in this house, so far as I can see, the land is mine! In the city I should be a cipher. It would be a poor exchange."

She laughed musically. "It is because I see how easily you could dominate them that I wish to see you there. Ah! I should be proud of you! And pride in her husband is a wife's sweetest vanity. A little man can do the work here—a machine, like Jenkins. Your place is on the fighting-line. Have you the courage to get to the front, dearest?"

He turned away from the soft, fleeting pressure of her hands.

That night she won his surrender. She called him to her where she lay on a *chaise longue* in her room. The moon wrapped her in a sweet and gentle radiance. She was intoxicatingly lovely.

She made room for him to sit beside her. "Dear," she began; "all day I have been thinking about you in New York. I know many of the big men up there and not one can surpass you. This life has been a training-school for bigger things. You can easily be one of the few big men in the country. Are you strong enough to break the fetters? Dear, are you?"

She raised her bared arms and drew him within reach of her scarlet lips and Drake gave his promise.

After a little he went out into the night. His senses had steadied; face in hands, he sat for hours, thinking. He felt humiliated. He had yielded against his better judgment—had yielded to the eternal Delilah. But he *had* yielded and he would go.

Toward morning he went to his room. His impulse was not to see Julia again that night, but, ready for bed, he stole softly into her room and left a kiss on her up-turned cheek.

When he had gone Julia's eyes flew wide. She had been very uneasy while he was out there under the stars. More than once she had crept to the window to watch him. But the crisis was passed; his kiss proved that. Stretching her pampered body luxuriously, she composed herself for sleep.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

It was December and unseasonably warm in New York. Young Beardsley and Edith Bentley had been strolling through the park and they dropped idly on a bench to rest.

"Are you going to marry me, Edith?" Beardsley asked abruptly.

"I don't believe so, Page."

"Just why?" he demanded sullenly.

"Chiefly because your life is so like that of the squirrels yonder. It is measured by food and frolics. I couldn't marry a man like that."

"But good Lord, Edith! Why should I do any silly work? There's more money now than the two of us can ever spend."

"Oh, money!" She gave him one of her direct looks. "Does it never occur to you that it would be splendid to do something big—to force something true out of life?"

Page kicked petulantly at a pebble. "I don't begin to understand you," he growled. "But I know what is the matter with you; you're dippy about that big brother-in-law of yours. I wish he had stayed in Texas."

"So do I," was Edith's prompt retort.

"Your jolly sister, doesn't, you'd better believe."

"Julia is a little fool! She is throwing away her bread and butter to nibble at an eclair. Page, I couldn't speak of this to any one else, not even to father, but I'm worried about Julia."

"Nonsense, girl! Julia's doing what all the pretty matrons do—nothing more."

"It is quite enough. The only thing that conceivably can interest her in Kingsley Pierce is the fact that he is not her husband."

"That doesn't sound pretty."

"It isn't pretty. I wish Jeff would take her by one of her white shoulders and march her back to Texas. I think I shall tell him so."

"But this isn't getting me anywhere. Are you going to marry me?"

"I am going to marry a man, Page, or remain a spinster."

There was a pregnant silence between them. Then, "If I became a man, dear?"

They both rose and she stretched out her hands impulsively. "It would make me the happiest girl in New York," she said.

In silence they went out of the park and to her door. "I am not coming in, dear. I shall see you at the Lawrences' ball of course. Good by till then." And Edith watched him as he hurried down the street.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Jefferson Drake and his wife had come to New York early in October. It had been an unusually lovely autumn and after the heat of the South, the tonic air and the hills decked like an Italian peasant on a *fete* day, delighted Drake.

Julia, frenziedly happy, spent long hours in the shops, buying everything that her starved impulses demanded.

A stock company was formed to conduct the oil operations and engineers were despatched to investigate the mineral deposits in the region west of the Pecos. Drake was the leader in these movements. He made many and advantageous acquaintances and before many weeks had passed he was pledged to two exclusive clubs.

In all these things Julia took an interest merely because they served to keep her husband occupied and contented. Of the appearance he would make when the social season really opened, she considered ruefully. Some of Drake's personality was lost when he donned evening clothes.

Not for long, however, did she worry over his potential social incompetence. Kingsley Pierce would see her through. He assured her of that frequently.

At first the Drakes had been with Mr. Bentley and Edith, but before the visit had lasted many days the situation became strained through Mr. Bentley's disapproval of Pierce's constant attendance upon Julia.

"He is a bad lot, my dear. He has damned more than one married woman right here under our eyes."

"Father! What a cordial way to speak of a kinsman!"

"The relationship, thank heaven, is not close enough to worry over. See that you do not let him trade upon it. And you must see less of him while you are a guest of my house; otherwise, I shall advise Jefferson to take you back to Texas."

Julia was furious and she immediately persuaded Drake to lease an apartment on the Drive.

The first brilliant social event of the season was a fancy dress ball and being given for the war sufferers, it would be particularly sumptuous. Julia, at Pierce's suggestion, was to go as Cleopatra. She told Drake about it prettily and begged his pecuniary indulgence.

Happy at having been given a free rein, she observed him gravely. "You are too big for Napoleon, Jeff. But wasn't there some strapping destiny-maker whom you could impersonate?"

He smiled indulgently. "I don't expect to be able to go," he replied. "Jenkins plans to be here that night and we have many things to go over. I am afraid you will have to go with Edith, honey."

"Oh, I shall manage," Julia replied.

On the night of the ball, Drake could not get up home for dinner for Jenkins was taking a late-evening train South and every moment was valuable.

At nine o'clock, however, Drake called a taxicab and ran up home for the pleasure of seeing Julia in her splendor. He let himself in quietly and hearing voices in the drawing-room, went directly there.

Kingsley Pierce was the first upon whom his eyes fell. Drake nodded perfunctorily and turned to his wife. She stood motionless, her breath uneven, as he looked her up and down, and defiance smoldered in her eyes and perched on her scarlet lips.

"Gorgeous, isn't she?" Pierce shattered the silence to ask.

Drake half turned to him. "If you will excuse us, Pierce, I have something that I wish to say to my wife."

"You can have nothing to say that Kingsley may not hear," Julia fired.

Drake turned back to her. "You know you're not going out like that," he said gravely.

"Oh, am I not?" Julia was very angry. "Don't be more provincial than you can help, Jeff. This is nothing to some of the costumes."

He looked at her once more, from her jewel-decked head down to her bared, white bosom, unrelieved by any ornament. He glanced at her bare arms aflame with jewels, her rich, barbaric costume, her bared feet with their anklets and tiny sandals. His silent scrutiny strained her nerves. She rather regretted now having allowed her imagination to run riot after hearing that her husband would neither go to the fete nor be home to dinner. She had not planned this for his eyes.

At last he withdrew his eyes and coolly lit a cigarette. "My wife is not going into public like that," he said. Then his customary control broke bounds, "Good God! Have you no delicacy? Would you let men gaze at you as you are now? Get into that room!" He pointed to the door of Julia's chamber with a steady hand though his anger was rising like a strong wind. "And stay there!" he added. "You are not going out tonight."

He waited, alert, while Julia drew up her lissome body in a brave attempt at defiance; but under his steady gaze her will broke and she went slowly into her room.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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But man and woman, girl and boy,
In every visit, finds new joy?

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What is it cheers the lonely one
Who, at the setting of the sun,
Sits down to rest, the day's work done?

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What is it has a word of cheer
For every one who cares to hear,
And takes its message far and near?

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What is it in each neighborhood
Is doing all that any could
And never tires of doing good?

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To do their best to get along
And stand for right against the wrong?

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What is it sees in all this land
The need of help to understand
The Golden Rule, God's good command,
And seeing, lends a helping hand?

COMFORT.

Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Early Winter Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



NOVELTY wool mixtures and pile fabrics will be popular for children's coats as well as for those for grown ups.

Brown Zibeline with a shavelvet collar, cuffs and pocket velvet collar, cuff and pocket trimming is very smart. The raglan sleeve is comfortable, and popular, and both loose and belted styles will be worn.

Pockets have been found such a convenience and so ornamental that one may look for them again this season in many new and novel forms.

Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated.

1848—Girls' Coat, with raglan sleeve. This style is fine for cheviot, serge, velvet, corduroy, velour and taffeta. The fronts of the coat are trimmed with smart pockets.

Cut in seven sizes; two, four, six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a six-year size.

1460—Patterns for Animal Set. This group of designs comprises a dog, a pig and a sheep. All are attractive toys for little tots, and may readily be developed by the home dressmaker. Bath toweling, canton flannel, elderdown, plush or fur-faced cloths are suitable. The sheep will require one half yard of material. The dog three quarters yard, and the pig three eighths yard. The pattern is cut in one size.

1832—A Dainty Frill Shirt-waist. This style is ideal for lawn, batiste, dimity, voile, crepe and crepe de chine. The fronts are turned back to form ripple revers, that meet a rolled collar.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1506—Set of Short Clothes. Comprising drawers, underskirt, and a dress that may be finished in bishop or French style. This set of patterns will develop charmingly and please the little doll mother.

Cut in six sizes; 14, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. It will require five eighths yard for the drawers, seven eighths yard for the petticoat, and one yard for the dress of 36-inch material for a 24-inch size. This pattern also comes in child's sizes; one, two, three and four years.

1841—A Popular, comfortable style. Boys' blouse with yoke in square or pointed outline, and with two styles of collar. Madras, cambric, linen, linene, silk, soisette, flannel and pique are good for this model.

Cut in five sizes; six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 12-year size.

1459—Patterns for set of monkey, elephant and rabbit. These toys are always acceptable for small children, they are soft and indestructible and easy to make. Canton flannel, elderdown, felt, silk or satin, plush or fur-faced cloth are suitable for these models. The pattern includes all designs illustrated.

It is cut in one size. It requires one yard of canton flannel for the monkey, with one half yard of flannel for his jacket, trousers and cap. For the rabbit it will require one half yard of canton flannel or elderdown. The elephant will require one yard of canton flannel.

1830—A Smart Frock for mother's girl. This model in striped gingham or chambrey, linene, corduroy or pique would be very attractive, especially if vest, collar and cuffs were of contrasting material. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 12-year size.

1821—Ladies' Kimono. Figured crepe, silk, lawn, percale and batiste are nice for this style. The draped effect is new and becoming.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires seven and five eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1547—Ladies' Home or Morning Dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths. This style is nice for linen, seersucker, gingham and chambrey, for serge, cashmere and flannelette. If made of serge with trimming of matched satin, it would do nicely for business or street wear.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1847—Boys' Coat. This model is finished with a raglan sleeve, and has double breasted fronts. The design is good for velvet, corduroy, serge, cheviot, tweed, broadcloth and mixed suiting.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1604—A Practical, Serviceable Ladies' Apron, with or without belt. Gingham, seersucker, percale, lawn, sateen, drill or alpaca may be used for this model.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1823—A Dainty Frock for mother's girl. Sleeve in either of two lengths, and with round or square neck outline. Batiste, lawn, pique, linene, gingham, percale, cashmere, crepe and nun's veiling are nice for this model.

Cut in four sizes; one, two, four and five years. It requires two and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1839—Ladies' Apron. This style is sometimes known as the "Fudge" apron. It may be made of embroidered toweling, of lawn, crepe, batiste, dimity, dotted Swiss and linen, and trimmed with lace or embroidery.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It will require two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1838—Ladies' Combination Corset Cover and Underskirt. This style is good for batiste, nainsook, lawn, crepe and silk. The skirt has three gores, lengthened by a gathered flounce.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1597—A Unique and Easily Adjusted Apron. Percale, gingham, seersucker, sateen, drill, muslin or lawn may be used for this style.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires for a medium size five and five eighths yards of 36-inch material.

1859—Attractive Cap Styles. Corduroy, velvet, velveteen, poplin, faille, taffeta, repp, flannel, felt and zibeline are all nice for these caps.

Cut in three sizes; three to eight years (children's), 10 to 14 years (girls) and 16 to 20 years (ladies'). Girls' sizes require seven eighths yard of 27-inch material for cap No. 1 and three quarters yard of material for No. 2, with five eighths yard of canvas and one eighth yard of buckram for interlining.

1833—Ladies' Dress. Gabardine in a new shade of green with pipings of matched satin, would be nice for this. The skirt has back and front panel sections, and full flaring side gores.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1822—Ladies' House or Porch Dress. Linen, drill, linene, corduroy, gabardine, serge, taffeta, percale, seersucker and brilliantine are nice for this model. The skirt is a three-piece model. The sleeve may be in wrist or in elbow length.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1862—A Comfortable Style. Linen, lawn, madras, batise, crepe or silk could be used for this waist, while serge, gabardine, repp, corduroy, poplin, broadcloth and voile are nice for the skirt.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material fo rthe waist, and two and seven eighths yards for the skirt, for a 16-year size.

1491—A Simple Shirt-waist in attractive tailored style. This comfortable and up-to-date model is good for linen, lawn, madras, Georgette crepe, serge, flannel, taffeta, poplin or repp.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1844—Bag and Apron. 1807—Waist. A smart combination. The bag is ideal for darning or embroidery, and may be finished with various pockets for practical and convenient purposes. The apron is attractive and has a smart pocket over the center section.

The pattern for this model is cut in one size; medium. It requires two and five eighths yards of 27-inch material for the apron, with seven eighths yard for the bag.

The waist pattern is cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and one quarter yards of 27-inch material for a medium size. *Two* separate patterns, 10c *for each* pattern.

1842—Girls' Dress. This model is nice for gabardine, velour, poplin, mixed suiting, checks and plaids and also for all wash fabrics.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size.

1825—A Simple, Practical Skirt Model. Wool, poplin, faille, taffeta, gabardine, serge, mixed suiting, tweed, velour, velvet and corduroy are nice for this design.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires three and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

1845—A Splendid Utility Coat. Ladies' coat, with or without pockets. Cheviot, serge, velour, corduroy and other coat suitings are very appropriate for this style.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 54-inch material for a medium size.

1561—Dress for Juniors with sleeve in either of two lengths. The waist is made with a separate peplum which may be omitted. A deep round collar finishes the neck edge. The skirt is a three-piece model cut wih graceful flare.

Cut in three sizes; 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires four and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size.

1824—A Stylish Dress. Taffeta, serge, gabardine, nun's veiling, satin, velvet and broadcloth are well adapted for this design. The waist may be finished without the cape collar. The skirt is fitted with deep pockets.

Cut in six sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires seven and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1575—Ladies' Yoke Skirt with panel portions. In raised or normal waistline. This design is most pleasing and becoming to any figure.

The pattern is cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four and three eighths yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

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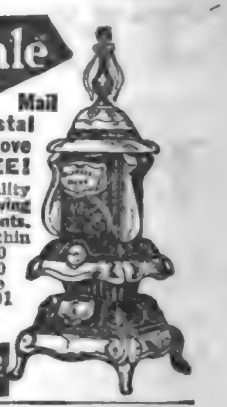
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The Masked Bridal

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"Jist forninst her, sir—on the same floor, across the hall."

"She writes that her mother is very ill."

"Whisht, sir; the poor lady's dyin', sir," said Kate.

"Dying!" exclaimed Royal Bryant, aghast.

"Yes, sir; she has consumption; and just afther the officer—bad luck to 'im!—took the young lady away, she had a bad coughin' spell, and burst a blood-vessel, and she has been failin' ever since," the woman explained.

"Who is with Mrs. Allandale now?" questioned Mr. Bryant, with a look of deep anxiety.

"The docthor, sir; he promised to stay wid her till I come back."

"Well, then, Mrs. O'Brien, if you will be good enough to hurry back and care for Mrs. Allandale, I will go at once to her daughter; and I am very sure that I can secure her release within a short time. Tell her mother so, and that I will send her home immediately upon her release."

"Bless yer kind heart!" cried the woman, heartily, and she hurried away to take the blessed news to Edith's fast-failing mother.

The moment the door closed after her, Royal Bryant seized his overcoat and began to put it on again, his face aflame with mingled indignation and mortification.

He was just fastening the last button of his coat when there came a knock upon his door.

"Come in," he said, but frowning with impatience at the unwelcome interruption and the probable detention which it portended.

An instant later a rather common-looking man, of perhaps forty years, entered the room.

"Ah, Mr. Knowles! good-morning, good-morning," said young Bryant, with his habitual cordiality. "What can I do for you today?"

"I—I have called to pay an installment upon what I owe you, Mr. Bryant," the man responded.

"Ah, yes; I had forgotten that this was the date for the payment. I hope, however, that you are not inconveniencing yourself in making it today."

"There is nothing that inconveniences me more than debt," the man evasively replied, but quickly repressing a sigh, as he drew forth a well-worn purse, while his companion saw that his lips trembled slightly as he said it.

Opening the purse, Mr. Knowles produced a small coin and extended it to the lawyer.

It was a five-dollar gold-piece.

Almost unconsciously, Mr. Bryant turned the money over, his glance still riveted upon it.

As he did so he gave a violent start which caused his companion to regard him curiously.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, in vehement excitement, as he bent to examine the coin more closely, "this is the strangest thing that ever happened to me in all my experience!"

CHAPTER IV.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

"Is there anything wrong about the money?" Mr. Knowles inquired, a gleam of anxiety in his eyes.

"Pardon me," said Royal Bryant, flushing, as he was thus recalled to himself; "you are justified in asking the question, and I trust you will not regard me as impertinently inquisitive if I inquire if you can remember from whom you received this piece of money."

"Certainly I remember," Mr. Knowles replied. "Will you kindly tell me the name of the person from whom you took it?"

Mr. Knowles appeared embarrassed and hesitated about replying.

"I have a special and personal reason for asking you," Mr. Bryant continued. "See!" he added, holding the gold-piece before him where the light struck full upon it, "you perceive this coin is marked," and he pointed out some vertical scratches which had been made just inside the margin. "I made those marks myself."

"Can that be possible!" exclaimed his companion.

"Yes. This very piece of money was in my possession as late as five o'clock last Saturday afternoon."

"I cannot understand," said Mr. Knowles.

"Let me explain," returned Mr. Bryant. "I owed my copyist exactly five dollars, and, having nothing smaller in bills than tens, I was obliged to pay her with this coin. While she was getting ready to leave the office, I sat toying with it and scratched it, as you see, with the point of my penknife; then I gave it to Miss Allandale, and thought no more about the matter. But just before you came in this morning, I received a note from her saying she had been arrested for passing the coin with which I had paid her, it having been declared counterfeit, and she begged me to come at once to her assistance and try to prove her innocence. I was just on the point of doing so when you called."

"What a very singular circumstance," Mr. Knowles remarked, reflectively. "It appears all the more so to me from the fact that I also received this piece of money no later than seven o'clock on last Saturday evening."

"You amaze me!" exclaimed Mr. Bryant. "Pray explain to me how you came by it—it may help to solve this very perplexing mystery, for I am confident that the coin is genuine, in spite of the trouble it has brought upon Miss Allandale."

"Yes, I will be frank with you," his companion returned, but flushing again, "and tell you that, in order to make this payment to you, I was obliged to borrow the money and gave, as security, a valuable mantel clock, which was one of my wife's wedding gifts. In other words, I pawned it. It goes against my pride to confess it; but the idea of debt is horrible to me; and, having been in very straitened circumstances of late, from sickness in my family and other causes, I had no other means of meeting my obligations to you, while I hoped to be able to redeem the clock before the time allotted should expire."

"Mr. Knowles, I thank you heartily for telling me this, while, at the same time, I am deeply pained," gravely returned Royal Bryant. "I would not have had you so pressed for a great deal; my claim against you can wait indefinitely, and you need feel no anxiety regarding it. Take your own time about it, for I am sure that I can safely trust a man to whom the idea of debt is so repulsive."

"You are very good," said Mr. Knowles, in a grateful tone.

"I shall return you this amount," the young lawyer resumed, "but in bills, for I wish to retain this gold-piece; and I beg that you will go at once and redeem your wife's clock. I am also going to throw a little business in your way, for I would like to retain you as a witness for Miss Allandale, and you shall be well paid for your services. Now please give me the name of the pawnbroker from whom you took the money."

"Solon Retz, No. —— Third avenue."

"Ah, yes; I know him for a scheming and not over-scrupulous person. I fought a tough battle with him a year or so ago."

But Royal Bryant still looked greatly perplexed.

He could not understand how the pawnbroker could have had that particular gold-piece to loan upon Mr. Knowles' clock, before seven o'clock on Saturday evening, when Edith Allandale had been arrested that same night, for trying to pass it off upon the grocer of whom she had spoken in her note.

To him it seemed an inexplicable mystery.

However, he knew—he could take his oath—that the coin which he now held in his hand was the identical piece of money which he had paid to his beautiful but unfortunate copyist for her last week's work, and he was also reasonably sure that it was not a counterfeit.

"I suppose you will have no objection to testifying as to how and from whom you received the money?" he inquired of Mr. Knowles, after a few moments' reflection.

"Certainly not, if such testimony will be of any benefit to the young lady's cause," he readily replied. "And," he added, "I can easily prove the truth of my assertions, as I have here the ticket which I received from the pawnbroker."

"Ah! that is well thought of, and will undoubtedly score a strong point for Miss Allandale," Mr. Bryant exclaimed, with animation. "And now allow me to advance you the fee for your services as a witness," he added, as he pressed a ten-dollar note into his companion's hand. "This will be sufficient to redeem your clock and remunerate you for the time you may lose in appearing as a witness. Hereafter, Mr. Knowles, if you find yourself short of cash, pray do not be troubled about what is owing me—do not try to pay it until it is perfectly convenient for you to do so."

"You are very considerate, Mr. Bryant," the man returned, with evident emotion. "I cannot tell you how your generosity touches me, for the world has gone very badly with me of late."

"Well, we will hope for better times in the future for you, sir," was the cheery response of the noble-hearted young lawyer. "Now I must be off," he added, "and I would like you to meet me at the Thirtieth street station-house in an hour from now. I shall know by that time what I shall be able to do for my young friend."

He bade the man good-morning and bowed him out of his office, and, five minutes later, was on his way to the assistance of beautiful Edith Allandale.

Before boarding a car, he stepped into a bank near-by and had the gold coin tested.

It proved to be just as he had thought—it was perfectly good, and if Edith had been arrested for passing it, some one would have to stand damages for having subjected her to such an injustice.

Upon his arrival at the station-house, and requesting an interview with Miss Allandale as her attorney, the police sergeant conducted him directly to the room occupied by Edith, who looked so pale and wan from anxiety and confinement that the young man's conscience smote him keenly, although his heart bounded with sudden joy when he saw how her sad face lighted at the sight of him.

"This is the most outrageous thing I ever heard of, Miss Allandale," he exclaimed, as he clasped her cold hand.

"I was sure you would come," she murmured, with a sigh of relief, but flushing for an instant beneath his ardent gaze, while her lips quivered with suppressed emotion, for his tone of sympathy had almost unnerved her.

"Of course I would come—I would go to the ends of the earth to serve you," he began, eagerly. "I am filled with remorse when I think what you must have suffered and that I am responsible for your trouble, though unintentionally and unconsciously."

"Yes, I am sure you could not have known that the money was counterfeit," said Edith, wearily.

"And it was not," he quickly returned. "It is a genuine coin and negotiable anywhere."

"But I was told by two different persons that it was spurious," Edith replied, in a tone of surprise.

"Then you were misinformed in both cases, for I have had it tested at a bank, and it has been pronounced good."

"You have had it tested? How can that be possible, when the grocer who caused me to be arrested has the money in his possession this moment?" the young girl exclaimed, in amazement.

Royal Bryant smiled as he drew forth the half-eagle which he had received from Mr. Knowles, and laid it in her palm.

"That is the five-dollar gold-piece that I gave you on Saturday evening," he remarked, in a quiet tone.

"Have you seen the grocer? Did you get it from him?" Edith gasped.

"No; an old client of mine brought it to me, about half an hour ago, in part payment of a debt which he owes me."

"I do not understand—it cannot be the same," said Edith, with a look of perplexity.

"But it is," was the smiling reply. "Look at it closely, and you will find some fresh scratches upon one side of it—do you see?"

"Yes," the young girl admitted.

"Very well; I made them with my penknife during a fit of absent-mindedness, while you were putting on your hat and shawl on Saturday evening," Royal Bryant explained. "It was all the money I had, excepting some large bills, and I was obliged to give it to you, even though I knew it was not a convenient form—one is so liable to lose such a small piece. I am sure I do not know what possessed me to deface it in the way I did," he continued, after a slight pause; "but there the marks are, fortunately, and I could swear to the coin among a hundred others of the same denomination."

"Yes, I remember, now," Edith remarked, reflectively; "I noticed the gold-piece in your hands and that you were using your knife upon it; but how could it have come into the possession of your client? Surely the grocer would not have parted with it voluntarily, for it was all the proof he had against me."

"No; my client, Mr. Knowles, obtained it from a pawnbroker at No. ——Third avenue," Mr. Bryant replied.

Instantly the red blood mounted to the girl's fair brow, and, like a flash, Royal Bryant comprehended how all her trouble had come about.

"Yes," she sighed, after a moment, as if in reply to some question from him, "the week before I went into your office I was obliged to borrow some money upon a beautiful watch of mamma's. It was a very valuable one, but the man would only advance me three dollars upon it. Of course I felt that I must redeem it with the very first money I earned, and I went immediately to the pawnbroker's to get it on leaving your office. He seemed averse to the early redemption of the watch, and threw my money impatiently into the drawer. The next instant he gave it back to me, angrily telling me that it was counterfeit, and charging me with trying to cheat him. But, even now, I cannot understand ——"

"So the pawnbroker threw your money into his drawer, did he?" interposed Mr. Bryant, eagerly grasping at this important point.

"Yes; but, as I said, he returned it immediately to me, and I was obliged to go home without my watch. I was in great distress because, Mr. Bryant, it was all the money I had, and there were things that mamma and I must have in order to be comfortable over Sunday," Edith confessed, with crimson cheeks and downcast eyes, the sight of which made her companion's heart ache for her. "Mamma suggested that the money might not be bad, after all," she continued, determined that he should know the whole truth about the matter; "that, possibly, the pawnbroker had taken that way to retain the watch, with the hope of ultimately securing it; so I started out to make my purchases. The grocer made no objection to the money and gave me my change without a word. But half an hour later he appeared with an officer and had me arrested. He would not have pressed the matter if I could have returned his money; but, as I could not, and he claimed he had suffered from so many similar cases of swindling, he was obdurate, and I was obliged to come here."

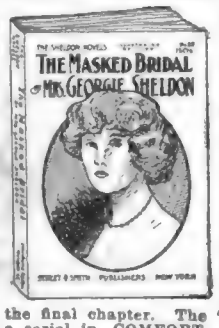
"It was shameful!" said the young lawyer, indignantly. "It was a heartless thing to do. But, my little friend, I think we have a very clear case, and you will soon be fully vindicated."

"Oh! do you? I shall be very grateful——" Edith began, then stopped, choking back a sob that had almost burst from her trembling lips.

"I see you do not quite comprehend how that can be," continued her friend, ignoring her emotion. "But the piece of money which the pawnbroker pretended to return to you was not the same that you had received from me—it was a spurious one which he had at hand for the express purpose evidently of tricking the unwary, and Mr. Solon Retz, will ere long, be compelled to exchange places with you, if I can possibly bring him to justice."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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WORLD'S CROPS.—The latest report of the International Institute of Agriculture indicates that the world's crops this year will be less abundant than last, but that harvest prospects are better than the average in the five-year period, 1909-1913. The estimate of the total wheat crop this year for the seven most important countries is 396,510,000 quintals (a quintal equals 220.46 pounds), or 76,734,000 quintals less than last year. For the United States the wheat total is estimated at 207,000,000 quintals or 25 per cent less than last year. Barley prospects are everywhere poorer than last year, the institute estimates, as are also those for oats and rye. The estimate of the Brazilian coffee crop is slightly under last year.

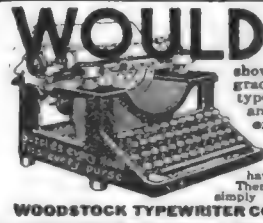
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PALINDROMES

THE palindrome, which is defined as being a word, verse, or sentence which is the same when read either backward or forward, while common in Latin is unusual in the English language. A notable example represents our first parent politely introducing himself to Eve in the Garden of Eden in these words:

"Madam, I'm Adam."

Another worthy example is found in the reply made by Napoleon in exile, upon being asked if he thought he would have been able to invade the British Isles:

"Able was I ere I saw Elba."

An adaption of the French general's famous response is:

"Live was I ere I saw evil."

An imperfect example, owning to the misspelling of one word and the employment of the "&", is here given:

"Lewd did I live & evil I did dwel."

A few of the common palindromic words are civic, tenet, noon, madam, and Hannah.

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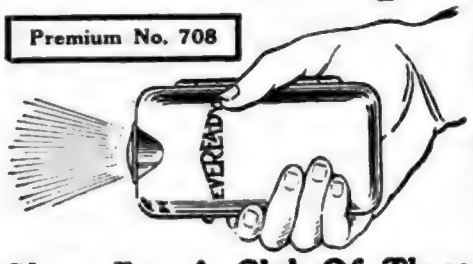


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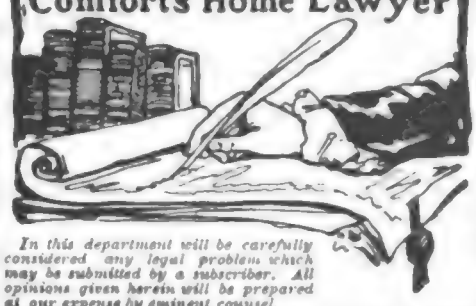
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Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted by a subscriber. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for a one-year subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one full year.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

V. P., California.—We are of the opinion, that upon the proper commitment order, procured in the proper manner, an insane person can be committed to a state institution for the insane from any part of your state; we think your state makes provisions for free treatment of insane persons without property or relatives able to provide for them.

Mrs. M. G., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a woman arrives at her majority at eighteen years, but if she marries before she arrives at that age, the authority of a guardian of her person ceases, but not that of the guardian of her estate.

R. A. O., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the purchaser, named in a contract of sale of property, can legally dispose of his right under such contract without the consent of the other party to the contract, unless there is some limitation in the contract providing otherwise.

Mrs. E. C. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the signature of both the husband and wife are necessary to the conveyance of homestead property belonging to either; we think the father can be compelled to support his children of tender years.

Mrs. L. W., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that a married woman cannot by will bar her husband from dower of a one third interest for life in her real estate, and an absolute right to one third of her personal property in case he survives her. We do not think there is any other limitation of her right to dispose of her property by will.

Mrs. W. G. F., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that where the deed to property runs to the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety, upon the death of one, the whole property goes to the survivor. We think you should proceed in court against the administration of the estate in Philadelphia who you state has not accounted for the property of the estate in which you have an interest in seven years.

R. M. L., Texas.—Under the laws of your state we do not think the wife has any interest in her husband's separate property unless she survives him, nor do we think the children have any interest in their father's separate property during his lifetime; but we think that upon the death of either the father or mother one half of the community or common property would go to the survivor and the other one half in equal shares to the children.

A. L. L., North Carolina.—We think that the marriage of an uncle and niece is within the prohibited degrees in all parts of the United States.

Mrs. L. J. P., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, his estate would all go to his widow, if one survives him, and provided the estate does not exceed in value five thousand dollars. The excess over five thousand dollars, if any, would go one half to the widow, and one half to the father, mother, brothers and sisters in the orders named, except that brothers and sisters have no priority over each other, and except that the descendants of a deceased brother or sister would take their parent's share.

Mrs. F. L. S., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and children his widow would receive one third of the estate absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to the children; of course, this would apply to only such property as the decedent owned in his own right absolutely.

Mrs. G. M., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property acquired after marriage, by either husband or wife, except such as may be acquired by gift, bequest, devise or descent shall be common property and that upon the death of the husband, the wife succeeds to one half of such community property, after the payment of debts and expenses of administration, and the other half is subject to the husband's testamentary disposition and in the absence of that and of descendants, is distributed one half to the surviving wife and the other half to the parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants depending upon who is left.

Mrs. E. A. R., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the signature of the husband is necessary to the conveyance of good title to real estate belonging to the wife.

Mrs. L. O'B., Wyoming.—Under the laws of the United States, we are of the opinion that the children of persons who have been duly naturalized being under the age of twenty-one years at the time of the naturalization of their parents shall, if dwelling in the United States, be considered as citizens thereof. We think you should apply to the Commissioner of Public Lands at Washington, D. C., or your nearest United States land office as to your application for homestead land.

C. G., Colorado.—We do not think that there is any complete list of the estates of descendants published in any country of the world.

E. L. M., Illinois.—We think you have little or no chance to recover any part of the property you mention if your claim has been allowed to lay dormant since 1874.

Mrs. C. G. J., Pennsylvania.—Of course as you must understand we can form no opinion from the few statments you make to us as to just what your chances are to enforce the agreement with your uncle, we think that in case you are unable to settle your dispute and it becomes necessary to take the matter in the courts the determination will depend upon which side produces the most conclusive evidence as to just what your agreement was.

Mrs. E. N. H., Texas.—We do not think the laws of the United States provides pensions for former confederate soldiers. We think you should be able to obtain the documents you mention through your nearest bookseller.

Mrs. M. McC., Washington.—We can give you no advice as to how to conceal your property in order to avoid the payment money ordered paid by some court judgment or decree; we think such payments should be made and not avoided.

Mrs. F. T. D., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a widow and children, his real estate would go one third to the widow and the balance in equal shares to his children, the issue of any deceased child taking the parent's share; we think the children of the surviving widow would receive the same share as children by a former wife, and we do not think the children of the former wife would receive any share in the property held by their mother and father as tenants by the entirety until both parents are dead as we think that upon the death of the mother the whole property went to the father, if he survived her. We think his present wife has no interest in his property during his lifetime except that she is entitled to support from him. We think that upon his death, without a will, his wife and children would receive the same share in his personal property as in the real estate except for some small extra provisions for the widow and small children.

Marketing Your Furs

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FURS are very valuable. The trapper who realizes this and understands that their proper care means more dollars in his pocket, will do his best to skin, dry and handle his pelts so they show up well. Then, when the buyer gets them, the battle is half won.

The skins of animals that have been trapped, of course, bring a greater price than those that have been shot.

The first thing the trapper wants to remember is to try and get the pelt off as soon as he can, after the animal is dead. The quicker it is skinned, the easier it comes off.

To take off the pelt in proper manner, skinning should be commenced at the tail and the hide worked down over the body. Starting from the tail, make a cut down the inside of the hind leg to the feet. Keep pulling on the skin and with a real sharp skinning knife, help it along, wherever it hangs tight. Use great care when you reach the forward legs and about the eyes and ears, so as not to cut the skin and thereby damage it. Flesh the bone out of the tail as far as you can by slitting the skin in the center of the tail, and pulling out the bone.

There are some skins that may split down the belly and not decrease their value. These are the wild-cat, raccoon, southwestern prairie wolf, sometimes called coyote, beaver, bear and badger. After splitting the belly, remove the pelt by working carefully around the legs, eyes and ears and above all, do not cut the skin. Start at the head and work towards the tail.

While already manufactured stretchers can be bought, they are expensive and most trappers make their own. Get some boxes from any store, soft pine is the best to use and they are already planed and smooth. As mink are graded large, medium and small, boards for the large size should be about 30 inches long and three and one quarter inches wide; medium, 24 inches long and two and one half inches wide; small, 18 inches long and two and one half inches wide. These boards should have a slight taper to the head and at this end they should be rounded to about a half circle so as to fit the head of the mink. The mink boards will also do for marten and civet cat.

Muskrats and skunks require different size boards, longer and wider but tapered in a similar way. In fact, all boards should follow this outline and the size of the pelt will govern the exact size of the stretcher. Those pelts which have been split down the belly should be tacked to a shed or barn and allowed to dry.

When drawing the pelt on to the stretching board, be sure it is on smoothly and evenly. Stretch it tightly and fasten by tacking in the head and tail and in the feet. Always place the flesh side out and never rub any salt or alum on the pelt.

The drying is very important and to do it right means much in selling. After your skins have been placed on the boards, scrape off all the meat and fat you can, using a knife or draw shave or anything that will do the work without cutting the skin. Place the skins in a dry, shady spot to dry. In warm climates, they should be in a cool spot and out of the way of flies. Never dry a skin near the fire or in the sun. Do not wash the skins. Let them stay on the stretchers until well dried.

Now comes the packing of the furs. This is almost as important as the skinning and curing, for the finest furs can be spoiled as far as looks go, by improper packing. And always remember it is the looks that sell fur.

After the skins have been well dried, they should be packed in a bundle flat, one on top of the other or side by side sufficient to make a good bundle. Never roll or fold the skins.

The popular way to ship furs heretofore was by express. Since the parcel post was established, the trapper is enabled to forward furs to any place very cheaply. All he has to do is to wrap the fur securely, and hand it to the rural mail carrier who stops at his door. It is best to insure valuable furs, as sometimes packages are lost in the mails.

Any dry fur may be shipped by express or parcel post, in burlap, sack or bundle. Some express agents try to force a shipper to box dry furs but that is wrong and they should be reported to headquarters.

The skunk skin, when dry, need not be boxed. If fresh and emitting its usual odor, the express agent has a right to require the trapper to box the skunk skins. The postmaster will not accept any package containing green skunk skins that smell but if your skunk skin is dry and odorless, it can be mailed.

Be sure your bundles are tight. Do not tie the neck of a sack loosely and then when some of your skins are gone, blame the house buying them. Do not use any sack with holes in it.

The fur houses who solicit your business in COMFORT will send you quotations, invoice blanks and plenty of tags.

About Fowl

A few days prior to Thanksgiving, two aged Irishmen, who had not seen each other for a long time, chanced to meet in a butcher shop. They were both intent on buying fowl for the feast day, and one said to the other:

"Say, Mike, how do you tell the age of a chicken?"

"Sure that's aisy; by the teeth."

"By the teeth?"

"Yes."

"Go 'long with you, sure a chicken has no teeth."

"No, but I have."

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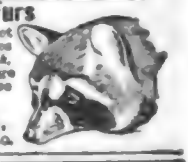
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Charades for Thanksgiving

By Geraldine Ames

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IT is not necessary to select for all of your charades words that need three or four different scenes. They become tiresome, and short words, or words that need only one or two "scenes" or "acts" make the entertainment much better, as it brings on quicker changes and seems to make the whole entertainment livelier.

For an innovation, bring on several words at one time. The master or mistress of ceremonies may explain that each person or group represents a word. This keeps the spectators guessing in a lively manner. For example, take the simple words, "Uproar," "Understand," "Overcoat," "Intent," "Down-trod" and "By-laws." The entire six words may be put on at once. They add to the merry confusion and make it more difficult to guess. For convenience in guessing, each one of the six may be numbered from one to six, that the spectators may designate by saying "Number one is 'Uproar,'" etc.

Uproar

A child climbs up on a step-ladder and roars.


UNDERSTAND

Understand

A child sits under a small table.

Intent

Child in a small tent.

Overcoat

Place a coat beneath a chair and have child sit on chair.

Downtrod

Child picks some "down" from bit of swansdown fur, then treads on it and stops, making it past tense, or downtrod.

By-laws

A stack of calf-bound law books on a stand and a child stands close beside them.

It is true these seem very simple. And if one at a time were performed they would be much easier to guess, but start the entire six at once and what between glancing from one to the other and laughing, the youngsters will have a rather difficult time of it.

Primrose

A clever little girl who can act very primly, with many mincing mannerisms, may enter carrying a rose. She sits middle of a couch and a boy enters and sits beside her. She moves over to other end. She acts very "prim" indeed.

Book-mark

Not so easy as it seems if you can get a very small child to enter, pick a book from the table (previously placed there for the child—a catalog or something without value) and sits on the floor. Child very busily engaged in marking up the pages, scrawling over them, with a pencil. A big blue crayon pencil would be best.

Blacksmith

Someone calls off stage (next room will do for this) "Is Mr. Smith out there?" And a voice replies, "Yas'm I'se here," then a boy blacked up and wearing a man's hat and long trousers, appears. That's all there is to it. But it is surprising to find how few can readily guess that this is "black" smith.

Maine

Child may sit on hobby horse and continually stroke his mane.

New Jersey

Child wears a bright jersey and tells another child it is new, not using the word "jersey" but merely saying, "This is new. Yes, this is brand new," etc.

Indiana

An immense letter D cut from cardboard or made of sticks. A little girl comes out with name "Anna" pinned on her, and stands inside the "D."


INDIANA

These three, like the group of six above, will prove more amusing if produced at the same time.

There are many words that one simple act will describe. They are not as easy when acted as they seem to be just by reading about them.

Three states may be used at once, first explaining that the next scene represents three different states.

Ice Cream

This is amusing. A child may start to drink some water from a glass, make up a face, leave room and come back with a large piece of ice which he drops in it.

The next part a girl comes on with a kitten, a saucer and cream jar, pours some cream and makes kitty drink it.

Tennis Raquet

A couple of children may stretch a little net and play tennis, gently of course, while two more children with a horn and tin pan may make a fearful racket. Everyone will guess "tennis" but be surprised when told that is not right, as the whole charade is "tennis raquet."

Music

Behind a screen have a child holding a cat. Child to "meaou" like a cat, a dozen times, then release cat and push him out from behind scene. The next part is a child on a couch with bandage about head. The whole, of course, is "mew" "sick."

Moving Pictures in Three Reels

Youngster may move three wall pictures, hung low purposely, or three framed pictures from mantel to piano. Child to reel about dizzily while moving each one.

Innocence

Child brings on a large card lettered like this: *"Meet me Tuesday noon by moonlight between Thursday and the Fourth of July."* The more they study it, the more will they become puzzled. "I don't see any sense to it!" some will exclaim. Tell them that's right and that they have nearly guessed it. The answer is, of course, that it is *in no sense.*

Cramophone

A tiny set of scales, like jewelers' scales, if possible, is used. Some one picks up a pin from the floor and says: "How much does a pin weigh?" Another weighs it and announces that it weighs one "grame." In the next scene a bill collector calls and demands payment, saying: "You owe this, why not pay it now," the child—a girl, may answer: "Wait and I will see if I can pay it?" then she pretends to telephone to the bank and ask if she has overdrawn her account, finds she has not, writes check and collector departs. "The grame," "owe" and "phone" makes the word. If they cannot guess it, start up a gramophone in an adjoining room as the "whole."

Airship

This should be puzzling if properly produced. First a child sits at piano and plays a simple tune, or sings a little song. That's the "air." Then the players nail up a wooden box, put on a label and the "expressman" in cap and overalls, comes and asks what's wanted. He is told that they want to "ship" that box to 'Frisco. If they fail to guess, the children may run to window, look up to sky, point and shout "O-o-o! See it! There it goes!" This should be sufficient for a hint that the whole is an airship.

Magic

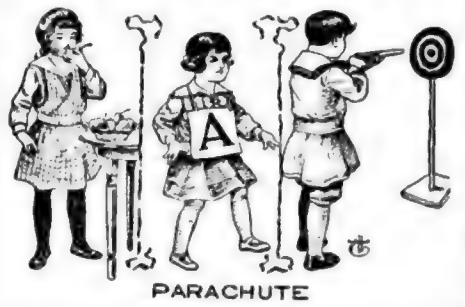
Somewhat of a pun, but some of the best charades depend on the phonetic system. Someone calls "Madge! Oh, Madge! Are you there? Come here, dear," and a little girl runs on. "Oh, there you are, Madge." Next a bright youngster pretends to be afflicted with hiccoughs. He goes about trying to stop it, and continues to "hiccough" taking care to say only "ich! ich! ich!" For the whole, if it is not guessed, some child may perform a simple little trick in magic.

Santa Claus

This needs first a child playing the lady. She says: "Oh, where's my Japanese servant?" then she calls, "San, oh, San, come here San," and claps her hands. Little girl dressed as Japanese girl enters and bows. "Some tea," says the "lady of the house," and the maid, called "San" all the time, serves some tea. For the remainder, two children may play on a bearskin rug and one of them cries out. "What's the matter?" asks the first child. "Oh, I got stratched with his toothpicks!" "Those are not toothpicks, silly," laughs the other, "they are his claws." If this is too difficult, they may rush to window and exclaim, "There he goes, down the chimney!"

Parachute

This is a good charade word but rather difficult for little children. Older children will doubtless catch it and when there are smaller folks it is well to have a "whole" at the end of the charade if they cannot guess it by the scenes. This word should be managed as follows: A child picks a



PARACHUTE

pear from a dish and eats it. Another child marches across the stage wearing a letter "A" and a third comes in with a toy gun and shoots at a target. Then if they cannot guess it, a little child may stand in a chair with an opened umbrella and jump from the chair with it, as one would do with a parachute.

Idolize

A simple thing is to take an old idol or to make an imitation, which has no eyes. It may be made with putty for the occasion. It has no eyes. After it has been shown alone on a little stand, someone must come in, look at it, go out and come back with a pair of artificial eyes. Black-headed hat pins, cut off close to the head, will serve. Jab these in the putty where the eyes should be, then walk off.

Checker-board

Two are playing checkers, when a third comes in, removes one checker from the board, puts it on chair or floor and with a gimlet or bit and bitstock, proceeds to bore a hole in it. (Hole may be previously made in it). This is held up. "Why, you have bored a hole right through it!" exclaimed one.

"Why did you do it?" queries the other. If they fail to guess he may say: "I wanted another checker-board (bored)."

Administer

An advertising poster may be hung up. A boy dressed as minister may come out and silently read it. Another may ask: "What are you doing?" Reply: "I am reading this 'ad'."

Melancholy

This very simple charade is not always easy to guess if properly produced. To make it all the more lively a boy may black up and dress in old clothes, come in and steal a watermelon. If watermelons are not in season a pumpkin may easily be painted to resemble one. The paint will readily wash off. After this some one comes through leading a collie dog. (Melon collie). For the "whole" if they fail to guess it, one may sit at a table, head on hand, very melancholy. Someone may ask, "What's the matter?" "I am down-hearted, I feel like the *whole* of this charade."


MELANCHOLY

Marble

It may be difficult for young people to understand that to damage anything is to mar it, however, the word may be used to aid. A boy has a small bell. He rings it. It doesn't suit, so he takes a hammer or hatchet and proceeds to pound it and mar it. If no one guesses it, he may be asked: "Why do you mar that?" Reply: "It isn' a good bell."

Springtime

A big old-fashioned bed or upholstery spring is best. Someone brings it in. Places it on stand. Springs it up and down with hand to show that it is a spring, then leaves it. Another comes in with a small clock and places it on top of the spring and goes away.

None of these charades are "deep." They are not intended for mature minds. But as a means of entertaining a party of young folks throughout an afternoon or evening, they will serve admirably. In fact experience has taught that young folks do not care for charades that they cannot guess. A few simple ones that are easy, mixed with others, add more pleasure to the evening.



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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming.

Questions and Answers

FLEA BEETLE.—Can you tell me what will exterminate flea bugs? They are not much larger than a flea and resemble a flea. They cut holes in the leaves of young tobacco plants and they are also on the corn. They almost ruined the late tobacco last year. MRS. M. P., Hazel, Ky.

A.—The flea beetle is a chewing insect and can be exterminated by poisoning its food—the leaves of which it eats. Paris Green or arsenate of lead sprayed or sprinkled on the plants in exactly the same way that these poisons are used for the control of potato bugs will control these pests.

EVOPORATED FRUIT.—Please give me the method generally used by California peach growers in evaporating peaches for the market. Do you think their methods could be used successfully in Michigan to utilize the surplus crop? J. I. K., Dowagiac, Mich.

A.—There are many types of fruit evaporation but all based on the principle of forcing a current of warm dry air over the fruit, which takes up the moisture. The evaporating of peaches usually requires about eight hours. The peaches are cut in halves, pitted and placed pit side up on the racks. Formerly much of the fruit in all peach growing sections was evaporated but the low price of dried fruit forced many out of the business. There is no reason why Michigan growers may not adopt this method if it is profitable for them to do so. Much of the California fruit is sun dried. Their climate is especially favorable for this process.

GINSENG.—Please tell me if ginseng can be grown successfully in Florida. If so, where can I obtain information as to planting, cultivation, etc.?
W. S. A., Marianna, Fla.

A.—Ginseng is not native to the South hence we cannot advise its culture in your state. It is rather difficult to grow even in the North where soil and climatic conditions are favorable. Send to the U. S. Department of Agriculture for Farmers' Bulletin No. 551 on Ginseng Culture.

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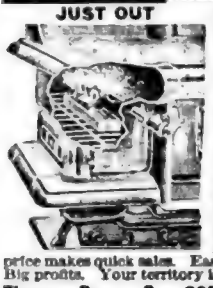
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July	**The Ruby,** Symbol of Charity
August	**The Peridot,** Symbol of Happiness
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Love and Spite

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

The noise they made must have been heard, and they waited breathless for a shout from Hugo. But they heard nothing but his steady, slow step coming nearer each instant; had they known it, fate had been on their side. As they made their flying descent Hugo had stumbled on the winding stair below, and his bruised shins had made him oblivious of anything else, for just long enough to cover their retreat! A beam of light came round the corner—to Gilbert it seemed impossible that they were not clearly visible. For one minute he was sure Hugo saw them, and was laughing in his sleeve, for he paused and looked about him.

The next Huntley drew breath, Hugo and his light had passed on.

"Now," he whispered fiercely, "get your key and we'll get through the door and into your room before he finds out she's gone. Thank Heaven, you bolted the door after us!"

Without a sound they slipped down the stairs and out into the corridor. Hugo little knew that as he tugged at the bolt that had secured his prisoner Gilbert was locking the lower door behind him, and Huntley running like mad through the empty corridors with the girl herself in his arms.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"SOMETHING WRONG!"

Gilbert, a minute behind Huntley, flew into his room, just as Jocelyn, wide-eyed and ghastly, was struggling out of Huntley's arms.

"Quick!" he cried. "Hugo will be here in a second; he is sure to suspect me or Moyra. What are we to do?"

"Give him a good licking," Lord Huntley returned savagely. "What else?"

But Jocelyn gave a little moan of terror.

"I can't face him." She staggered, and caught at Huntley's hand.

"It would be no good. Wait till the girl rests," Gilbert cried, with a despairing glance at her.

"She's right, she couldn't face him."

"L— the door, then," practically.

"Never do. He knows it. Here!" he threw open the door of a big cupboard. "Miss Brown, can you get in here?" But without waiting for an answer, he took her by the arm and ran her into it.

"That's brutal—and cowardly," Huntley was savage.

But without even looking at him, Gilbert had locked the door on her and given the key to Huntley.

"Sit down. Be doing something," he ordered, flinging himself into a chair and taking out his pipe.

"She's done up. She'll faint again in there!"

"Best thing she could do. I tell you, man, you don't know Hugo! I mean to stop his game once for all."

His blood was up now. Since he must fight against his brother, he would fight well. Huntley, very pale, and only half-satisfied, stood staring at him.

"I don't see any reason——" he began, but he never finished the sentence.

Without warning the door burst open, and Hugo de Burgh stood in the room, but a Hugo that neither man had ever seen. His face was pale and distorted with passion till it no longer bore the look of a human countenance. Like a raging animal he stood glaring from one man to the other.

"What devil's work is this?" he said. "By Heaven, Gilbert, I'll teach you to play the fool in my house!" He raised the heavy silver candlestick he held and rushed at his brother.

"Hold hard, Hugo! What's the matter with you?" Huntley had caught his arm with a twist that made him drop his improvised weapon, that was heavy enough to have stretched Gilbert insensible.

"You're in it, too, are you?" Hugo could scarcely speak. "When I won't have you admitted by my servants you sneak in behind my back, do you? What business have you here?"

"Shut up, Hugo, and tell me what you're talking about." Gilbert faced his brother sternly. "What do you mean by coming into my room and insulting Huntley? I brought him here, if you want to know."

At the unexpected bearing of the brother he had always bullied, Hugo, changed his tone.

"You know perfectly well what I mean," he said more quietly, but with the evil flicker still moving his upper lip. "What devil's trick have you been playing with that girl?"

"What girl?"

"You know, damn you! Miss Brown!"

"Miss Brown?" coolly. "Why—you sent her away last night."

Hugo gave a short laugh. It was well acted, but it had not the expected effect on his hearers.

"That was a tale for Moyra," he observed, with a smile that made Huntley start with anger. "Miss Brown suggested—at least, well, there's no need to explain! But the lady merely retired from public life till I could take her to London. She has been in the house all right. But I couldn't have her on intimate terms with Moyra."

"That's an absolute lie!" Gilbert said scornfully. "You never saw the girl till the other night."

"I saw her months ago," with perfect truth. "How else do you suppose she came here?"

The insinuation cost him dear.

Huntley took him by the shoulder and whirled him round to face the light.

"That's enough. I won't have it," he remarked grimly. "If you say any more I'll kick you down-stairs, if it were your own house ten times over. The thing's rotten on the face of it. If the girl is up-stairs, what are you making this row about?"

"How do you know she was up-stairs?" coolly. "I never said so. But she's gone, and I know you and Gilbert are in it. I was a fool ever to take a fancy to a girl like that. All men are the same to them."

"One more word like that, and I'll make you sicker than you ever were in your life," Huntley said, with ominous quiet. "You and I've been friends, but that's done tonight. If you ever had that girl up-stairs you know best for what reason," significantly. "I advise you to keep a quiet tongue about it for your own sake."

Hugo was quiet on the instant, suddenly seeing what mad disclosures he had made in his rage.

"You probably do know," he said, with his old, slow sneer, "not being a saint like Gilbert. "Well, the girl's gone, and I'm well rid of her. I suppose you're taking Gilbert home to dine with you?" with insolent politeness, to the man who had been used to come and go at Castle De Burgh as at his own house.

"I'm not going to dine here, if you mean that," Huntley returned icily. By George! would Hugo never go?

Mr. De Burgh was lighting a cigarette, not a trace of passion on his languid face, not a sign of his late expedition on his immaculate evening clothes.

He was listening like a hare for a sound from somewhere in the rooms, for he knew that he was being hoodwinked.

"Come here, Gilbert," he said suddenly. "I want a word with you."

Gilbert followed him into his bedroom.

"Curse you and Huntley, too!" he said, in a tone of polite conversation. "Did you let that little devil out?"

"No," ignoring the mention of Huntley.

"Then where is she?"

"Look till you find her, that's my advice," and Gilbert returned to Huntley without ceremony.

Hugo took him at his word. He ransacked the bedroom in vain.

In the sitting-room the other two stood smoking when he returned.

"If you've got her in that cupboard," he said slowly, pointing to Jocelyn's retreat, "let me tell you you're a fool for your pains." He marched to it and tried the door.

"Look here, Hugo," Gilbert was angrier than Hugo had been, "that's enough; I haven't got the key of that cupboard"—with truth—"and if I had, I'm hanged if I'd give it to you. Get out of my rooms, or behave like a rational being."

Hugo glanced at him, then at Huntley. It would be impossible to struggle with the two, and he had already gone too far.

"I'll make you pay for this," he remarked politely, with a glance that showed his mother's son was worthy of her, and, without a word to Huntley, he went out.

"What can he do?" Huntley said contemptuously.

"It doesn't matter," Gilbert's face was weary. "I'm done with Castle De Burgh, anyhow." He went to the door Hugo had left open, and locked it.

"Get her out," he said to Huntley. He turned his back while he got some wine and biscuits from a side table. Gilbert's meals were not always the meals of Castle De Burgh; he had long been in the habit of keeping supplies in his room.

Huntley opened the cupboard, to find Jocelyn standing among Gilbert's coats, very pale, but herself.

"Is he gone?" she whispered.

Huntley nodded, leading her to a chair.

"Drink this, and eat," Gilbert said authoritatively, "then you can talk." He wished to put off the evil hour, for he knew when she told her story he would rather be dead and buried than have to believe it. With unwilling admiration he saw her quiet bearing in this strange place. Saw how like she was to dead and gone De Burghs—and to himself.

The light came into her eyes as she ate, the rose to her lips. She looked at Huntley suddenly over her glass of wine.

"I didn't mean to write," she cried softly, mindful of Gilbert across the room. "But I had to. I was afraid."

Huntley looked at her, his eyes dark with something that made her look away.

"Thank Heaven, I was here to get the letter," he said huskily. "Oh, Jocelyn."

She put down her glass.

"Mind, the note meant nothing but that I was in trouble," she said, with a curious composure.

"You are bound to nothing till you know all about me. Tell Mr. De Burgh to come nearer. I'm afraid to speak loud."

"I know all about you—and I don't care if I didn't." Huntley's voice was dogged, but he signed to Gilbert to come.

Jocelyn put up her bandaged hand to sweep back her hair, and winced with pain.

"Did Hugo do that?" Gilbert asked, his voice hard with suffering.

"No, no! He never touched me," loyally; "I did that myself. I think I fainted by the window after I broke it."

His face cleared a little. He sat down beside her and listened in silence to her quick recital of how she came to Castle De Burgh, and of all she had heard there.

Her voice never rose above a low whisper, so mindful was she of the devilish contrivance in Alicia's sitting-room, even though the cripple was now not there.

Gilbert never flinched till he heard how his mother had played eavesdropper to him. Martha's story had turned him faint that afternoon; he heard it quite quietly now.

"I knew it, nearly all," he said, as she stopped. "Richard told me this afternoon at Glen Farm." His voice was louder than he knew. Jocelyn seized his arm.

"Hush! hush! You don't know who may be listening," she breathed.

Huntley sat looking at her, wondering how she had ever done the things that had led him to think so cruelly of her. How she must have suffered, and how brave a heart she must have.

"You know everything now." She turned to him quickly. "Can you ever trust me again? You were right that night! I had been a spy."

"Trust you forever, my Jocelyn," he said, so low that Gilbert never caught the words. But Jocelyn de Burgh's cheek crimsoned with pride.

"I must go," she said abruptly. "Can you get me out?"

"Go where?" Gilbert asked.

"To my father," quietly. "I can't stay here."

"In a minute." Huntley had remembered the letter from Meredith. He spread it out on the table, and the other two bent over it. As they read, the girl's face flushed with unbelieving joy; the man's in pity Huntley turned his eyes from Gilbert de Burgh.

"I must go now more than ever," Jocelyn said quickly. "But how can I do it?"

Gilbert glanced at her.

"Do up your hair," he said harshly, "and take my long coat and cap. You're tall enough, Hugo may not see you; if he does he'll take you for me. Huntley can go with you. I'll go and get Hugo out of the way."

He waited till she had put on his things; with the cap down over her eyes and the coat-collar, the long garment covering her short skirts, she could very well pass for him in the dimly lit house if she were only seen from the distance.

"Now, wait till I come back." He was gone at the word, and in perfect silence the two stood, scarcely thinking of each other in their pain for him.

But minute after minute passed, and he did not come.

"There's something wrong," Huntley said uneasily. He opened the door into the hall to listen. There was not a sound.

"Something wrong." Jocelyn's heart beat quickly. "What could be wrong? Unless——"

She tore off Gilbert's coat and cap. What was she thinking of, to play the coward like this?

As Huntley turned to her in surprise she held up her hand for silence.

"What was that?" she whispered.

A hoarse scream of terror, so wild and anguished that it chilled his blood, came from somewhere, the desperate outcry of deadly fear. Sick with apprehension, the girl flung down the disguise from her hand and ran down the opening into Mrs. De Burgh's bedroom.

"Come!" she whispered, standing in the open

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

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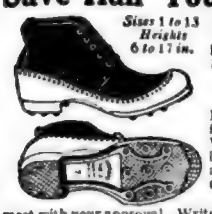


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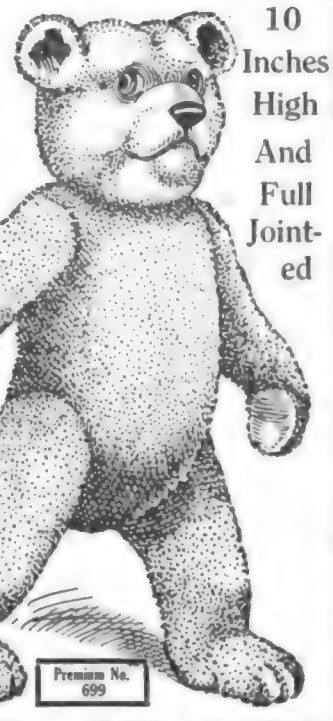
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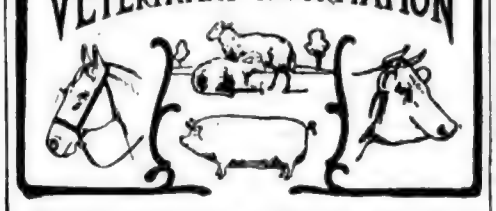
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Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any question privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing as above.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

RUPTURE.—I have a horse four years old that was ruptured at the navel when it was a suckling colt, and has never had anything done to it. The rupture is about the size of a man's fist. A local veterinarian wants to operate on him and says he can cure him. What is your advice? A. L. B.

A.—The operation will prove safe and effective if the veterinarian is a trained surgeon.

INFECTED WOUND.—I have a mare twelve years old that had a swelling just behind her fore legs. It burst in two or three places, and then the swelling came on her breast and has broken. The mare is hearty and has lots of life. G. W.

A.—A wound became infected and pus spread in the connective tissue. Paint swelling with tincture of iodine once daily before and after they open and give one dram of iodide of potash once daily in the drinking water for five consecutive days a week for two weeks.

SCAR.—I have a mare and last winter there was a swelling on the point of the shoulder. I blistered it three or four times; the hair came off leaving a bare place. What can I do to make the hair come back? P. B.

A.—The hair cannot be made to grow again as the hair roots have been killed. The only successful treatment would be to have the scar dissected out by a trained surgeon.

LAMENESS.—I have an eight-year-old horse that is lame in his left front foot. There is a swelling on the back part of it from the fetlock almost as far up as the cannon. Doctors say the cord is enlarged. I have applied a blister a number of times which did quite a little good then. All at once it became worse again. After standing a while he will not walk straight. He seems to be stiff in both of his hind feet, the right one being the lamer. H. F.

A.—You should have the back tendons line-fired and blistered by a competent veterinarian, as blistering alone has failed. Spavin may be the cause of lameness of the hind leg and that also should be fired and the operations followed by six weeks of rest.

LEAKING OF MILK.—I have a cow that loses her milk if not milked at noon. She gives two and one half gallons per day. Is there anything I can do to stop her losing her milk? MRS. J. C. W.

A.—Milk three times a day. If that does not stop the leaking paint the tips of the teats with flexible collodion after each milking. Stop if teats tend to become sore.

AILING COW.—I have a cow seven years old. She has a calf three months old. About four weeks ago she began to fall in her milk. She stands with her head low and her neck stretched out and belches a good deal. She jerks when she breathes. MRS. M. M.

A.—Do not use the milk as the cow may have tuberculosis which is contagious and makes the milk dangerous. Physic her with one pound of epsom salts, one cupful of salt, one cupful of molasses and three pints of warm water given very slowly and carefully from a long necked bottle. If that does no good better kill her and make an examination.

ABORTION.—I have a sow that has lost two litters of pigs. Is there any way to keep her from it? A. L. J.

A.—No there is no sure remedy and such a sow may contaminate other sows. Fit her for the butcher.

TAILBRUSH MISSING.—My three-year-old cow has a short tail. The hair on the end of it doesn't grow out. What can I do to make it grow long? MRS. L. K.

A.—The end of the tail may have been bitten off by pigs when the calf was small. If not and you think a diseased condition of the skin is present keep the part well smeared with sweet oil thickened with flowers of sulphur.

DISEASED TEETH.—I have a mare twelve years old. When she chews her feed she spits it out, slobbering while eating. In drinking she turns her head to one side. (2) There seems to be something wrong with my dog's head. He shakes his head and ears and seems weak in hind legs. His ears are filled with wax and he cannot chew. T. L. A.

A.—It is plain that the teeth are in such bad condition that the mare cannot perfectly masticate feed and this will continue unless you can have a really competent veterinarian give the teeth proper attention. Meanwhile feed night and morning one quart of black strap molasses stirred up with three quarts of hot water, cut hay, corn-meal and wheat bran. Feed whole oats at noon and some long hay at night. You may have to starve her to take the molasses feed, but she will soon take to it with a relish. (2) Treat the dog for worms as often advised here. Canker of the ears is present. Treat by twice daily cleansing the ears with peroxide of hydrogen or wood alcohol on swabs of cotton. Then lay the dog on its side, pour some of the following lotion into the ear and hold the dog down until the sediment settles into the ear. Treat the other ear in the same way, if both are affected. Ear lotion: One dram each of powdered alum and sugar of lead, two drops of carbolic acid and thirty drops of glycerine in two ounces of soft water. Shake bottle well before use.

CALLOUS.—I have a young mare that stuck something in her leg just below the knee. There was a small hole about one inch deep. She was lame a few days and the place healed over. Then the lameness was worse. Now the soreness is gone, but a small knot remains on her leg. MRS. L. H.

A.—Several times daily rub firmly downward on the lump with a tooth-brush handle and each night swab the part with a mixture of one part each of tincture of iodine and turpentine and two parts of alcohol. Do not clip off the hair or rub in this medicine. Persist in the treatment as response may be slow.

SPLINT.—I have a two-year-old colt that has a small hard lump on the inside of the front right leg on the cannon bone between the knee and the ankle. It has been there nearly a year. She has never been lame from it. I would like to know what it is and what to do for it. C. A.

A.—A splint is present and should be treated as advised for "callous" in this issue.

ECZEMA.—I have a poodle dog that has sores over her body. Before they get well they have a yellow scab and after they are well they leave a red mark. She scratches the hair off. There is a strong odor from her body. MRS. F. L.

A.—Make the dog live out of doors, take active exercise for hours every day and have but one small meal each evening. Feed no sweets or potatoes. Give a small dose of epsom salts once a week and on a different day weekly tub in a warm 1-100 solution of coal tar dip made according to directions given on the container. Once daily apply sulphur ointment to the sores.

SICK HOGS.—Will you tell me what is the matter with my hogs and what to do for them. First, they begin to cough and then in a few days have hard chills. Their eyes become sore and close and they refuse to eat. I have one pig that has hard fits when it eats and then has a chill. I have lost three nice ones. I feed them wheat bran slops and milk. MRS. J. P.

A.—It is quite likely that cholera is killing the pigs, but we cannot be sure without making an examination. Have a veterinarian examine the hogs and vaccine the well ones if he finds cholera present. In cholera red spots will be found upon the lining membrane of the bladder, the surface of the kidneys under the outer capsule, the lining of the intestines and upon other internal organs. Apart from cholera it may be stated that wheat bran should be very sparingly fed to hogs. It is too irritating and may cause indigestion and fits and possibly is the sole cause of your trouble. Change the feed

STAGGERS.—I have a fine Shetland pony three years old. About eight months ago the pony had impacted stomach. He would stand with his hind legs stretched so far back that he would fall down. Frequently he would spin until he fell down. DR. J. D. J.

A.—Allow the pony a roomy box stall when in the stable, but never let him stand for a single day without work or exercise. Cut down rations to one pound of oats and bran per hundred pounds of body weight as a day's ration. Slightly increase the grain when the pony works. Feed one-ninth part of bran with the oath by weight. Use shavings or sawdust if the pony eats his bedding.

Unfortunate Mexico

By C. L. Chapman

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MEXICO, the land of contrasts, of great riches and extreme poverty, a few of its people amassing millions while myriads are starving; a place where the most modern machinery may be found in operation at the very side of the most primitive method of accomplishing the same end, where beautiful architecture is in contrast with adobe huts and where shining automobiles of the latest design whirl past sleepy ox teams hauling carts with solid wooden slabs for wheels identical with the design which was used at the time of the Spanish conquest; these are the mixtures one finds in Mexico.

Passing down a prominent street in almost any of the large Mexican cities there may be seen fashionably dressed men who look much as though they were just as much at home in Piccadilly, the Champs d'Elysees or Fifth Avenue. Following or preceding them, however, will be a sandaled peon clad in cotton trousers and a blouse with his "serape" thrown over his shoulder his head protected by a wide-brimmed sombrero and his entire worldly possessions upon his back.

In the next block one may meet an Indian woman, barefoot and with uncovered head, a child slung in the "robosa" over her shoulders. About her there is a suggestion of garlic, onions and "pulque," while passing along the same street, comfortably ensconced in her victoria, dressed in the latest Parisian creation, rolls milady.

A gorgeously appointed funeral car, bearing the remains of one whose family can afford this expense, may arrive at the burial place simultaneously with three or four peons, packing on their shoulders the body of a comrade in a plainly painted coffin, the use of which is rented for the occasion and will be returned after the body is given interment.

Throughout the history of Mexico grotesque mixtures of races and conflicting superstitions and religious beliefs seem to have been the main cause of the constantly perturbed state of that civilization.

From the beginning of its known history Mexico has been the scene of successive racial conquests, each race making a permanent impression upon both its physical and moral characteristics.

Out of all the extraordinary mixture of races, social customs, superstitions and religions has risen the Mexico of today and its many uniquely difficult problems.

Here are a few instructive facts about old Mexico:

The area is about 767,290 miles.

Its seacoast on the Pacific and the Gulf of California is 4,574 miles.

It has 15,251 miles of railway and 46,112 miles of telegraph lines.

It is 1900 miles long from northwest to southeast; its width varies from 140 to 750 miles.

Upon the Gulf of Mexico it has a coast line of 1,[illegible]0 miles, and 327 miles of coast on the Caribbean Sea.

There are no large rivers in Mexico, and its lakes are small and few. Sandbars obstruct the small rivers emptying into the Gulf, making the ports upon them difficult to enter.

Vera Cruz affords only an open anchorage inside of a series of reefs. Vessels there have little or no protection from northerly gales. Tampico harbor has been made safer by jetties and the deepening of the channel.

According to the most recent estimate, the population of Mexico is a few thousand more than 15,000,000, an average of less than twenty inhabitants to the square mile.

Thirty-eight per cent of the population is Indian; forty-three per cent is of mixed bloods, or "Mestizos." Less than nineteen per cent is classed as white.

The National Library, dedicated in 1692, contains more than 225,000 volumes.

Construction of railroads leading to the United States did not begin until 1878, when Porfirio Diaz was President

The Mexican Central and Mexican National railways were merged in 1908, with an aggregate capital of $460,000,000 Mexican money. The government holds a controlling interest in these lines, which run north from Mexico City to the American frontier.

Mexico City, the capital, is 264 miles northwest of Vera Cruz and 7,415 feet above the sea level. Its death rate has been notoriously high. Many thousands of Indians and halfbreeds live in crowded quarters, and until recent years there was a lack of drainage works and underground sewers.

There are many more than 150 manufacturing establishments, including iron working shops in Mexico City.

The finest Avenue is the Paseo de la Reforma, a broad boulevard nearly three miles long.

There is almost an unbroken regularity in the laying out of the city streets, but according to an old Spanish custom the name of the same street frequently changes from block to block.

In shape Mexico is like an enormous cornucopia, with its opening toward the United States.

Historical records prove the astonishing fact that in ninety-four years Mexico has had fifty-seven rulers.

In the year 1821 the country was still ruled by the King of Spain. The Mexicans then started to throw off the Spanish yoke and won a partial success in that year. Since then the country has had two emperors and thirty-five Presidents and dictators.

Curiously enough, seventy years ago in March, 1846, American soldiers invaded Mexican soil. The Mexican war, in spite of all the motives of aggression that dominated the United States in that struggle, would not have been fought if Santa Anna, the Pancho Villa of his day, had not butchered the heroic defenders of the Alamo in cold blood.

Just as today the brutal slaughter of Americans, at Columbus, New Mexico, is the fighting cry of America in its punitive expedition after Villa, so threescore and ten years ago was the battle cry, "Remember the Alamo."

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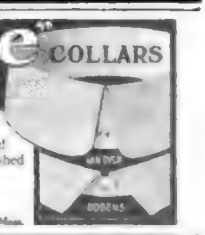
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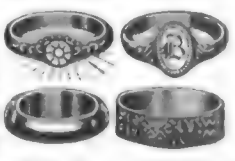


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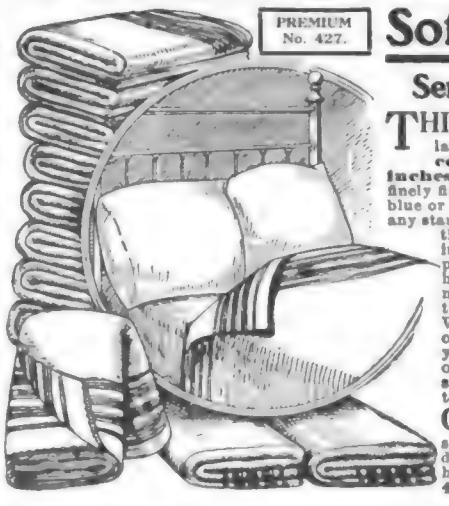


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THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need **without a cent of expense.** These fine double blankets are **72 inches long and 55 inches wide,** extremely well made and finely finished. They are pure white in color and come with either blue or pink borders. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered on account of the fact that we have bought a large quantity of these blankets direct from the mill at a special low price and therefore are enabled to offer them to our readers for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

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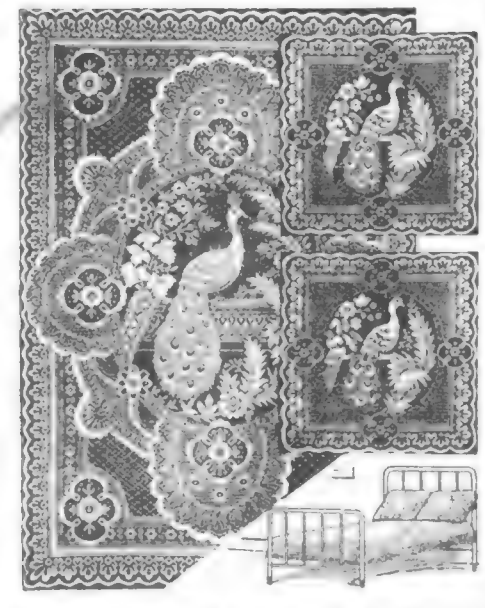
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Three-Piece Lace Bed Set

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Yours Prepaid For A Club Of Six!

NEW PATTERNS in bed sets are constantly coming out but none has ever equalled in popularity this beautiful **peacock design** which is always desirable, extremely fashionable and something every good housewife is anxious to possess. The peacock on the spread is **very large and stately** with a graceful, natural spread of tail feathers and the same design, only smaller, appears in both shams, so that the complete set **matches perfectly** and presents a picture that is both beautiful and satisfying to look at. The spread is **full size,** measuring 85 inches long and 60 inches wide; the shams are each 28 x 32 inches, and the material is fine quality, pure white Nottingham lace which washes well and wears well. Any woman could easily pay $5.00 for a set that would please her no better than this one **which will cost you nothing** if you are willing to do us a slight favor. We will make you a present of this beautiful three-piece lace bed set in the new popular peacock design if you will accept the following **Club Offer.** For a club of six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you this complete bed set free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 503.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

Seven Times One

BY JEAN INGELOW.

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in Heaven,
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done.
The lambs play always—they know no better;
They are only one times one.

Oh, moon! In the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low.
You are bright—ah, bright—but your light is failing;
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon! Hove you done something wrong in Heaven,
That God has hidden your face?
I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

Oh, velvet bee! You're a dusty fellow—
You've powdeed your legs with gold,
Oh, brave marsh Mary-buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

Oh, Columbine! Open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
Oh, Cuckoopint! Toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest, with the young ones in it—
I will not steal them away:
I am old! You may trust me, linnet, linnet!
I am seven times one today.

I Shall Not Pass Again This Way

For several years before his death, Mr. Daniel S. Ford, the proprietor, editor and builder of the "Youth's Companion," because of delicate health, did his work and managed his mammoth business from a little room in his home in one of the beautiful parks of Boston. When loving hands cleared the plain but convenient desk there was found, in a conspicuous place, much worn with frequent handling, the following poem. If the poet had intended to describe Mr. Ford's daily words and actions he could not have done so in more appropriate language:

"The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

"I want to give the oil of joy for tears
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.
Beauty for ashes may I give alway:
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

"I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away!
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

"I want to give to others hope and faith,
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day;
I am sure I shall not pass again this way."

If You Have a Friend Worth Loving

The following poem was discovered by Mr. George Morgan, of the banking firm of Morgan, Drexel & Co., in a country newspaper. He carried it in his pocket for many years, occasionally reading it to his friends.

"If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his bow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

"If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before its God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of 'two or three' in prayer?

"If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes
Share them. And by kindly sharing
Own our kinship in the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

"If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

"If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Flatter for a word of cheer?

"Scatter thus your deeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until the happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend."

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To clean mirrors and cut glass, rub with a cloth dampened in alcohol and then polish with a dry cloth. MRS. C. W. FRANK, Tawas City, Mich.

A few pieces of charcoal will keep silverware from rusting, if placed in the box where it is packed. It absorbs the moisture.

If any of the sisters make their own vinegar and have trouble in getting it clear looking, try putting in half a pint of milk to each gallon of vinegar. It will soon curdle and settle to the bottom, taking all the dregs with it. Then pour the vinegar off carefully and it will be clear.

To clean coffee stained linen, soak in cold water to which has been added a little borax.
BERTHA MAYFIELD, Cunningham, Tenn.

Try putting a little hot water in the last rinsing water. I do this and am not troubled with colds.
MRS. TOM HESTER, Granite Falls, N. C.

Add a little salt to apples when cooking. It improves the flavor and requires less sugar.

To cut a cake that is iced, hold the knife in boiling water for a minute and the cake can then be cut without breaking the icing.

When hanging out clothes in cold weather, heat the clothespins in a pan in the oven and the fingers will keep warm. MRS. ELSIE M. WILLS, Arnett, W. Va.

Remedies

TONSILITIS.—Five cents' worth each of tannic acid, and chlorate of potash; powder potash, and to one teaspoon of each, add four tablespoons warm water. Gargle deep in the throat every hour.

CHILBLAINS.—First bathe the feet in as hot water as can be borne, dry thoroughly and apply a salve made of pure lard and powdered lump chalk (not crayon chalk). About one tablespoon of lard to two of chalk.

WHOOPING COUGH.—Two heaping teaspoons of flaxseed boiled in a pint of water until slimy; strain and add five cents' worth of rock candy, one teaspoon of glycerine and one half lemon; boil a few minutes longer.

CROUP.—Take two tablespoons of strong apple vinegar, a piece of alum twice the size of a pea, a full teaspoon of butter and mix together and sweeten with honey. Give as warm as the child can take it; give just a little now and then and it will soon cut the phlegm loose.

FANNIE V. TIDD, New York, N. Y.

Requests

Mrs. Wm. Edwards, Eatontown, N. J., would like poem, "How Salvatore Won."

Virginia Norman, Kellyville, R. R. 1, Oklahoma, would like old magazines, or reading matter of any kind.

Mrs. T. C. Hess, Cottage Grove, Oregon, would like to hear from some one possessing Dr. Price's Cook Book. These were issued about twenty years ago.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three one-year 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two one-year 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent one-year subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Information of my nephew, Charles Lester Hudson, age fifty years, last heard of in Topeka, Kans. or St. Mary's Mission, Mrs. M. C. Hudson, Rich Hill, Mo.

Information of George Nash and brother, who left Baltimore and went West about a hundred years ago. Mrs. J. F. Black, Manhattan, R. R. 5, Kans.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasing. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of two one-year 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very fine Fifty Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards for all received by you.

Ora E. Harvey, Villa Grove, Box 717, Ill. Miss Ollie May Underwood, Milledgeville, R. R. 3, Ga. Gertrude Blondell, Youngstown, 553 New Court, Ohio.

The Thanklessness of Wyoming Sal

(CONTINUED FRC 4 PAGE 4.)

a big brother. And this was what I wanted to tell you today, to thank you for the many comforts you provided for me, and to give you a little present to remember me by."

He drew a daintily wrapped little package from his pocket, and half extended it to her.

She spurned it, but not unkindly, then for several moments stood as if stunned by what she had heard. Then she caught the hand that was about her waist in the wild clutch of a despairing woman, nursed it at her breast, then threw it from her.

"Go on," she cried, and there was in her voice and her poor English that made her despair the more pitiful and terrible, "go on back to th' gal who's waitin' fer you back East! Go to her, an' I'll try an' ferget you. I'm sorry that I lost my heart to ye, but I ain't blamin' you. You've always been straight an' decent, but oh, it hurts! It hurts!"

He took one step toward her, and attempted to soothe her. But she stood him off.

"No! No! Don't touch me! It 'ud make me fergit everything!"

She threw open the door. The first flakes of the coming storm wafted into the little room.

"Go on! Go on! I can't have ye here any more. Please go!"

He stood for a moment, his face seamed with sorrow at the result of his innocent mistake.

"Good by," he said, and he started over the snow.

Sal scarcely heard him. With the look of a crazed woman she watched with glazed eyes as he made his way through the drifts and the steadily falling snow which seemed like wanton spirits embracing the man she had lost, while the shadowy pines sighed and echoed the desolation of her heart.

When he could no longer be seen, the girl threw shut the door, and sank into a chair at the undisturbed table, a mute reminder of the ruin of her air-castle.

"Thanksgivin'," she muttered hoarsely, "thanksgivin'! Oh, heavens, ain't it a joke?"

NEARLY 1000 ACRES OF SUNFLOWERS.—Lee C. Phillips has 800 acres of sunflowers and is known as the "Sunflower King." He sells the seed to breakfast food makers. It costs him something like eight dollars per acre to grow sunflowers and he markets the seed at from three to five cents a pound. The yield per acre, Phillips says, is from $35 to $50.

If I Send You this Suit



made to your measure, in the latest style, loose box back, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles?

Could you use $5.00 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a letter or a postal at once and say: *"Send me your special offer,"* I will send you samples and styles to pick from and my **surprising liberal offer. Address,**

L. E. ASHER, President
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Dept. 449, Chicago, Ill.

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

But Your Nose?



Before After

IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "*looks*," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. **Which is to be your ultimate destiny?** My new *Nose-Shaper*, "**Trados**" **(Model 22)** corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, **quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.**

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist **760 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.**

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You May Have Your Choice For A Club Of Two!

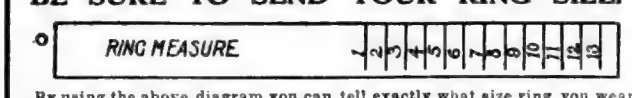
The most popular lady's rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. There is a different stone for each month of the year and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones, the month to which each one applies and its symbol.

January, The Garnet, Symbol of Power.
February, The Ameythyst, Symbol of Pure Love.
March, The Bloodstone, Symbol of Courage.
April, The Diamond, Symbol of Purity.
May, The Emerald, Symbol of Immortality.
June, The Agate, Symbol of Health and Long Life.
July, The Ruby, Symbol of Charity.
August, The Sardonyx, Symbol of Happiness.
September, The Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy.
October, The Opal, Symbol of Hope.
November, The Topaz, Symbol of Friendship.
December, The Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine 12-Karat gold filled which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany". As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. And not only the women and girls but men and boys as well are now wearing them.

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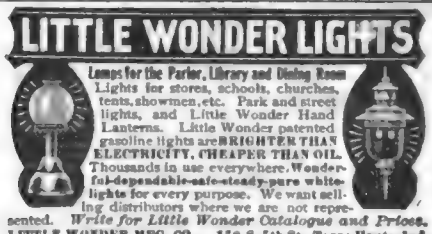


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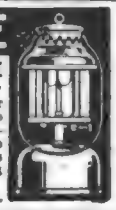
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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one Month.

NOW, Cousins, hear the turkeys, how they gobble at the thought of those Thanksgiving dinners for which they will be sought, and, when you think of them, you will have it to be thankful for that you are not turkeys, even if you have nothing else to be thankful for, though there are a great many other blessings in this world besides turkeys. However, if it weren't for Thanksgiving November would be even more dreary than it is. So there is something else to be thankful for. That's two things you've got and here is the third, which is the charm—I shall stop talking this minute and go to work answering your questions, which is, however, very pleasant work.

The first letter I take up is from Worried Jane of Uvalde, Texas and she is worried because she has a sweetheart who is too timid to tell her whether he cares more for her than he does for another girl he goes with, at least, she thinks he is too timid to tell her. Besides he tells her if she will let him kiss her it will strengthen his love. That doesn't sound very timid, does it? Really, the only cure I know for a young man like that is for a girl to square up with him by having another young man for whom she cares just as much as she does for the first one. Maybe she doesn't, but she should make the first one believe so and he will very soon find out which girl he likes best and will say so. But Jane says she is "foolish" about this young man, and of course, when a girl gets that way she needs a cure more than the timid swain does. Hoity, toity, the course of true love never did run smooth and I don't know how to smooth it.

No Name, Goodes Ferry, Va.—A young man of thirty has no right to talk to a girl of twenty about the future. He should talk about the present and talk it seriously, thirty is not a boy's age. It is just the proper age for the girl of twenty and when he says to you again that you two should marry, or quit, you brace up and tell him you will quit unless he says something to prevent it and not wait for the future to say it, either. If he wants to dilly-daily, let him dilly-daily with some other girl. He's old enough to know better and you should teach him. If you marry him you will have to tell him more than once to go along and bring in the firewood. He's that kind.

Jolly B., Ledgewood, N. J.—Sometimes Jews and Christians marry and usually when they do the marriage is quite satisfactory, but such a marriage should not be undertaken unless both parties understand thoroughly all the conditions. An orthodox Jew cannot marry a Christian and remain orthodox. There are many Jews who are not orthodox who marry Christians but remain Jews, while some renounce Judaism and become Christians. My advice to you would be to find your future husband in your own faith. Wait until you are twenty-five and study it out yourself.

Wild Rose, Adrian, N. Y.—First, my dear, you should not spell it "keaping," and you shouldn't write it "have went." Did you learn those things in the Adrian schools? Don't bother about the young man until you are at least twenty. And don't let him kiss you in public, or in private. Don't you know better? You are too young for an engagement ring and if he had good sound sense he would not have given it to you. Your mother shows very poor judgment in permitting you to have love affairs until you are done with school.

Reader, Farmdale, Mass.—You may hold to old-fashioned views of promiscuous kissing, but they are entirely correct and it is a pity and often a shame that every girl doesn't think and act as you do. No matter how modern the world becomes, hold fast to your old-fashioned ideas and do not let your kisses go to any man but the chosen one for all time. I have never in all my life known a girl who lost the respect of men because she would not permit herself to be kissed by them. You had much better be an unkissed old maid than an over-kissed married woman. You are wise, too, in preferring no company to the company of men who are no credit to you, nor to society. Hold to that and you will never regret it. Many a girl has been lost because she disregarded this plain wisdom.

Blonde and Brunette, Dickinson, N. Y.—Don't go as far as half way, even, because he is bashful. If he has to be coaxed, you don't want him. And don't write to find out why your correspondent hasn't written, unless you want him to think you are over-anxious. He'll write when he wants to and your writing to him again won't make him want to.

Troubled, Le Sueur, Minn.—You should insist upon his apologizing for the slights he gave you, at your home and at his, and if he has nothing to say satisfactorily explaining his conduct, you should break the engagement. You may patch it up this time, but if it occurs again, you will be making a serious mistake if you don't break it and keep it broken.

Peggy, Hattiesburg, Miss.—The question as to whether you should wear the ring given to you by a young man, since married, because he asked you to wear it, whatever happened between you, or not to wear it because your present sweetheart asks you not to, is just a little perplexing now, but if you become engaged to this one, I think you should not wear the other man's ring, even if you do consider it as much your property as if you had bought it. It may be that, but as you do not care at all for the married man, and do, or should, care for the man you are to marry, then you should please him first. This is merely a molehill and you should not make a mountain of it.

Ruby, Geneva, Ind.—If your "gentleman friend" has no other fault than playing cards, if he isn't a gambler, your parents should let you have him as a very rare and valuable specimen of young man.

Mikery, Bano, Ark.—The young man had a right to resent your asking him if he didn't want to take another girl to church when he asked you, because you had no right to ask such a question. If you knew he wanted to go with someone else you should have merely declined his invitation. When you said you would go if the others did, he had a right to ignore the others and go to church without you. Both of you are acting silly and you must settle it to suit yourselves.

Sixteen, Burkesville, Ky.—The young man, who falls out with you on account of your belief when you join the Methodist church, is unworthy of your regard. Select a Methodist sweetheart.

Friend, Chilesburg, Ky.—If you love your books so much better than you do the boys, why don't you study your books more than you do the boys and learn to spell a little better?

Puzzled, St. Paul, Minn.—As he asked you when you were friends, to write to him if anything ever did happen to come between you so that you both might understand if possible, I think you might write to him now to know what the trouble is. Still, if he cared very much for your friendship, he would write to you for explanations, or to explain. You may do as you please, but I don't think I would write to him.

Rosebud, Decherd, Tenn.—Jealous people always think the person they like don't care for them unless they get all the attention. This makes it embarrassing where other people are around to whom some attention must be paid. Therefore if you wish to avoid this unpleasantness don't become too friendly with people of jealous disposition. If your young man is mad, let him scratch his mad place, as my old Mammy used to say.

Brown Eyes, Oshkosh, Wis.—I don't know anything about the other qualifications of the two young men who are attentive to you, but if you have any choice in the matter, don't choose the one who is "bossy." A "bossy" husband, or wife, is about the most difficult person in the world to live with, unless the other half is born to be bossed and likes it.

Bright Eyes, Perrysville, Ind.—You take a very sensible view of marriage and as the young man seems to think very much as you do, I think you will find it happier than you think it will be. It is much better to have your doubts beforehand and dispel them afterwards, than to have no doubts at all beforehand and gather lots of them afterwards. It is very much as you say, marriage is largely what people make it. Mistakes are made sometimes that no human power can remedy, but thank heaven, they are the exception. You have my best wishes and my blessing.

Twenty, Mineral Wells, Texas.—A very great many good people are not church members, and I think a girl who loves a man of that kind should risk marrying him. If she can do no more, she can show him by her own life that he is mistaken when he thinks church people are silly. You are much safer in marrying a man of this type, than you are in marrying a church member whose religious belief does not prevent his being about the most undesirable husband a woman could have. My chief objection to so-called liberal thinkers is that they think so poorly, and speak so unjustly, of church people.

Mineral, Houston, Texas.—If it will break your parents' hearts for you not to marry the rich young drunkard and gambler, then marry him and let them break their hearts over your subsequent suffering.

M. B. J., Hunt, Ill.—If you will lose your girl friend if you don't give up your sweetheart, and you will lose him if you don't give her up, you can't do anything except to strike a balance between them and choose the one you'd rather not lose.

Blondy, Schroom Lake, N. Y.—Don't marry him if you don't care enough for him to take him, whatever my advice might be. Don't marry anybody on anybody's advice, though it is wise sometimes not to marry on the advice of others. You see, not being married you are on the safe side.

M. B. D. Danville, Ky.—It is quite proper, if you have no place at home to receive callers, to receive them at your uncle's, or at any friend's house. As for the poor orphan boy whom your parents object to, you have plenty of time to think about him for several years yet and the safest plan is just to think about him and be good sensible friends. A few years hence, perhaps neither of you will be much interested in the other. Girls of your age are always in too much of a hurry to respond to their heart throbs. What you need much more is common sense throbs. You know what I always say about kissing. Why ask me if you ought to?

Anxious, Flippin, Ark.—If the young man is the proper kind of gentleman he will return your letters and presents first, trusting that you will return his. Of course, if he does not send yours, write again for them.

There, my dears, your questions have been answered quite as they should be and I hope you have another reason to be thankful. Now, run along your happy way, thankful again that you are young and life has so much for you if you seek it as you should and while you are eating your Thanksgiving dinners, think of me.

By, by, COUSIN MARION.

Cultivation of the Sunflower

By C. L. Chapman

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THE new claimant for the honor of being the real Sunflower state is Arkansas. Kansas has always been the Sunflower state and will be still so so far as the title is concerned but as to the culture of the flower Arkansas has entered enthusiastically upon growing the plant not for æsthetic reasons but for economic ones.

In many states sunflowers have been long grown in gardens for their beauty and their height but now they have been given the distinction of being planted in fields. From being merely a garden pet or a back yard beauty the sunflower has been advanced to the proud position of a crop.

Sunflower growing a comparatively new industry in Arkansas, has been started in Mississippi county in that state and is now conducted on a large scale. The announcement has gone forth to the world that Arkansas will grow this year, for the first time in her history, something like a thousand acres of sunflowers. Some farmers will plant as many as one hundred acres and many fields of ten and twenty acres will be set out in sunflowers.

Missouri is something of a sunflower state, but this is not generally known; but the sunflower has been one of the field crops for over fifteen years. The reason for the extension of sunflower cultivation is because the use of the seed of the flower is extensive and because there has been a marked decline in the receipt of sunflower seed from Russia, which country at the breaking out of the war furnished about eighty per cent of the seed consumed in the United States.

Sunflower seed is used extensively for poultry food and is considered very nutritious. Different kinds of oils are extracted from the seed, and last year was used largely as a substitute for cottonseed products. The poultry business is growing throughout the United States, and the extension of that industry accounts in a great measure for the increasing demand for sunflower seed.

The yield of seed runs from about eight hundred to fifteen hundred pounds an acre, and though the average price of the seed in the thrashing field is four or five cents a pound, the price has recently been up to fifteen cents a pound. It is reported that a sunflower crop is an easy one to cultivate. An expert has said that the labor required to grow ten acres of cotton or corn will be ample for forty acres of sunflowers. One or two cultivations is all that is required, and the thrashing is a small part of the crop labor. The rows are planted north and south, and when the heads mature a wagon is driven along the rows and the heads cut off with a corn knife, falling into the wagon, where a man or a boy strikes them against the wagon bed, shelling the seed out. The seed is then put in a dry place, and finally fanned, sacked and marketed.

Then too the sunflower, it seems, is used for numberless purposes by different nations. In this country it is considered valuable in the construction of battleships, the stalks being pithy and when compressed in blocks the pith absorbs a tremendous quantity of water.

These blocks are made to line the battleships' sides and placed between two walls of steel.

When it comes to the manufacture of cigars there is not a part of the plant without commercial value.

In Russia, where the seed is raised by the millions of pounds each year it is made into quite an eatable oil, while the residue is turned into seedcake for the cattle. The blossoms furnish honey and after that an excellent yellow dye.

The Chinese are successful in getting from the stalks a silky fiber.



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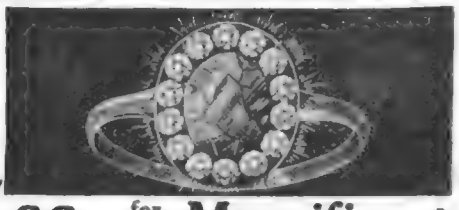
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No little girlie ever had a larger or prettier doll house than this one and **all your dollies will certainly feel very proud of such a beautiful home to live in.** We are certainly pleased that we are able to make so many little ones happy with a present of one of these fine houses, and we are sure that every mother who sends for one will be as well pleased as the children. We will **give** you this doll house which comes all folded and ready to easily set up **all ready for housekeeping,** upon the terms of either of the following special offers.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

WELL boys, another year has rolled around and Thanksgiving Day with its beautiful significance and bounteous feasts hovers near. Unless we are lost in selfishness and worldly ambition we can find plenty of reason to be thankful, no matter who or what we are. The very air we breathe and the earth we tread are gifts of Nature and every animate and inanimate thing contributes in some way to our welfare. If there is any fault, it is with ourselves. Perhaps we have abused our bodies and are sick. Perhaps we are thinking of what others have to be thankful for and are overlooking our own advantages or rashly conclude that we have not been squarely dealt with because we have some impediment or defect. This is nonsense and base ingratitude. You are endowed with great qualities but they will avail nothing if you sit down and whine and let them rust. "Nothing happens to a man which he is not fitted by nature to bear." Live your own life bravely. Think of the manifold good things you are enjoying. Look at the doughnut not the hole.

Skating Sail

This sail is held with outstretched arms to catch the wind and is tilted and moved by the skater to govern his speed and direction. It is made of canvas or any heavy fabric. Begin by cutting out the pattern shown in Fig. 2, allowing for a two-inch hem at each end. This hemming had better be left to your mother or sister. The oblong patch in the center reinforces that part that is slit to let the hands through. A light cane pole is run through the hem at each end. At the center, on the reverse side, part of the hem is cut away so that the hand may grasp the pole. This is shown in Fig. 3. In the same view, "s" is the slit; "u" is the exposed part of the pole; "t" is the hem; "r" is the seam and "p" is an extra patch, sewed around its edge, to form a pocket for the end of the cane pole which

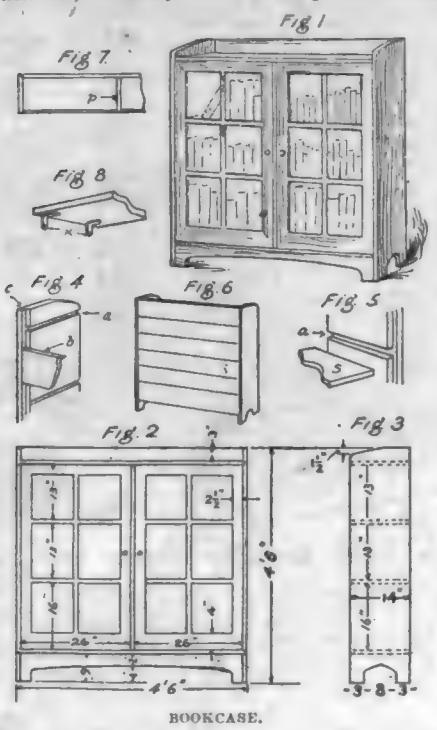


SKATING SAIL.

runs across the sail. See "b" to get this idea clear. This sail has novel features not found in any others. It can be quickly taken apart and rolled up like a curtain. In extremely cold weather it serves well as a windshield and when the wind and ice are right, it will take you along at a good rate of speed.

Bookcase

It is really difficult to put good lucks into a bookcase but in this design, I think we have fairly well succeeded. Select hard wood; such as oak or walnut is, of course, the best material, but yellow pine is pretty and can be finished in a variety of ways. Fig. 2 is a front view and Fig. 3 a side view. Let us make the ends first. Select board with reference to having a pretty grain for the outside and glue an eight-inch and a six-inch together to get the necessary width. The pieces must be perfectly fitted to make a good glue joint. First apply a thin coating of liquid glue and let it dry in, then have your pieces in the clamps and as soon as the second thin coat is applied to the edges that will touch tighten the clamps and weight the boards down. When set, carefully mark the top and bottom



BOOKCASE.

lines. Saw a little outside your marking and trim to it by rubbing with sandpaper. The rear edge is rabbeted to receive to back board. This work is done with a wood chisel or may be ordered done at the mill. The rabbet is marked "c" in Fig. 4 and the back board "b." The groove "a" is for the end of the shelf. It is one quarter inch deep and is quite easy to cut with saw and chisel. If you prefer you can dispense with shelf grooves and fasten your shelves with iron brackets as shown by Fig. 8. The back of the bookcase may be cheaper material such as No. 2 pine, one half-inch thick. The top piece is of yellow pine. In Fig. 6 our first assembling is complete. Next put the shelves in place. The top and bottom shelf are 14 inches wide and must be put in as in Fig. 5. The others are seven eighths inches less in width. In buying material for the door frames have it rabbeted to receive glass. Make two doors that will just fill the space or frame made by the top, bottom and two sides. You may have one large piece of glass in each door if you do not like the small panes. A door, to close properly, should have a slight bevel, that is, the edge is slanting, being smaller on the inside. Use four brass hinges on each door. They should be nickel plated and measure one and one half inch by two inches. They are screwed to the edges of the door and sunk their own depth into the wood. Only the ball of the hinge is visible when the door is closed.

In finishing yellow pine, simply apply three or four coats of varnish, the first and second thinned one half and one quarter with pure turpentine and the third and fourth full strength. If there are any rough spots, sandpaper very lightly between coats. If you like oak stain put it on (two coats) after the first coat of varnish. Wax makes a more satiny and less glary finish than varnish.

Rescuing a Playmate

The most overworked word of our day is "preparedness," but it describes a most desirable condition. What would you do if one of your companions broke through the ice and began to



RESCUE ON THIN ICE.

helplessly flounder and sink? The picture shows how a brave and resourceful boy rescued his chum from a watery grave. His first act was to drag up a plank that was close by, then he crawled out to the edge of the hole, quickly doffed his overcoat and tossed one end of it to the struggling lad and; with the assistance of a few friends, dragged him out to safety. I think this is a good method of going about a rescue under like cicumstances. By forming the human chain, there is little danger to any of the rescuers, provided the last boys have solid footing. The plank ic a great help and adds safety to the stunt but it is not an absolute necessity. Practise it frequently and be prepared for the emergency that may arise. It is shock that robs one of his strength and when you know just what to do, little shock is experienced.

Riddles

What is that which goes from one town to another without moving?
The road.

Why is a red light on a railroad track like a tired dog's tail?
One stops a train; the other stops a-waggin (a wagon).

Why is a man who says he cannot stand up or sit down very peculiar?
Because if he tells the truth he lies.

What is the difference between a farmer and the sun?
One raises produce; the other produces rays.

Who is the first man mentioned in every book?
Chap I.

Plus and Minus Puzzle

This might be called a plus and minus puzzle. To solve it, you write out the name of the first object pictured and subtract the following one, or rather the letters that spell it. This will give you one or more permanent letters and by con-



tinuing the adding and substracting process, according to the signs, you will finally get two words which describe something that happens every four years in the United States, in the month of November.

Answer

Pink-ink—P
Razor-azor—R
Elephant-lephant—E
Swan-wan—S
Ivy-vy—I
Deer-er—DE
E
Nest-est—N
Twig-wig—T
Infant-n-fan-t—I
Arm-rm—A
Lily-ily—L
Ear-ar—E
Leaf-af—LE
E
Comb-omb—C
Tire-re—TI
I
Onion-ion—ON
N

Presidential Election.

Some of the articles described this month might be used for gifts. Nothing is more precious to a dear friend than a piece of our own handiwork. Omitting all consideration of intrinsic value, which, in hand-made articles, is generally a point of superiority, and thinking only of the ethical and sentimental worth of such gifts, we can truthfully say that no other kind is so deeply appreciated by the recipient. Just as we would value a letter from a dear friend more than we would the privilege of reading a piece he clipped from the public press so do we more highly esteem the long, long thoughts of love his handiwork expresses more than the formal of fleeting inspiration that might have caused him to buy us something. But above all, if you do make anything to give away, let it be your very best effort.

UNCLE JOHN.

The Brand of Shame

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

Drake turned to Pierce. "You here yet?" he asked roughly, and Pierce, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously, left the apartment.

His anger spent, Drake sat down weakly. He knew now that he had treated his wife unforgivably. He should have been more moderate. He should have waited till they were alone before creating such a scene.

He went to her door and called her name, once, twice. There was no response. He glanced uneasily at his watch. He could imagine Jenkins cursing him for his delay. Promising himself a speedy return and a petition for forgiveness, he went out of the house.

Upon the departure of Drake's taxi-cab, Pierce reentered the apartment. He, too, called softly at Julia's door once, twice. At last it swung open and, her eyes downcast, Julia emerged.

Pierce took an eager step toward her. "Adorable!" He would have drawn her to himself but Julia repulsed him.

"Hurry into your motor boots, dear! Let me help. Here is your wrap. Edith will be wondering what has become of us."

She hesitated. It was obvious that Pierce's matter-of-fact manner was calming her.

"Drake sounded brutal, but you must make allowance for him. He is unaccustomed to things up h[illegible] for one thing, and he is working like a fiend."

She fluttered toward her wrap.

"We will just look in and have one whirl. You can be in bed long before Drake's return. Unless you wish, he need never know that you went; I should tell him, though. He will laugh at his outburst tomorrow."

What had taken place in the time that intervened between Drake's leaving his office and his return to it, Jenkins could not fathom. Each was relieved when, the business finished, the time came to drive Jenkins to the station. Drake did not wait for the departure of the train but drove home without delay.

The place was very silent as he let himself in, the servants, long since, having gone to their quarters.

"Let me in, dear," he pleaded vainly at Julia's door. Not for worlds would he have entered unbidden. Finally he went back to the waning fire and sat down to think.

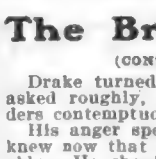
How long he remained there waiting for some sign from the inner room, he did not know, but presently he was aroused by the closing of a door. He glanced up, surprised, as the draperies moved apart to admit Julia, the voluptuous queen incarnate, and Pierce, who was following.

For once Drake's mind functioned slowly but when he had grasped the situation he rose with the force of a released spring. Julia gave a startled cry and Pierce fell back a step.

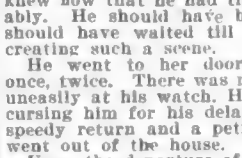
"What does this mean?" Drake demanded. He was very quiet but the two could not discount his earnestness.

"It means," Julia returned, summoning her

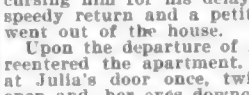
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)



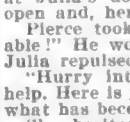
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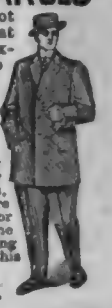
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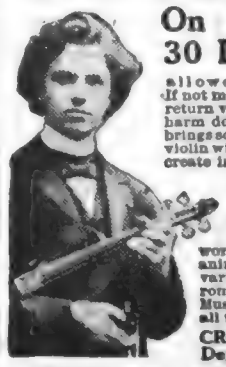
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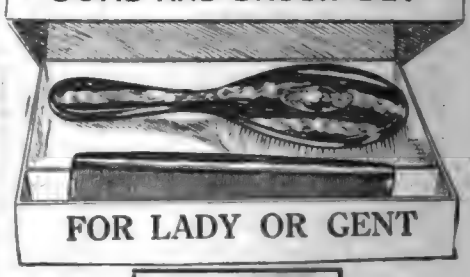


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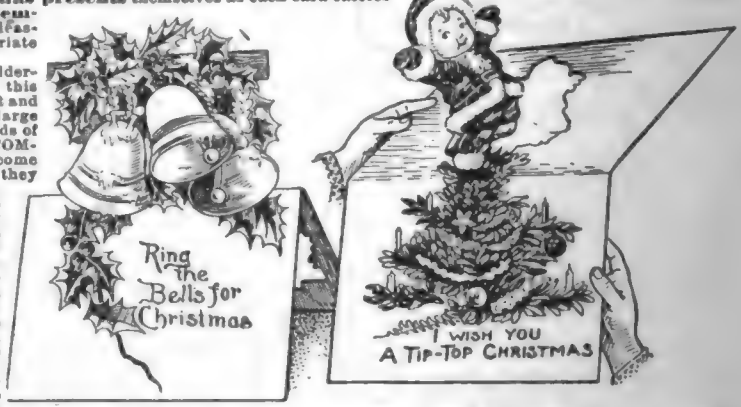
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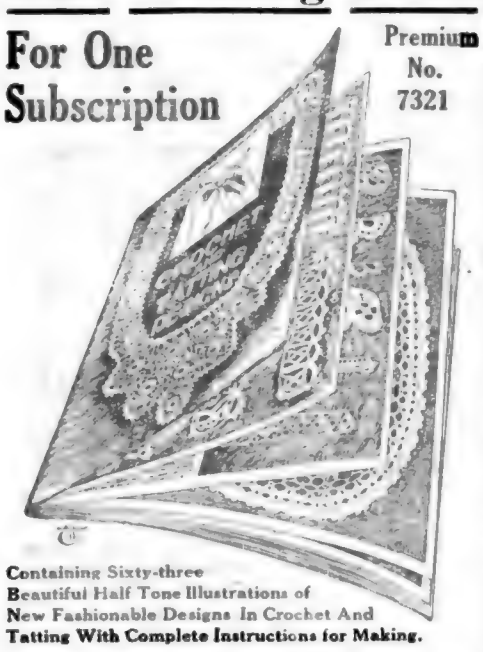
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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

R. M. R., Paris, Tenn.—For information about public lands write to Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C. Inquire also of him about state and railroad lands. All things considered, if you are a good farmer, you will do better to buy improved land than to take the unimproved, and improved land can be had in many parts of the country at very reasonable rates. But don't take any land until you have seen it and know something about the section in which you think you would like to live. A farm not so good in a healthy, well-populated region is worth more for a home than the richest farm in an unhealthy, thinly populated region. It isn't the money you can make on a farm, but the good, healthy living that you and your family can get out of it that counts.

Mrs. B. C., Raymond, Minn.—To you and to all COMFORT readers having copies of that moss-grown fake The Ulster County Gazette, date 1800, containing Washington's address and other matters, we want to say again as we have often said before that it is a copy of the original made to sell to the gullible and it has no value whatever. All of you will learn more in five minutes by reading COMFORT than you will learn in five hundred years reading The Ulster County Gazette, allowing that everybody has already read Mr. Washington's well-known farewell address.

M. V. T., Honolulu, Oahu.—There is no "best" remedy for a man who drinks heavily. There are some men who drink heavily, who can and do overcome it, and there are others whom the drink conquers and destroys. A great deal, if not all, depends upon the drinker. This is admitted by all specialists who treat alcoholism, and they say that while they can usually stop the man from drinking, they cannot keep him stopped. That part is for him to do, and if he slips after he has once had his system thoroughly dealcoholized they say he is sure to be destroyed, and that in a short time. The drink habit, once fixed on man or woman, is a fearful curse, and we are sometimes inclined to think that nothing short of divine interposition can effect a cure.

E. B. C., Tippecanoe, Ohio.—Specimens of animate or inanimate nature, supposed to be rare, have no commercial value, ordinarily though their scientific value may be considerable, and about the only thing you can do with the strange worm you have found, but which may not be strange to the scientists, is to send it to the nearest college and donate it to the college museum of natural history. Now and then a collector will pay a good price for some particular specimen he wants, but such collectors are as difficult to find as the rare specimens are.

F. A. C., Cavendish, Idaho.—For legal information, as well as other kinds, which you want to be authoritative, about government land, write to Commissioner of the Land Office, Washington, D. C.

R. A. F., Georgetown, Conn.—A Five and Ten Cent Store is not a bad idea at all in a small town and many of them are quite popular and profitable, but the person who makes a success of such a store must know how to do business and cannot hope to make one go, merely by having enough money to buy stock enough to start with and being told by somebody how to run it. It is like doing anything else successfully—the person doing it must know how. You don't know how, or you would not be asking us the questions you do, and we advise that you keep out of it until you have given the subject thorough study.

Miss M. E. G., York, S. C.—We do not know of a poorer market in which to make money, than that of trying to sell poetry. If you can find editors who will publish it merely as a compliment to you, you will do better than a great many beginning poets are doing, or have ever done. A few great poets and some poets who have a vogue in the popular periodicals can sell their poetry—a very few indeed, say that they can make some money out of their work, but not one in a thousand can do that. If you want to test the truth of our words, send two or three of your shorter poems to editors of such magazines as you know use the same kind of verse as you write and see what they do with it, always enclosing a stamped envelope for return if not available. It may possibly be that you have the real poetic genius and your poetry is of the highest type, but if it is, the editors will know and they will let you know very quickly. One thing you must remember is that one rejection, or two, or two dozen, must not discourage you. Keep sending as long as you have the money to pay postage. Let us know what success you have after three or four months of effort.

M. L. E., Sisseton, S. Dak.—If you are not sufficiently well informed in literary matters to know the names of prominent publishers and periodicals buying stories and to know whether they are reliable or not, our advice to you is not to waste your time, stationery, labor and postage in sending your stories to them. They buy only from skilled writers and as there are now 20,000 writers who are skilled, those who are not have no chance whatever.

E. H., Oakdale, Ill.—Write to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. for the necessary blanks and information to make out an application for a patent. If you need an attorney, as you may before you have got the patent, there is a list of registered patent attorneys who are reliable though the Patent Office will not recommend any one of them more than another.

Mrs. C. N., Newkirk, Mont.—The resilvering of a mirror is to be properly done only by an experienced person. It will be cheaper and very much better, unless you know just how to do it and have the proper materials for resilvering.

M. H., Danbury, Wis.—Typewriting to do at home will be very hard to get, seeing that there are so many typists willing to go after it. We should say that if you could get it at all, your best way would be to carry an advertisement in your local newspapers. That would bring you to public notice and to the notice of those who might need your services. (2) Don't try writing articles or stories for magazines until you know the magazines well enough, from having read them, to know what their needs are and whether you could meet them or not.

G. D. A., Bradshaw, Nebr.—Your state has a Widow-Mothers' Pension law and any of your town or county officials should be able to tell you how to apply for it. Procedure varies in different states and you must get local information. An attorney might get it for you, if it could be had, and he would probably not charge you for his services.

Mrs. L. H., Mize, Ky.—The most difficult part of your wagon-journey from Kentucky to Florida will be from Morgan county to Cumberland Gap as the worst roads and least traveled by automobiles are in eastern Kentucky. In that section your best roads we should say will be from county-seat to county-seat, going by way of Breathitt, Leslie and Bell. You can get road maps from Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, and after leaving the Gap, in every town where there is a garage you can learn what the best road is to the next town on your way. If you are good at talking, as most women are, you won't need any map except a good ordinary one of the states between Kentucky and Florida. With that before you and the questions you can ask along the road you ought to be able to pull through safely and in fair time, say two months. It will cost less to go by rail, but will not be so interesting.

Mrs. L. S., Bayou Chene, La.—We know of no Soldiers' Home where the wives of soldiers are also admitted. If your husband has a clear record he should be able to get into a Home without difficulty. Write to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C. for information in detail. Ask about the wives.

Mrs. A. H., Creston, Mont.—Starting an employment bureau is like starting any other business, or doing any other kind of work—if you don't know how, the chances are that it will fail. Did you ever try to do anything that you didn't know how to do and do it right? You've got to learn. Go around your town and see if an employment bureau is needed. If it is, take a room, put up your sign and advertise your business in the local newspapers. Maine is too far from Montana for us to know, if you need a local license, or not. Ask one of your town officials.

Mrs. H. S. S., Waterloo, Iowa.—We cannot instruct you in the making of wall paper portieres. They belong as far as we know, to that large class of home-made articles of use and ornament which every woman makes to suit herself after she has seen how some other woman makes them. Make inquiries and observations around the homes of Waterloo and then construct your own as you please.

Mrs. R. G. T., Silt, Colo.—Once upon a time in the days of superstition and other phoney notions, a baby born with a veil was supposed to possess supernatural powers, but in these days of twentieth century progress and development all that sort of thing has passed away. The baby born with a veil is no luckier, or unluckier, than any other kind of baby.

W. M. K., Montezuma, Kans.—The better way to learn Spanish is to take lessons in a class where all the conversation is in the language you are studying. The education of the ear is as important as the education of the tongue. It is easy to learn to read a language, but difficult to learn to speak, so you need all the conversation you can get. While you are learning to speak, you should read a Spanish newspaper and also read good Spanish novels in order to increase your vocabulary and your knowledge of construction and idioms. Correspondence schools also give good courses in Spanish even to teaching the pronunciation by means of phonograph records.

L. V. C., Crabtree, Ark.—In coloring whitewash, your own taste is the rule to go by. Put in as much lampblack as will bring the white to the shade of gray you want. Try it out on a board, or shingle. Spanish brown, yellow ochre and indigo give good colors, but do not use green as the lime destroys the color.

G. O. P., Medina, N. Y.—It is not easy to keep cider sweet indefinitely. There are many methods adopted by cider drinkers. One is to put a handful of common clay into the barrel; another is to put in two or three pounds of powdered charcoal; a third calls for a gill of mustard seed to the barrel. You may take your choice, but we give no guarantee. Another plan is to let the cider work until it is of the right taste and then add a tumbler and a half of grated horse-radish to each barrel. Let it remain for a couple or three weeks and rack off and bung up closely in kegs or barrels. Right here we want to say that modern experts in intemperance say that cider drunkards are the most hopeless of all kinds and that an excess of cider stupefies and dulls the drinker to a condition for which there is no relief but death.

To a number of inquirers who want to know about coins we wish to say that we are not coin experts, but there are firms advertising in COMFORT who are and who are reliable and if they will submit their inquiries to them they will get the information they seek.

Mrs. B. G., Mobile, Ala.—The decision in the case of the blowing up of the Maine was that the explosion was from the outside, but no decision was reached as to who was guilty.

Mrs. H. M. J., Bogota, Ill.—Mr. Charles E. Hughes is a member of the Baptist church in good and regular standing.

Specializing

The need of specializing or giving one's whole energy and ability to a particular kind of work is more apparent every day, because as time goes on, the requirements of a civilized people become more varied and complex. In the old days, agriculture was the principal pursuit of mankind and every farmer was a jack-of-all-trades but, in every community, certain men excelled in certain lines of work and their neighbors employed them to work in the branch in which they were expert. Thus trades were developed. In the course of time good tradesmen got so much business that they had to have assistants, and with the constant increase of population, the cross roads shop grew into a factory. In the factories it again became evident that a helper could do one thing well and perhaps could never learn to do another part of the same work, so the boss, to profit himself, kept him at the task that he did well. This kind of evolution has been going on for centuries until now, no man is expected to do more than one thing, but he is expected to do that, perfectly. As early as possible you should make up your mind what line of work you will follow and then bend all your energy to perfecting yourself in that line. As an example of modern specialization, I call your attention to two artists of my home town. One paints dogs exclusively and the other draws absolutely nothing but bank buildings. Each of them has far more work than he can attend to. Can you guess the reason? Is it because they do one thing only? No. It is because they do one thing well.

Genuine Imported All Wool Serge Made-to-Order $14.50

GLENN URQUART Plaids—Tartan Plaids, Shepherd Plaids, Fancy and Pencil Stripes, Two-tone stripes. Your choice of any cloth, plain or fancy weaves, rough mill finish or smooth finish—tailored to *your own measure* at prices that will astound you.
Guaranteed All Wool!
There is not a cotton thread in any of our fabrics. We guarantee it. Nothing but pure wool and pure silk goes into the fabrics from which Babson suits are made.
Write for our fall style book. The Imported All Wool Serge is but one of the bargains we offer.
On Credit!
Don't decide to buy until you have seen the suit for yourself. Note the perfect fit—note how carefully it is made in the latest style—compare it with any suit you ever bought—then, if you are not satisfied send it back.
And, while you buy at the direct bargain prices, we also give you time on your payments. (Just as your local dealers in your town give their customers.)
Fall Style Book *and Samples of the Latest Fabrics—FREE*
The Fall Style Book is ready. Write today and we'll send it to you free. It is handsomely printed in full colors and shows the newest New York styles. With the book comes large generous sample of the all-wool fabrics from which you have to choose. It's just like having a tailor call at your home to get our Fall Style Book. Write for it today—now. You'll not be obligated.
Babson Bros. Dept. 3048—19th St. and California Avenue **Chicago**

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

ALL OF THESE FREE

This lovely Gold plated stone-set **Pendant** and 18-in. **Neck Chain** and this handsomely designed stone-set **Bracelet** which opens to fit wrist and these **3 valuable Gold plated Rings,** also this fine pair of sparkling **Pierceless Ear Drops**
ALL GIVEN FREE
for selling only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10 cents each. We trust you and take back all not sold.
A. D. DALE MFG. CO.
Providence, R. I.



CHRISTMAS OUTFIT FREE
THE first figure of the above two lines is a word; the next four figures spell a word, the next two figures spell a word; the last ten spell another word. These four words form a sentence which will interest you. This most interesting puzzle can be solved with a little study as follows. There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet and we have used figures in spelling the four words instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3 etc., throughout the alphabet. IF YOU CAN SPELL OUT THESE FOUR WORDS WE WILL SEND YOU A SURPRISE OUTFIT CONTAINING A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT OF 39 CHRISTMAS SEALS, TAGS, STICKERS, POST CARDS, ETC., ALL EMBOSSED IN COLORS AND BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLES OF THE LATEST CHRISTMAS DESIGNS, also a copy of a New York Magazine. All you have to do is to enclose with your answer 2 two-cent stamps to cover cost of packing, mailing, etc. Try and make out the four words. ACT QUICKLY. Write the four words on a slip of paper, mail it immediately with your name and address and 4 cents in stamps. And you will promptly receive as your reward this SURPRISE PACKET, which is a handsome assortment of 39 SEALS, TAGS, STICKERS, POST CARDS, etc., enough for all your Christmas packages. Answer at once. Address
M. E. Crofton, Mgr, 615 W. 43d St, Dept. 40, New York

26-Piece Daisy SILVER SET
Premium No. 680
Sent To You Prepaid For A Club Of Six

WE have in the past made many offers of table ware, but this is the first time we have ever been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for such a small club of subscriptions. And please don't think that because we are giving away this set on such liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. **This Set which we offer you here is plated on a white metal base** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed and decorated** with the beautiful **Daisy design** which is now so popular and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.**
WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS
It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have ever offered, in fact we are so sure that it will please and satisfy all who accept this offer we are going to guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this beautiful 26-Piece Daisy Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special
Club Offer. For a club of six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or three 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Daisy Table Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 680.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

James Whitcomb Riley

By C. L. Cheever

Copyright, 1916, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

TRUE poet of the provinces was James Whitcomb Riley, who died in Indianapolis Saturday night, the 22nd of July. Born of the Middle West, he sang the joys, sorrows, fancies and humors of its folk, largely in its own dialect, and the world was touched by his inspiration and the realism of his homely symbols that he was one of the few that, devoting their lives to poetry, has gained a fortune.

Mr. Riley was peculiarly sensitive to the advance of age, and evaded inquiries as to the date of his birth; but the most accurate information available indicated that he was born in 1848. "Should you ask him his age," one of his friends said, "he would answer 'that he was this side of forty,' and leave you to guess which side."

The poet was the son of Reuben A. Riley, a lawyer and political speaker of Greenfield, Ind. The younger Riley could not be brought to the dull routine of school days, but he was wise in the lore of streams and fields. His mother, who was Elizabeth Marine before her marriage, was a writer of verse. Instead of preparing for the practise of law, as his father wished, the son apparently prepared for nothing, and when he left home he turned itinerant sign painter to make his living. What he carried from the little schoolhouse was some sympathetic knowledge of literature, imported by his teacher, Lee O. Harris, himself a poet.

For ten years Riley roved the Ohio valley, painting commercial signs on fences and farm buildings. He had the trick of brush and pencil, and cleverly drew sketches illustrative of the virtues of merchandise advertised in the signs he and his fellow-artisans made to bloom on the roadsides. He was naturally musical, and shone as a fiddler in the villages at which his party stopped at night. He played for dances and at concerts in the country hotels, and he wrote rhymes which sometimes found their way into the country newspapers.

He led this cheerful, free and easy life until late in the '70s, when he took employment as a writer for a newspaper at Anderson, Ind. He had now begun to write verse steadily, but with little encouragement from publishers. In 1877, for the purpose, as he said, of proving that he could write poetry of value, he perpetrated "the Poe hoax," which for years was a literary sensation, which he often regretted, and of which, as he often told his friends, he knew he would never hear the last.

By an arrangement with Oscar Henderson, Mr. Riley wrote and Mr. Henderson printed, a poem in the style of Edgar Allen Poe, to which he gave the characteristic title of "Leonanie," and it was offered to the public as a hitherto unpublished product of the genius of Poe.

This poem, it was stated, had been found written on the flyleaf of a copy of Ainsworth's dictionary. A traveler had discovered the treasure in the sitting-room of an old inn near Richmond, Va., and had taken it away with him. The publication of the poem and the accompanying story excited interest throughout the country, and Mr. Henderson was called upon to produce the book in which it was written. Mr. Riley obtained a copy of Ainsworth's Dictionary, and upon a flyleaf Samuel Richards, a painter, wrote in it, the poem in imitation of the chirography of Poe. One of the stanzas is:

"Leonanie—angels named her,
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white.
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In the solemn night."

In some quarters the poem was accepted as genuine; in others it was denounced as a fraud, and its alleged discoverers as impostors. After the controversy had waged for months Riley confessed. William Cullen Bryant, then editor of the New York Evening Post, was particularly severe in denunciation of the hoax. Riley shouldered the burden and returned to sign painting. For a time he traveled as a sort of minstrel with a patent medicine vendor and played the violin to attract crowds to be solicited to buy nostrums.

In the early '80s Mr. Riley settled in Indianapolis, and began writing verses in "Hoosier dialect" for the Indianapolis Journel for a small salary. He sent some of his poems to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and they received his praise. A volume was published and the "Hoosier Poet" began to win a public. He was a graphic reader of his own verses and for the following fifteen years, or until 1898, he made tours of the country, appearing in public entertainments with great success both alone and in association with the humorist, Bill Nye, who was his intimate friend.

Publication of books of poems year after year brought Mr. Riley wealth and wide recognition of his literary genius, and not only of the genre form. Many of his poems are imaginative or gently philosophic.

In 1902 he received the degree of Master of Arts from Yale University and in 1904 the University of Pennsylvania conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Letters. Indiana University conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on him in 1907.

In July, 1911, the poet presented to the city of Indianapolis property valued at $75,000 for a site for a public library and school administration building.

Mr. Riley never married, but he was a lover of children, whose spirit he divined so intimately, and of family life. Many of the last years of his life he spent in the home of friends in a secluded neighborhood of Indianapolis—Lockerbie street—which, he immortalized in verse:

"Such a dear little street, it is, nestled away
From the noise of the city and the heat of the day,
In cool shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with the breeze,
Which, in all its wide wanderings, never may meet
With a resting place fairer than Lockerbie street."

NEWSPAPER USES SIMPLIFIED SPELLING.—Simplified spelling of 12 words recommended by the National Educational Association was adopted by The Philadelphia North American. The words are: tho, altho, thru, thruout, thoro, thoroly, thorofare, program, prolog, catalog, pedagog, and decalog. Use of these spellings, the newspaper says, has been advocated by the simplified spelling board as the lead to a greater reform.

42 PIECES Rose Design Dinner Set—FREE

INITIAL OR EMBLEM

If you are a member of any of the Fraternal Orders named below and prefer the emblem of your order to an initial we will gladly furnish it. Be sure to specify otherwise the initial will be used. Woodmen of the World, Odd Fellows, Eagles, Elks, Moose, Macabees



YOU RECEIVE

Six large dinner plates, six dessert plates, six large cups, six saucers, six butters, six oatmeal dishes, one sugar bowl, one large oval vegetable dish, one round dish, one large meat platter, one fancy bread or cake plate. 42 pieces in all, a complete set for meal service.

OUR GIGANTIC OFFER—NO MONEY REQUIRED—Every piece of the above dinner set is full size and profusely decorated with Martha Washington roses in natural colors and trimmed with gold band on each piece. Your initial or lodge emblem is stamped in pure coin gold. **WE WILL SEND YOU**—Post paid 24 beautiful art pictures (Sold *for* **$1.00** *each in many stores*) which you are to give away **FREE** with 24 boxes of our famous **White Cloverine** you sell for 25 cents each. Millions are using it. **Send us the $6.00** collected and the above Dinner Set is yours. We have given away over 200,000 beautiful Dinner Sets. **You can earn this set in a few hours.** Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square, we've been in business for over 20 Years. So you can trust us **SEND NAME AND ADDRESS TODAY**—Pictures and Cloverine will be sent promptly. **POSTAGE PAID BY US.**

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., DEPT. 1012, TYRONE, PA.

THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD EGG.—Strictly fresh eggs cost sometimes over 60 cents a dozen. Usually the price is a matter of age, the older the cheaper; but not always. Mrs. Robert Gilfort of Orange, N. J., had an egg thousands of years old. Recently, Mrs. Gilfort sold it to the Denver Museum for $1,000. It was an egg of the æpyornis, an extinct ostrich-like bird, and the most perfect specimen in existence.

TONS OF BIBLES.—The first consignment of 200,000 Bibles printed in German, Hungarian, Polish, and Bohemian has left England for prisoners of war in Russia, the Swedish Red Cross Committee having obtained permission from the Swedish Government to transmit them free over the State Railways. The consignment, which had been prepared by the British and Foreign Bible Society, weighed 11 tons, and its value was over $5,000.

Barking Dog



Premium No. 7422

For A Club Of Two!

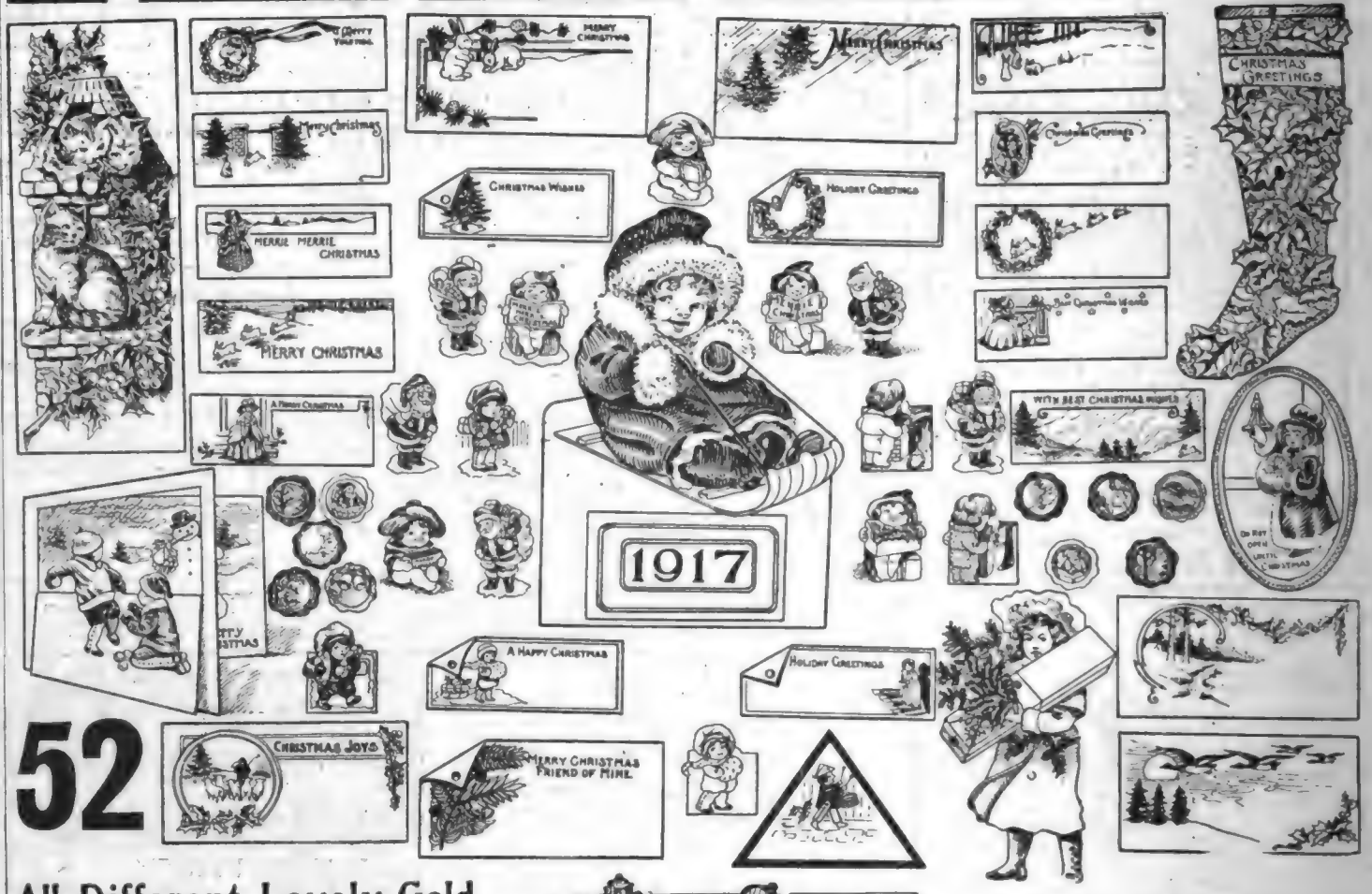
YOU simply press down gently on top of "doggie's" head and he opens his mouth and barks right out loud. And not only does he bark like a real dog but he looks like one. With his alert sparkling eyes, "bat" ears, and snubby upturned nose he is the perfect likeness of a cute little bull terrier pup. He is pure white with brown spots, and sitting on his haunches as you see him in the picture he measures over six inches high. His body, head and legs are made of practically indestructible material covered with soft thick felt; the marvelous mechanism in the throat that produces the bark is so constructed that it will not easily get out of order.

These wonderful barking dogs come from Japan where they make some of the finest mechanical toys in the world. In spite of the war we managed to import a limited quantity of them and while they last we are going to send them free to COMFORT homes where there are little boys and girls. Doggie looks so lifelike and his sharp yelping bark sounds so natural we know he will surely delight the children more than anything else you could possibly get for them. We will send you this fine barking dog exactly as illustrated and described free upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer: For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one three-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you this cute novelty, Barking Dog free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 7422.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Big Package Beautiful Christmas Novelties!



52

All Different Lovely Gold And Color Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards, Folders, Cut-Outs, Seals, Stickers, Tags, Etc.,



Premium No. 7931

All Sent Postpaid To You For Only One Subscription

Also An Exquisite Christmas Calendar For 1917!

All the **latest new style** Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and **embossed** on superfine paper in **gold, purple, crimson, holly-green** and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of **holiday cheer** is now almost universal—everyone realises how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc. **add** to the value of the Christmas gift. Even though it may be only a little remembrance these bright colored tokens of **Joy and Happiness** show that **loving thought** has gone into it and **care** and **pains** have been taken with it and this knowledge changes the plainest, most inexpensive present into a gift well nigh priceless.

The ordinary small town stores do not carry these strictly high-grade Christmas novelty packages—they are to be secured only in the large cities and at a high price. So for the benefit of COMFORT readers we had this special assortment made up **expressly for us** by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the **greatest value possible** we had them add to the assortment a **most beautiful 1917 Christmas Calendar** 4¾ inches wide by 6¼ inches long, lithographed in no less than **five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper.** This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.

Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

Four Medium colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.

One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.

Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.

Ten Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Poinsettia, and Christmas Bells Gummed Seals.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gummed Seal with the words "Do Not Open Until Chistmas."

Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals, Embossed in colors.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals.

One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1917.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags, and Folders carry a **Cheery Christmas Greeting** such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joys" and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gummed Stamps and Seals you will use to **seal and decorate** the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts to say nothing of the fun in "doing them up."

And don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely **embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1917,** a large **handsome Holly decorated Book Mark** and two large **Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders** which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a handsome Christmas Post Card and the other a very attractive four page Booklet, when Presto—a flip of the finger, and a startling transformation takes place, causing the figures and designs to stand out in **bold relief,** and in a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantlepiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

This splendid collection will furnish your whole family with all the Holiday Gift Decorations needed for this Christmas and they will surely add to the pleasure of your giving and the gifts themselves will be all the more appreciated by the recipients. We purchased a large quantity of these Novelty Packages but even at that we fear we have not enough to go around **so take no chances of being disappointed but send in your order at once.** Also Christmas will be here almost before you are aware of it, and you want to make **sure** of receiving your package **in time** so that you can get your Christmas packages all ready before Christmas Day.

We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties including the large Handsome **Christmas Calendar for 1917** upon the terms of either one of the following very liberal offers:

Offer No. 7931A. For one one-year's subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid.

Offer No. 7931B. For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription, for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all), we will send you this beautiful Christmas Novelty Package free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 7931. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



TYPEWRITERS
SOLD or RENTED anywhere at ¼ to ½ Manufacturers' Prices, allowing Rental to Apply on Price. FREE TRIAL. Installment payments if desired. Write for circular 229
TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-38 W. Lake St., Chicago

Large List, Dialogs, Entertainments, Recitations, Drills, **PLAYS** Catalogue Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 8 Chicago, Ill.

36 PRETTY POST CARDS—BIG ASSORTMENT GLOBE CO., J-2469 LINCOLN AVE. CHICAGO **10¢**

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. T. ARTOL CO., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.

LAUGH! Book latest jokes, "Ford" ones—everything —10c coin. Mono Pkg. Co., So. Norwalk, Conn.

MONEY $ PROPOSITION FOR LIVE MEN H. R. SMITH, BOX 165 INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free. D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

Money $ $ FOR LIVE MEN $ $ KEY FREE. J. Warren Smith, Ottawa, Ill.



FREE WATCH & RING
This handsome stem wind & stem set Watch, fully Guaranteed, also Ring & Chain for selling only 20 Jewelry articles at 10c each. Write for them.
EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 200, East Boston, Mass.

FREE You should send at once for our beautifully illustrated catalogue of all the best and cheapest jewelry, cutlery and novelties for Christmas and birthday gifts. Just send your name and address and we will send it free to anyone in U. S. only.
LYNN & CO., 48 Bond St., New York.

FREE



Write today for 20 pkgs. Art Post Cards to sell at 10c per pkg. When sold send $2.00 and get your choice of presents.
PEERLESS WATCH CO., Dept. 420 Chicago, Ill.

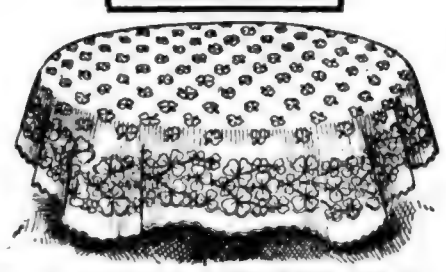


EVERBRIGHT FRIENDSHIP RING **FREE**
To advertise, we will send this ring, your size, your initials hand engraved, for 12c. Every ring warranted five years. THE AUCTION CO., Dept. 1125 Attleboro, Mass.

FREE
Gold Finish Bracelet, Neck-Chain and Locket, Fountain Pen, Pair Im. Diamond Ear Rings, Brooch Pin, Bead Necklace, and two Rings. All Eight Premiums given free for selling only Eight Gold Decorated Boxes Beautifying Skin and Complexion Cream at 25 Cents a box. Girls, write us at once for the Cream; we trust you with our goods and send postpaid. Address
CHEMICAL WORKS
Prem. Dept. 11. Bridgewater, Conn.

Round White Table-Cloth

Premium No. 7265



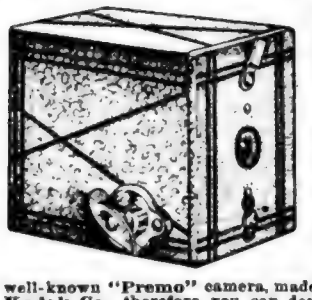
Yours Prepaid For Five Subscriptions

HERE is a genuine **BARGAIN** when you consider the present high price of all kinds of cloth. If you had this beautiful pure white table-cloth offered to you for $1.50 you would buy it in a minute. Here is your chance, however, to get one without paying a cent. By a fortunate purchase we secured a few hundred of these cloths **WAY BELOW COST** and as usual we are going to give our women readers the benefit of the trade. They are **pure white mercerized damask** and measure 54 inches in diameter which is a good size for the average round table. The pattern is **REFINED AND ELEGANT**—dainty three-leaf **clovers** which are quite small in the middle of the cloth and larger near the edge. The edge is scalloped and embroidered. You could not ask for a handsomer, more durable table-cloth than this one. It is made for service and will wear for years. **We guarantee** that every one of them sent out will give **absolute satisfaction.**

You can obtain one of these fine table-cloths by accepting the following offer **AT ONCE.** If you want one of them **DON'T WAIT** as our supply is limited.

Club Offer. For five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this handsome pure white clover design damask Table-Cloth free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7265.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

PREMO CAMERA

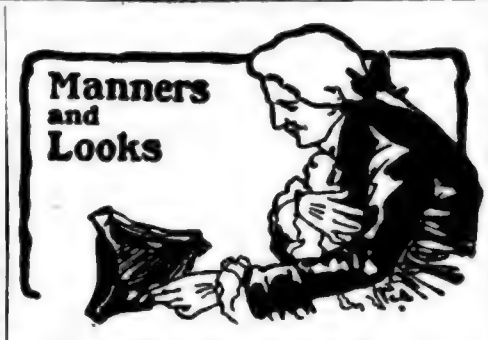


Premium No. 7314

For a Club of Four!

We will also include free of charge **one Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge** and a complete **Instruction Book.** This is the well-known "**Premo**" camera, made by the **Eastman Kodak Co.,** therefore you can depend upon it to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. It takes a picture 1 1-4 by 1 3-4 inches, is fitted with the best quality **Meniscus lens** and an **automatic shutter** adapted for snap shots and time exposures. The pictures may be taken either the long way or the short way of the camera. It uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures, and this may be put in the camera and taken out again in **broad daylight,** so that you don't have to go into a dark room every time you want to load the camera. Anybody can make good pictures with this camera. Being small and compact it is just the thing to carry with you to "snap" pictures of your friends, sports, etc., with. And remember, we send you not only the camera itself but also include **One Six Exposure Roll Film Cartridge and Instruction Book,** all packed together in a strong box and sent to you **Free by Parcel Post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or two 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you by Parcel Post, prepaid, this Premo Camera with one Roll Film Cartridge containing six exposures and complete Instruction Book. **Premium No. 7314.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Manners and Looks

"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT subscribers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Miss K., Meridian, Miss.—Outside of the South, married women when called by their first names have neither Miss nor Mrs. prefixed, but growing out of an old slave custom Southern married women are to this day spoken of as Miss Mary, or Miss whatever the first name is. This prevails not only among their colored, but their white acquaintances as well. If it is heard at all in the North, it is among Southern people.

Inquisitive, Animas, N. M.—The lady establishes the gait at which she walks with a gentleman. Sometimes it is fast, sometimes slow, depending upon what she thinks of the gentleman. (2) If a gentleman has no better judgment than to lead a lady past an ice-cream parlor, she need not have any better manners than to give hm a strong hint to take her in. (3) Custom makes it proper for a gentleman, who has brought a lady home, to stand at the front gate and talk as long as she will let him. The custom has prevailed ever since there were front gates.

Girl of the West, Playas, N. M.—It will be quite proper for you to dance with the soldiers who attend the ball. Our soldiers on the border are very nice soldiers, but it is contrary to military regulations for them to flirt with the girls, so beware. You are quite right when you say: "I think a gentleman is a gentleman, no matter if he is in the army."

Texas Girl, Alvin, Texas.—For a gentleman to attempt to put his arm around a lady while driving with her is so much buggy-riding etiquette, that we think you should accept his apology for the attempt on this occasion which so disastrously failed. But if he tries it again cut his acquaintance.

Perplexed, Lincoln, Texas.—As you are twenty and she sixteen and you have four years' work before you can marry, why do you want to clutter yourselves up with an engagement which is likely to be broken long before the four years are up? Sixteen-year-old girls don't know anything about what their hearts will be when they are four years older, and twenty-year-old boys know still less. If you can't be "just friends" for four years, you haven't got the stuff in you to last through a lifetime of sunshine and shadow, with plenty of shadow. Why do you want to walk with your arm around her, and why kiss her? It means nothing, and what availeth it?

Broken-hearted, Kingston, Tenn.—Etiquette does not prescribe what a gentleman should say when a lady told him to go to the devil, but we can suggest that he might say "Good Night," or that he was near enough already. There is more persiflage, not to say, repartee, in this latter reply. You may take your choice. As to whether she still cares for you because she sends her brother to know where you are and if you are alone, we should say it looked as though she meant for her brother to do you some bodily harm. We solemnly advise you to shunt that lady onto the siding and change to a different style.

A. B. C., Frankfort, Ky.—A lady should thank a gentleman for any courtesy whatever that he extends and she should not ask anybody what words to use in her thanks. The occasion should prompt the most appropriate words. If she intends to be grateful, or polite, by book rules, she had better be neither. (2) The lady may do as she pleases about asking a gentleman to call again, but hospitality which is better than etiquette, suggests that she ask him to call again. This is not always necessary, however, after the first call.

Mrs. C. O. H., Greenleaf, Ida.—Etiquette does not specify any rules controlling a stork party—we never heard of one before—but we should say the recipient of the presents appropriate for such an occasion should extend her thanks as she would for any other shower party. If she can thank them all in person at the party, no letters of thanks will be necessary.

Miss B. K., Jennings, Md.—Sitting at a table the gentleman may be either to the right or left of a lady. Usually he sits between two and rights and lefts don't count. At a table for two only, the gentleman and lady face each other.

M. K., Walla Walla, Wash.—You are a minor and will be for a year yet, or until you are twenty-one—if twenty-one is legal age in your state—and as long as you are a minor your parents control. After that you are free to do as you please. As you are making your own living, entirely independent of your parents, we would suggest that you remain at home until the law sets you free. Then you may go and you may marry if you want to. About that we would advise you not to be in too great a hurry. You are independent of any man's support and unless you are very much in love with a very excellent man fully capable of giving you a good home, marriage may not be all that you think it is. Some homes and husbands are worth a girl's independence and some are not. Being wise today is preferable to being sorry tomorrow.

Uncertain, Plainsville, Ill.—Don't bother your mind about the gentleman who was all attention to you until another man appeared on the scene, and then went off and sulked like a sore schoolboy and would not talk to you or see you again. He lacks both good sense and good manners and the fewer such men you know the happier you will be. Jealousy of that sort is worse than drunkenness, because the drunken man is not always drunk, but the jealous man is always jealous.

G. B., Gibbon, Nebr.—Be friendly with the gentleman, but nothing more, as it will be of no advantage to have his ill will. He is not bad, only stupid and you will find if you are more than formally friendly, that as soon as the other girl has gone away to her school, he will be coming back to you as second choice. If he were not stupid he would know better than to imagine you were as stupid as he is. He may be, as you say, a very nice man in his way, but he has got into a very reprehensible way.

Two Girls, Helper, Utah.—When we had read into your letter until we came to "He don't care nothing neither one of them," we stopped right there and put the letter into a grammar to soak. We will take it out some day and if it has absorbed any of the grammar we may answer it. But girls, why do you write like that? Are there no schools in Helper where respectable English is taught?

Miss B. S., Hellertown, Pa.—There are so many ways of entertaining a friend that when you ask us only how to entertain a friend, we cannot answer. Is it a lady or a gentleman? Do you want to give a dinner, or a tea, or a reception? Do you want to drive, or ride, or have a pedestrian party? You will have to be more explicit before we can know where to begin.

Blue Eyes, Heath, Nebr.—As you seem to be quite a cheerful lass, we suggest that if the red-headed girl insists upon trying to get your beau from you that you put her on one of your white farm horses and turn him loose on the prairie. (2) If you don't like the divorced man and he annoys you by his attentions, ask your father to take a hand in getting rid of him. (3) Etiqette makes no limit of time when a young man should ask a girl to marry him. It often happens that a day or two acquaintance is long enough and then if the girl hasn't any more sense than the man has she accepts him and they marry. One time in ten thousand they live happily ever after. Two people should know each other at least a year before they marry.

Little Bill, Canton, N. C.—You very properly accepted the invitation of the young man who asked to take you home. If the other one wanted to, he should have asked you first. The joke is on him and you have no apologies to offer. Other girls should be as independent as you are with young men who seem to think the girls are simply standing around waiting for them. If he asks you why you treated him that way, show him this.

Perplexed, Raleigh, N. C.—No wonder you are perplexed. It is enough to perplex any lady for a gentleman to ask her "to marry him three times." Marrying a man once is usually considered ample, but still, if you want to marry this one three times, there is no rule in the etiquette book against it. You may do as you please, and you have our blessing and we wish you much joy.

Anxious, Point Roberts, Wash.—The custom among young and silly folks prevails of exchanging rings, or of one loaning another his or her ring. Of course, it means nothing serious and maybe it has some sentimental reasons for existence, but trouble, greater or less, comes of it so many times that we advise all our young people to keep their rings to themselves, until it is time to offer an engagement ring. Even that is not entirely free from trouble of one kind or another, and wedding rings, the most sacred of all, do not guarantee continued joy.

Edna, Allentown, Pa.—You are wise in wanting to know who this stranger is who is so attentive to you. His education, appearance, manners and business indicate that he is all right, but you should not take other than a friendly interest in him, until you know as much as you can about his history, his people and his habits. But it is not your place to make the inquiries first. It is for him, if he is interested in you, to prove to you that he is worthy. After he has done that, you may inquire further into the evidence he presents and you should, if you think seriously of him. Carelessness in this regard has brought sorrow and shame to many a foolish girl, and you should not follow in their footsteps when you can so easily avoid it. All COMFORT girls and parents of girls make a note of this and trust no plausible stranger's words.

Down-hearted, Crookston, Minn.—As the lady does not care for any other and as she likes you, it may be she is one of those girls who have to be shown. Don't annoy her by persistent love-making, but continue your attentions nicely and faithfully until another man appears whom she likes better than she does you and then as her best friend, give way to the one she wants. That man may never appear and you may get her yet, but don't be over-hopeful and don't be foolish about what cannot be helped. It takes two to make a bargain and the unhappiest attempts to make bargains otherwise are found among married people. Be wise in time.

Blue Eyes, Bainbridge, Ga.—Correspondence between persons who have never met is permissible when they have mutual friends who have arranged the preliminaries, but not otherwise, as a rule. There is too much danger of deceit on the part of one or the other and the innocent, as usual, will be the sufferer.

Physical Development

Proper physical development is of the utmost importance to every boy but it is impossible to prescribe a method that would be suitable for all my readers. The boy with big muscles is not always the healthiest and champions, as a rule, pay dearly for their laurels. Never adopt any regular system of exercising without first being examined by a competent physician. He has spent the biggest part of his life in studying the human body and he knows what's inside of you as certainly as you know what is in your own pocket. Do what he tells you and give ear also to the advice of your parents and teachers. As a general precaution against the danger of strain or overdoing yourself, I would say that no boy of ordinarily active habits, should spend more than twenty minutes each day in special exercises. These might be aimed at overcoming some natural or acquired defect such as round shoulders, knock-knees, ungainly carriage, constipation, flat chest and the like. I assure you that it is possible to remedy any of those undesirable conditions but I am equally emphatic in exhorting you not to undertake it without expert advice.

The Brand of Shame

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

courag , "that I do not propose to be treated like a child."

Drake, ignoring her, gave his attention to the other man.

"I ought to kill you, you coward! You lived under my roof. You rode my horses. You ate my bread. And you stole my wife! Well, take her! No, I'll keep her myself. But you get out of here, do you get that? And if you ever cross my path, or hers, again, so help me Jehovah, I'll crush you for the reptile you are! Move!"

He lifted one of his huge hands and smote Pierce in the face and laughed when the man did not retaliate. Instead a livid and very inglorious "Beau Brummel," he left Julia to her marital reckoning.

Drake turned to her with a sneer on his white lips. "And now I will settle with you," he said.

She neither lifted her head nor answered.

"What you need is a master." His roving eyes fell on a branding iron which he had meant to take to Jenkins earlier in the evening. Seizing it, he thrust it into the coals.

He caught her roughly, his anger past control. "My money bought you, didn't it? If one of my horses played the devil with me as you have done, I'd kill him. But I am not going to kill you. I am going to master you. My cattle bear my brand to warn thieves away, and before God, so shall you!"

She sobbed and struggled but he was inexorable. "You may flaunt your white shoulders before men but they shall see that you have an owner—that you belong to Drake, of the Big Four Ranch."

He held her, half-fainting, till he had accomplished his task, then, releasing her, he strode to the door and went down to the street, while Julia, a sorry figure in her barbaric splendor, her shoulder marred by the brand that would mark her for life, lay in a huddled heap on the floor.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN DECEMBER.

Take no chance of missing the conclusion of this story in December COMFORT. You will miss it if the number over your name on the wrapper in which this paper comes is 338, or any less number, unless you renew your subscription at once.

Love and Spite

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

doorway; but she did not move out of Huntley's way. As though her feet were rooted to the floor she stood peering through the rose-colored hangings.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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WE feel sure that by this time you are intensely interested in this new thrilling serial by Adelaide Stirling and can hardly wait for your next issue of COMFORT in order to follow the further adventures of Jocelyn or "Jane", the friendless, nameless girl who is battling with powerful enemies and spiteful rivals in her attempt to find some trace of her kindred and solve the mystery of her birth, lineage and her name. All through this story is also woven the thread of a beautiful romance in which true love and devotion are in desperate conflict with spite and malice. This great serial will run in COMFORT through the coming year but if you prefer to read the whole story now, we have arranged to make you a present of the book complete, nicely printed, paper bound and with title page handsomely illustrated in colors. Send us only one, one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25c or your own subscription, renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25c and 5c additional (30c in all) and we will send you the complete story of "Love and Spite" in book form, free and postpaid.



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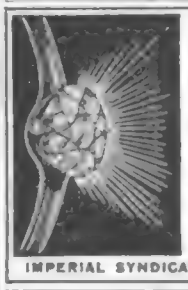
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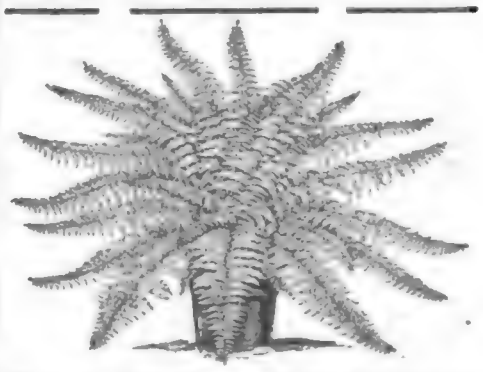
FINDS A MOUND TEMPLE.—The most striking prehistoric ruin yet unearthed by archeologists in America has been found by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institute, who made his report to the Interior Department. The mound, the largest of any thus far located, was in Mesa Verde National Park in New Mexico. It has been named Sun Temple. There are 25 rooms, and the walls, which total more than 1000 feet in length average four feet thick. The mound was apparently built about 1300 A. D.



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Cousin Betty is exactly as pretty as Beatrice only she is a handsome brunette whereas Beatrice is a blonde. Betty is not to be outdone in the matter of clothes either. She is always ready for a **romp** with a sensible **play dress** cut in the latest style with hat to match and carrying a large dressed doll in her arms. Then she has a **visiting dress** with hat, etc., as shown in illustration and a perfect dream of a **party dress.** And of course when undressed each of these little girl dolls has her own **dainty lace and ribbon trimmed underwear** while Bobby is every inch a boy in his cool "B. V. D's"

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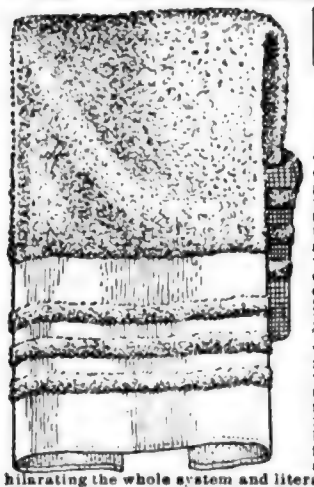


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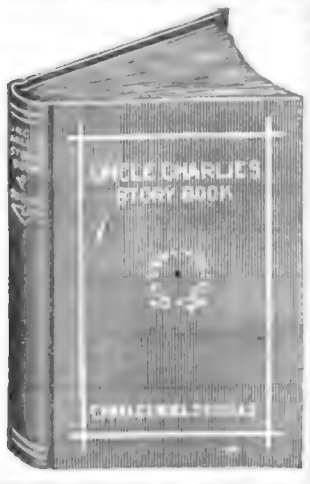
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Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. **A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1-4 by 7 1-4 inches, free for two subs. at 25c. each**—fifty cents in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily, Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and **beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped.** Free for **four subs at 25c.** each—one dollar in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only **two subs at 25c.** each—fifty cents in all. Ideal birthday presents. **COMFORT'S** greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid **poems** and **song book** will be found at the end of the League of Cousins' Department.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

to this part of your letter, Billy the Goat began to hum:

"Oh the baggage coach ahead,
It is time that it was dead,
For the whiskers long ago round it collected,
In the grave it should be placed,
From memory be effaced,
And never, never more be resurrected."

We look at scenery my dear, and we admire beautiful scenes, but there is no such word in the English language as "sceneries."

1412 Morgantown Ave., FAIRMONT, W. Va.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

May I sit by you and gab for a few minutes. I am an Irish dowdy and don't know very much, but am going to try to say a few things about Fairmont. Fairmont is a most wonderful city. John Barleycorn lives hard, but he lives all the same.

Our law makers got the wrong stanza of the law, and the result is instead of ridding the state of whiskey we are getting more in the state. Fairmont is the capital of Marion Co., W. Va., and is on the head waters of navigation of the Monongahela river. Has two railroads, several banks, a number of different churches, stores by the score, schools and high schools, and the state normal school is situated at Fairmont. Several factories, street car lines, and general prosperity abound. The country around Fairmont is very hilly; some good land and some not so good. Farmers generally are prosperous.

I am somewhere between twenty and fifty, five feet nine inches in height, weigh one hundred and sixty-five pounds, dark hair, brown eyes and if the goat don't get this, I would like to hear from some of the cousins.

S. T. WILSON.

Sam, there is just one thing in your letter that has caught me, and that is your reference to general prosperity. I've constantly heard of the general, but I never have had the pleasure of meeting him. I have been on his trail for years but I have never caught up with the old gent yet. When it comes to general prosperity I am from Missouri and have to be shown. If I were to hit the high spots for Fairmont, W. Va., and try to get a glimpse of general prosperity, I know what would happen, I should be informed that the general had just departed for fresh fields and pastures new; then I should have to hike home sad and disconsolate as usual. I often wonder when general prosperity does make his appearance, as some day he will, as the gentleman has the rank of a general, whether the peace-at-any-price cranks will call him a militarist and a jingo. I've got so excited about general prosperity that I've just got to burst into rhyme. Here is the burst.

Oh, General Prosperity, I've often heard of you,
But for umpty million years or more, I've never got a view
Of your bland and smiling countenance with good nature brimming o'er,
Dropping bags of jingling gold from out your plenteous store.
Oh, General Prosperity though long of you I've heard,
And though my anxious bosom too, for years and years you've stirred
With fond anticipation that on me you'd call some day,
Why is it dear old General that you never come my way?

Oh, General Prosperity I've waited for you long,
Waited in the flower of youth, when faith and hope were strong,
Hoping that you'd come and lift, life's heavy load of care,
And lighten just a trifle all the burdens we must bear.
Oft I heard you were approaching and forth I went to greet,
The angel of my golden dreams, but ah, you hoary cheat.
You stood me up in youth time and now I'm old and gray,
You laugh at me derisively and hike the other way.

Oh, General Prosperity, my heart and feet are sore,
For I've tracked you and I've trailed you this whirling globe all o'er.
But I never yet have found you, and it seems to me old pal,
By the way you dodge the common folks, I guess I never shall.
And my search has all been fruitless, and now I know just why
Rockefeller nabbed you as he saw you passing by;
And he swiped your golden chariot leaving not a single spoke,
Now he's a bloated billionaire, while the rest of us are broke.

Oh, General Prosperity if you ever should escape,
From the tyrant hands that hold you, I hope you'll be in shape,
To visit every humble home from Florida to Maine,
And wreathe around this whole wide earth gold links from Plenty's chain.
From poverty and hard times forever set us free,
And mind and keep a two-spot down in your jeans for me.
P. S. If you should drop that two-spot from out your golden cup,
Don't let Rockefeller know it or he's sure to mop it up.

FARMINGTON, Ga.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I wish to write you a letter of thanks for the nice picture book which you sent me some time ago. I certainly do appreciate it. I am a great admirer of Uncle Charlie. I read your talks every month in COMFORT. I enjoy your witty answers to the cousins' letters. Uncle, you will have to excuse this writing for my father is a poor man and I have never had any schooling much. But I have learned to read, write and spell well. I am sixteen years old. My grandfather reads often of you and he thinks you and Mr. Thomas Watson are great men. Do you read after Mr. Watson? I read his books and papers a great deal and next to Uncle Charlie I think he is the greatest of men. I have read your book of poems and song and later on I want to get your story book. Well, Uncle, I know your are tired of this so I will close. Give my love to Billy and Maria.

Your little friend,

NORA SAXON.

Thank you Nora, for your sweet little note. I'm glad you enjoyed the picture book. Very few of our heroes will stand inspection. We dream about them, picture them in our minds, and idealize them. Of course they are always beautiful, charming and delightful, and then when we see a picture of them, we have to touch the push button for the steward to bring us a basin, and that's where we lose a good dinner, supper or breakfast as the case may be. Do you know I never saw anybody who looked just as I had pictured them, just as I hoped they would be, with the exception of Charles Dickens. Oh yes, Tennyson looked all a genius should look and Edwin Markham the poet, has the most spiritual and beautiful face I think I ever saw on a human being. Most of our women writers alas, look like the old scratch. I don't know what a modern photographer could have done for George Eliot or the Bronte sisters, but I know what the old daguerreotype fiends did to them. They made their faces look like rat traps. There was one lady whose work I used to read with delight. She impressed me so that I built in my imagination, a little island in the Pacific, where the fronded palms wave their cocoa-nuts in the tropic breezes and here she and I dreamed our lives away in the ecstatic bliss of a perfect love. One day my dream maiden miraculously drifted to my side. She sent up her card. She was ushered into the waiting room by the Goat while I tore seven million white hairs out of my mustache, scraped my face an inch deep with a safety razor which made my countenance resemble a hamburg steak and left me sitting in a pool of blood three feet deep. I kept frantically inquiring of Maria and Billy how the lady looked, but not a word could I get out of them. Finally when I thought I looked too captivatingly beautiful for anything, and with my heart palpitating like the business end of a Ford Tin Lizzie, I asked them to usher her in. They were a long time ushering her in as she would insist on failing to pieces by the way. With the assistance of a little glue and a few tacks, the Goat and Maria finally deposited her in an armchair by my bedside. As she came in the door I went out of the window. Of course I didn't walk, I just naturally drifted. You see it was leap year and that was my cue to leap. Now when I think of a beautiful authoress, poetess or paintress, I picture her as a mummy with the mumps, and usually I'm not far wrong, for genius and beauty seldom go hand in hand, except of course in the case of your Uncle Charlie, and his pulchritudinous and beautiful family. Nora it grieves me to know that your education has been neglected. If I could get hold of the law-makers of your state and put them across my knees, believe me, they would have no teeth when I got through. It is a crime and a shame that a wealthy state like Georgia cannot keep its children in school until they are fourteen at least. If I had my way it would be sixteen or twenty-one. If Georgia was as anxious to hold the educational record as it is the lynching record it would be more to its credit. Let some poor child in Georgia be killed and somebody will be lynched before morning. Put ten thousand little children in the mills and grind their little bodies to dust between the upper and nether millstones of profit and exploitation and you won't hear a word. Oh, yes, you will hear a word, you will hear the Legislature saying that it must not make laws forbidding children to work in factories, or capital, dear lovely capital, will be driven to other states. Well, after all, these people would not be making laws, if the voters did not elect them, so getting down to brass tacks it is the people who need spanking as well as the lawmakers. Fortunately they have got a law through Congress that will put the kibosh on most of this child exploitation. I'll tell you more about that some other time. Now I'll get a ton of letters telling me I am an old Yankee criticizing Southern institutions, and that life in a Southern mill has heavenly bliss walloped a million times over. Save your breath my dear friends, to cool your porridge. I am not a Yankee, so your arrows will go wide of the mark. I know conditions in New England mills are often as bad and at times worse than they are in Southern mills. But two wrongs do not make a right, and if my friend Tom Watson would let up on Jews, socialists and others for a while and turn his guns on child exploitation, and help me to look after some of the hundreds of invalids in the Southeastern States, who constantly appeal to me for help—whole families destitude even for clothing—he would go up a whole heap in my estimation. Nora, you say you have learned to read, write and spell well. I'm tickled to bits to hear it my dear, as I know lots of people who spell it w-e-l and w-e-l-l-e. I hope however you have learned to spell more than well, and from the look of your letter I imagine you have. Give my love to your grandfather. Anyone who is interested in literature is a brother of mine. I can talk and reason with a man who reads, that is if he reads widely and understandingly, and not lopsidedly and narrowly. People who read one paper and absorb the ideas of one man and take all his dope for Gospel truth give me a pain. This remark is intended not only for those who get all their progressive ideas from Kansas, but to those who sit down with the Bible and misinterpret nearly every verse they read, thanks to a too literal interpretation of various passages of Scripture. Nora you ask me if I read after Mr. Watson, I think I do, because he like most sensible, healthy people I imagine, quits reading at eleven o'clock and goes to bed, while I often am reading long after midnight, so I guess I can safely say I read after Mr. Watson. I am interested a great deal more in national than in state matters. I would like to abolish ninety per cent of all the countries and fifty per cent of all the states. State government is so rotten and graft is so rampant and the expense of county and state management is so great that for the next twenty-five years at least I would like to see a strong centralized government, one that would wipe out murderers grafters, drunks and the lawless generally. Liberty here has degenerated into license. What we need is the strong, iron hand of a central authority to bring criminals to justice and spies and traitors to the detention camp, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

BOTTLE FLOATED 16 YEARS.—After floating about in the Pacific Ocean for years, a bottle containing a note probably written and thrown overboard by one of the officers of the schooner Transit, has been found on the beach by an Indian, Bob Wayne, near Moclips, Hoquiam, Wash. The note was dated Aug. 10, 1899, and was perfectly legible, though the writing and the paper were considerably faded. The message contained a report of doings on board the ship.

FLIES 2,200 MILES.—"Ben Bolt," a carrier pigeon, has established a new long distance flight of 2,200 miles from Norwalk, Ohio, to Los Angeles, Cal. It made the trip in five days, nine hours and 31 minutes. The best previous flight was made in 1912 by a bird which covered 1,000 miles.



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Here we go again breaking all records for new, nobby, ahead of the time styles. Be the first in your town to wear a suit that is ahead of the time. You can do it free. Earn it while you wear it. We make suit to measure and prepay all delivery charges. There is
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in it for you. Drop us a postal for our advance book, select the style you want and the cloth. Let us prove our wonderful offer. Don't wait. Don't delay. Write right away. A postal will do. We send everything the day your request is received. We pay postage on everything. Get busy. Simply send us a postal with your name and address on it.
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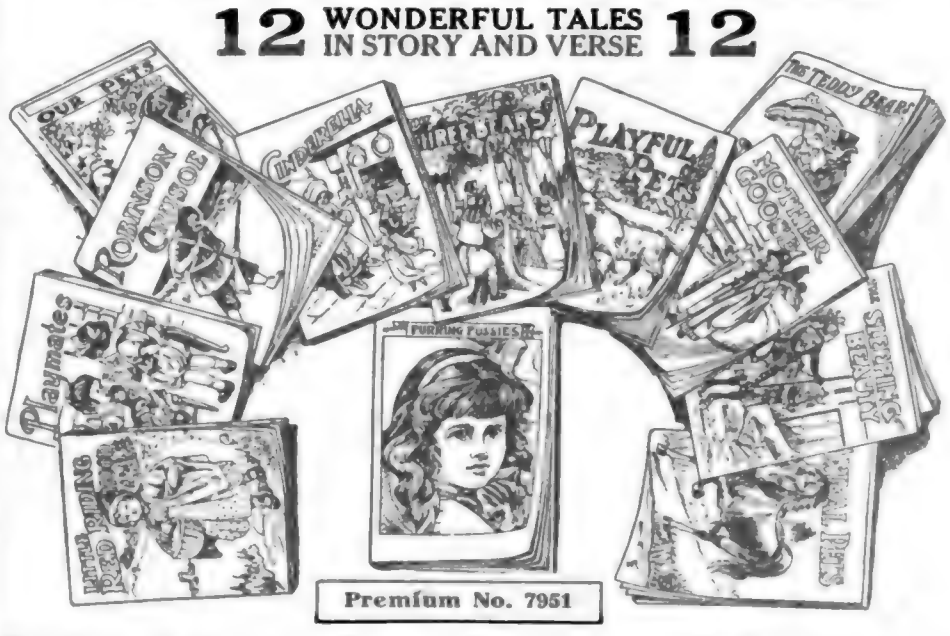


EARN THESE QUICK. Beautiful Watch, also one Gold pl. Bracelet, one charming Pendant, set with imi. diamonds and Four Beautiful Rings. BIG VALUE. Sell 12 boxes white Cloverine salve at 25 cents per box, give beautiful 16x20 in. picture FREE. Return us $3.00. Be first in your town. Write today for 12 boxes.
The Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 41 Tyrone, Pa.

Comfort's Bedtime Stories For Little Folks!

A Library of Cute Little Books

12 WONDERFUL TALES IN STORY AND VERSE **12**



Premium No. 7951

Entire Library Sent For One Subscription!

The stories of our childhood—how well we remember them. After all it seems but a short time since we listened with rapt attention to the adventures of **Robinson Crusoe** cast away on his lonely island—of beautiful **Cinderella**, the fairy and the prince—the tragic fate of poor little **Red Riding Hood**—these were only a few of the marvelous tales that thrilled our childish imagination and helped us spend many blissful hours.

The children of today are the same as they were fifty years ago. And these **good old-time stories** are just as popular with the young folks now as they were then. So we have decided to give our little boy and girl friends this fine big collection of stories which includes some of **the old-time favorites** as well as a number of newer and later books equally as interesting. There are **twelve** of them in all as follows:

Robinson Crusoe, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Mother Goose, Animal Pets, Purring Pussies, Playmates, Our Pets, The Three Bears, The Sleeping Beauty, Playful Pets, The Teddy Bears.

As these stories are intended for the younger children some of them have been "boiled down" to the fewest and simplest words so that they are not as complete as the original editions, but all of them are printed on fine paper in large clear type that is easy to see and read and have no less than **five beautiful full page illustrations in colors.**

The first four titles named above of course need no introduction. The other eight titles are just the sort of stories that delight every child—stories of **animal pets, horses, donkeys, dogs, bunnies, pussy cats, chickens, lambs, etc.,** wonderful romances in which there are old **Stone Castles, Kings, Queens, Princes, Princesses, Good Fairies, and Wicked Fairies,** stories of the **Bear Family**—Pa Bear, old Ma Bear and little "Teddy" Bear, stories of little **Playmates,** the true tale of the **Teddy Bears**—in fact the finest collection of juvenile short stories ever published. Each book is nicely bound with a handsomely illustrated cover **in colors** and is 4 inches by 5¼ inches in size.

There is nothing you could get for the children that would make them any happier than this fine story collection and best of all it will **cost you Nothing** as we are giving it away as a premium. We will send you free the entire collection of **twelve stories,** each story in a book by itself—**twelve different books in all**—if you will accept either one of the following special offers:

Offer No. 7951 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you this entire library of twelve books by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 7951 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you all twelve books by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 7951.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

the whole country to a realizing sense of the duty it owes to civilization and the world at large. We have too many rascally officials, thousands of crooked politicians who constantly need watching. The whole bunch should be set to gun and road making and ditch digging, then we'd have fewer thieves to watch and better government. Billy and Maria send you their best love and so does Uncle Charlie.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

Or if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's one-year subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate and send COMFORT to your friend for one year. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York grand secretary.

Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription file at once; so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie nor to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for November

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Elmer Dahlgren, 5019 Wadena St., Duluth, Minn. Both legs amputated. Aged mother his only support. Lovely character, sad case. Give him a boost. John T. Hoyle, King's Mountain, N. C. Invalid for nineteen years. Has locomotor ataxia and spinal trouble. Depends on charity for support. Send him some substantial aid. Rosa E. Joyce. Spencer, R. R. 1, Box 51, Va. Invalid. Needy and worthy. Send her some help. William V. Kinter, County Home, Indiana, Pa. Invalid for many years. Is very lonely and would appreciate some Thanksgiving cheer. James F. Essex, Nelsonville, Box 41, Ky. Helpless invalid for many years, aged mother his only support. Very sad and very worthy case. Send him a greenback shower. Mrs. Martha Harper, Trevilians, R R. 1, Box 17, Va. Blind old lady, 104 years of age. Invalid daughter her only support. They are very poor. Sad and worthy case. Send her something to brighten her few remaining days on earth. Mrs. Geo. T. Rousseau, Fairfield, Mo. Aged, sick and poor. Worthy case. Send her some cheer. Emma Jenkins, Walling, R. R. 1, Tenn. Helpless cripple, forty-two years of age. Remember her. Isaac Price, Lenoir, N. C. Crippled for forty-two years. Very needy and worthy. Sad case. Send him a greenback shower. Mrs. Mary A. Thompson, 36 Clark St., Brockport, N. Y. Invalid for many years. Send her some cheer. Dortha Grigg, Glen Allen, R. R. 1, Box 30, Ala. Shut-in. Needy and worthy. Send her a dime shower. Burke Pauly, Alkoe, Box 6, W. Va. Helpless cripple, twenty-one years of age. Would appreciate second-hand clothing, wears seventeen-year-old size. Ruth Woods, Paoli, R. R. 4, Ind. Invalid, fifteen years of age. Would appreciate a postal shower.

Won't you pass on just a little bit of Thanksgiving cheer to the poor, afflicted souls listed above? God has been kind to a great many of you during the past year. Here's a chance for you to show your appreciation of His great love and goodness. Open your hearts and pocketbooks and be worthy of your creator for once.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

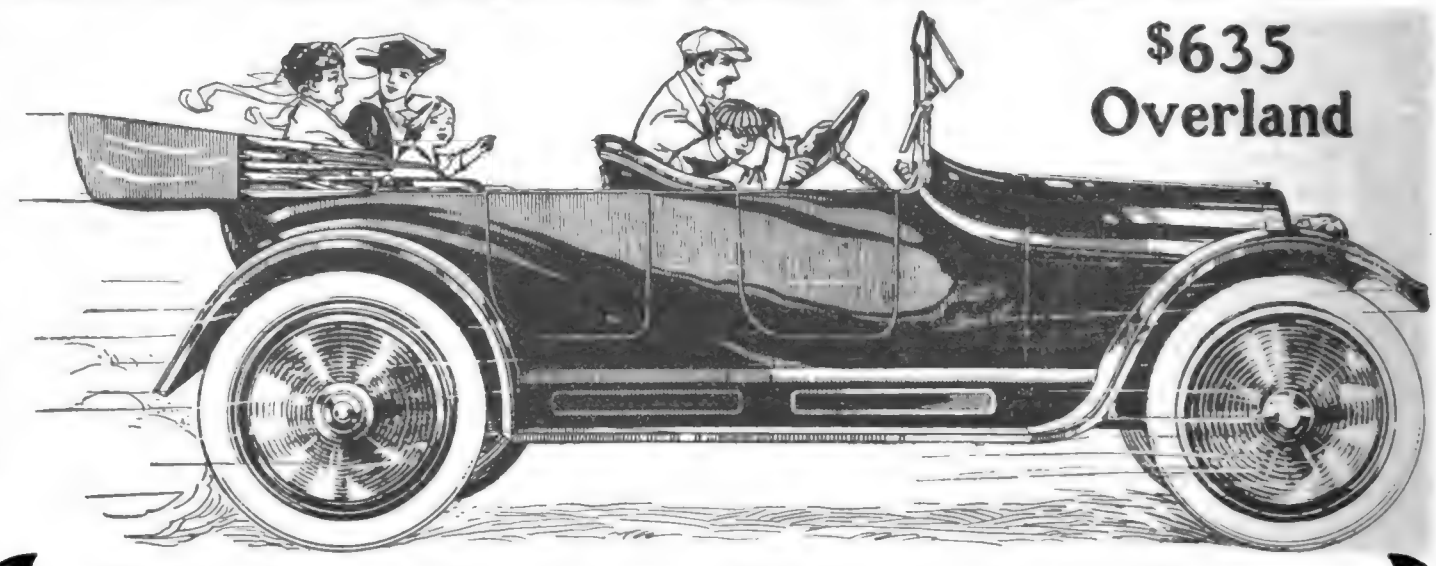
The Best Christmas Present for Young or Old Is Uncle Charlie's Poem!

Christmas will be here before you know it. Santa Claus is already preparing for his annual trip. Don't waste money on expensive presents. Uncle Charlie's gorgeous book of poems fills every need. It is an exquisitely beautiful 160-page volume of screamingly funny verse, bound in lilac silk cloth and autumn leaf lining. It contains the funniest recitations ever written. Read "When Father Carved the Turk," "How Pop Played Santa Claus," "Just Behind the Battle Mother," and you will have the time of your life. Make yourself and the children happy. This elegant book also contains splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and his family and a touching account of his life. Four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each secure this wonderful book, a gift fit for a king. Yours free for an hour's easy work. Start your subbing now and avoid the rush. Begin today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Makes a Dandy Christmas Gift

You must have music in the home at Christmas time. Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written, songs for all occasions; among them the prettiest Christmas carol (this is just the thing for church or parlor) ever written. This is not a mere pamphlet but a beautiful song folio with superb cover on which appears splendid half tone pictures of Uncle Charlie. Cheap at five dollars, with complete music for voice and piano; a superb present for a musical or non-musical friend; this wonderful work free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c each. Both books free for a club of six. Greatest premium bargains ever offered. Work for them today.

Would You Accept This Car As A Gift?



We Are Going To Make A Present Of It To Sombody And Give Away

Thousands Of Dollars In Cash Prizes Besides!

CASH PRIZES every month, more and larger **Cash Prizes** at the close of the Contest, and on top of all, this beautiful, powerful, **1917 Five-Passenger Overland Touring Car**—aren't these splendid rewards just for going out once in a while—when you find the time—and getting a few subscriptions for COMFORT?

And to think that you won't have to make any more effort to win them than if you were getting up clubs for some of the premiums in our Premium List or in the regular issues of COMFORT. You simply send in your clubs the same as usual for any of COMFORT'S premiums, at the same time telling us that you want to enter the Contest, and we place **these very same clubs** to your credit on the Automobile and Cash Prizes. That's all there is to it. It costs you nothing to try and you are just as likely to come out the winner of the Auto or some other prize as the next person.

Stop and think of the **satisfaction and pleasure** you could get out of this big, splendid Touring Car—what it would mean to your family and your friends. Think of the comforts of life you could **buy** with some of this **prize money. Then get started at once!** Remember—the contest has just opened so everybody who enters **now** is sure to gain a big lead over those who come in later. Read this announcement carefully—all of it—then get busy with the subscription blank below. It will hold the names of six subscribers and a club of six will help you to win one of the Monthly Cash Prizes in addition to your premiums and at the same time give you a **big start** toward winning the $635 Auto or one of the Grand Cash Prizes.

How The Auto And Other Prizes Will Be Awarded!

This contest is open to all except our own employes, news agents or dealers and professional subscription solicitors. The 108 Monthly Cash Prizes, will be awarded every month as explained further on. The 62 Grand Prizes, a list of which is given below, will be given in their order to the sixty-two contestants who send in the most subscriptions up to and including April 30, 1917. The $635 Overland Car will go to the one who sends in the **largest** number of subscriptions. The $200 in Cash will go to the one who sends in the **second** largest number. The $150 in cash will go to the one who sends in the **third largest number, and so on.** Following is a list of the Grand Prizes.

First Grand Prize $635 Five-Passenger Overland Touring Car
Second Grand Prize $200 Cash
Third Grand Prize $150 Cash
Fourth Grand Prize $100 Cash
Fifth Grand Prize $75 Cash
Sixth Grand Prize $50 Cash
Seventh Grand Prize $25 Cash
Next Ten Grand Prizes, each $15 Cash
Next Fifteen Grand Prizes, each $10 Cash
Next Thirty Grand Prizes, each $5 Cash

The Monthly Cash Prizes ranging from $180 to $200 a list **of which follows,** will be awarded **and paid** each and every month—from November 1916 to April 1917 inclusive. They will be given to the contestants who send in the most subscriptions **during each month.** So you see this gives you the opportunity to **win six** separate and distinct Monthly Cash Prizes, besides **one** Grand Prize—either the Auto or a Grand Cash Prize. Also notice that beginning with December the Monthly Prizes **double** and with January they **thribble,** thus giving you the opportunity to win **twice** and **three times** the amount of the original prize. In other words if you win a Monthly Cash Prize one month we pay you at once. If you win any Monthly Cash Prize the **next** month we will pay you **double** the amount of your second month's prize, and we will continue to pay double each **successive** month that you continue to win any Monthly Cash Prize. **Doubling begins with December.**

If you win the **same** Monthly Cash Prize **three months in succession** we will pay you **double** the amount of the prize the second month and **thribble** the amount the third month, and we will continue to pay you thribble the amount each **successive** month that you continue to win the same Monthly Cash Prize. If, however, you should win the **First** Monthly Cash Prize **each** month for the **whole six months** then we will pay you **four** times the amount of that prize the **fourth** month, **five** times the amount the **fifth** month, and **six** times the amount the **sixth** month. **Thribbling begins with January.** Following is a list of the Monthly Cash Prizes.

NOVEMBER			
First Prize	$30	Next 3 Prizes	$5 each
Second Prize	20	Next 4 Prizes	3 each
Third Prize	10	Next 8 Prizes	2 each
DECEMBER			
First Prize	$30 or $60	Next 3 Prizes	$5 or $10 each
Second Prize	20 or 40	Next 4 Prizes	3 or 6 each
Third Prize	10 or 20	Next 8 Prizes	2 or 4 each
JANUARY			
First Prize	$30 to $90	Next 3 Prizes	$5 to $15 each
Second Prize	20 to 60	Next 4 Prizes	3 to 9 each
Third Prize	10 to 30	Next 8 Prizes	2 to 6 each

The Cash Prizes for February, March and April are the same as those for January with the exception that the First Prize is $30 to $120 for February, $30 to $150 for March and $30 to $180 for April.

You Get Your Premiums Anyway!

Nobody loses in this contest. We are going to reward **every** contestant for **every** single subscription secured—either with premiums or a cash commission. Every club you send in will entitle you to a fine premium which you may select from our regular Premium List or any issue of COMFORT. And that very same club will be placed to your credit on the monthly Cash Prizes and the Auto and other Grand Prizes. Your premiums will be sent to you promptly upon receipt of your clubs, or, if you prefer the cash commission, deduct and retain 40 per cent. of the subscription money collected and remit us the balance. In this way we liberally reward you for all of your subscriptions as fast as you secure them. The premiums or commission alone more than pay you for your trouble and you still have the opportunity to become the owner of the splendid $635 Overland Touring Car or one of the other Grand Prizes to be awarded, at the close of the contest, April 30, 1917.

Contest Just Started—Enter Now!

NOW is the time to act! You are sure of a fine premium anyway, and you may start a Monthly Cash Prize your way also by mailing us the subscription blank printed below along with two or more subscriptions to COMFORT. We will send your premiums as fast as you send in your clubs. Or in place of premiums you may deduct your cash commission. Remember that in entering this contest you place yourself under no obligations whatever and you forfeit nothing if you stop at any time. In other words the subscriptions sent in by you will still remain to your credit on the Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Prizes. **So you see you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.** You cannot possibly lose because you get your premiums or cash commission anyway. **Start a club today.** Get all of your friends and acquaintances to subscribe or renew their subscriptions to COMFORT. They will be glad to help you out. Then mail us your first club as soon as possible, and have your name entered in this grand contest for the $635 Overland Touring Car and other Prizes.

Contest Subscription Blank

COMFORT, Prize Contest Dept., Augusta, Maine. **Date.....1916**

Dear Sir: Please enter my name in the Contest. I enclose $.....to pay for the following subscriptions to be placed to my credit on the Monthly Cash Prizes, Auto and other Grand Prizes.

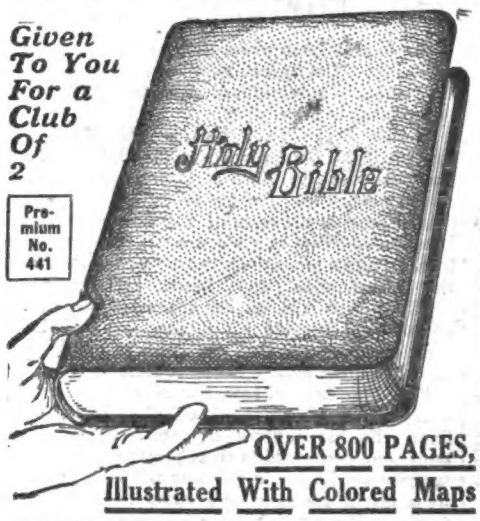
Subscriber's Name	Street and Number or R. F. D. Number	Box Number	Post Office	State	Write Below Length of Time Subscribed For

Send Me Premium No.....My Name is.....State.....

Post Office.....Street and No.....R. F. D. No.....Box No.....

COMFORT'S Subscription Price is 25 Cents a Year, 50 Cents for 3 Years, $1.00 for 6 Years. Two Years' Renewal (for old subscribers only) 30 Cents. Foreign Subscriptions Are Barred From This Contest.

This Handsome Bible



Given To You For a Club Of 2

Premium No. 441

OVER 800 PAGES, Illustrated With Colored Maps

ALTHOUGH this elegant little Bible is small enough so that it can be carried conveniently in the hand or in the pocket or hand-bag, yet it is **complete and unabridged** containing full books of both the **Old and New Testaments** in the King James Version, and in addition there are several **colored maps** illustrating different interesting portions of **Palestine** and surrounding country. It is 6½ inches long, 3¾ inches wide and one inch thick, beautifully bound in flexible pebbled black leatherette and contains over **eight hundred pages,** with round corners and finished with red edges. The name "Holy Bible" is stamped **in gold** on the front cover. This is an unequalled opportunity for Sunday School workers, teachers, in fact **all Bible students** at home or in church to secure a small **yet complete** Bible without cost and we feel that among COMFORT'S readers there must be thousands who have been waiting for us to make just such an offer as this. Remember that you are not going to receive a small, cheap paper bound or cloth bound book, but a splendidly made Bible, finely printed, handsomely and durably bound, and absolutely refined and perfect in every detail. We will send to any address this fine Bible exactly as illustrated and described upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each or one 3-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents we will send you this Bible free by mail postpaid. **Premium 441. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Premium No. 260

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Five!

Latest Pattern Silverine Shields for Monogram. Beveled Mirror and Fitted Case. There does not live a girl whose heart would not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell **dull black finish set.** A man's heart is pleased, realizing well the beauty of work in the brush with its fine white bristles, the excellent fitted beveled mirror and finely made comb. A woman is still a girl, only grown up, and to think of really owning this set seems in many cases the realization of some fairy's dream.

The Brush is nine inches long, 2½ inches wide, firmly set with white bristles, with shield of Silverine. **Mirror** is eight and one-half inches long, 4⅝ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely **beveled** glass set with rich Ebonyoid frame. **Comb** is seven inches long, 1⅝ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. We will guarantee that there is not one person in one hundred who can tell this set from real $12.00 Ebony, so closely has the rich, black, dull finish been represented. **When ordering be sure to state that you want set No. 260.**

Club Offer. For only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send this Set Free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 260. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Gent's Watch and Chain

Premium No. 399

For A Club Of Five!

A WATCH that any man or boy may feel **proud** to carry, a dependable timekeeper that will keep as near perfect time as any watch you ever saw **no matter what the price.** It is not an expensive watch because it is not in a **gold or silver case** but for practical every-day use it is just as good as a watch that costs $25.00. In fact, we have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one **A guarantee which is just as binding as that given with any watch no matter what make.** It has a handsome polished **nickel case** a thick **crystal** which will stand all sorts of rough handling without becoming broken; the movement is the **best American made, stem wind and stem set,** the **dial** is pure white with **large plain easily read figures.** We have already given away thousands of these watches without receiving a complaint and this we think is sufficient evidence that it never fails to please and satisfy. Now is the time for you to secure one of these handsome, guaranteed watches before the price of them goes up as it is pretty sure to do in the near future. We will send you this watch exactly as described, **together with a handsome chain,** if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For a club of only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed watch, also a handsome chain free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **Premium No. 399. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Children's Happy Hour

Violet's Magic Curls

Copyright, 1916, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

ONCE Violet's brown hair was as curly as the tendrils of a climbing vine, but sickness came and laid her low for many days, and, when she finally got better, her pretty ringlets were faded and dead and had to be cut off. Folks told her they would grow out nicer than ever in a short time, but—what do you think? When her hair did come back, it was as straight as grass and just wouldn't stay curled more than one day. This made her sad and she sought everywhere for a charm that would restore her much prized curls. For a long time her efforts were in vain but one day, while romping in the field, she saw a pony weeping and gently asked him what the trouble was.

"I'm crying because my mane and tail have grown so curly that they catch all the thistles along the path," he answered.

Violet was deeply interested.

"Were they always that way?" she inquired.

"Oh, no, only since last night," was the surprising reply.

"And do you know what caused it?"

"Of course I do; it was bathing in the magic spring. The day was warm and I had run a long distance, so when I came to the pool formed by the bubbling water, I waded in and rolled myself on the sandy bottom and right away my straight hair became fluffy and kinky like you see it now."

"It must have been the sand that worked the charm?" she said.

"It was," he whinnied, "for I bathed there many times before but never, until yesterday, did I roll on the bottom."

"Please tell me where it is?" she cried eagerly.

"It is two miles along this lane but you must turn whenever you meet a wild cherry tree."

"Will you take me there?"

"Tell me first what your purpose is?"

"I wish to get some of the magic sand to make my hair curly."

This was too much for the pony. He could not understand why she should want her hair put into a shape that would catch burrs and thistles, so with a loud snort, he galloped off and was soon lost to sight. Violet was so vexed that tears came to her eyes, but she started off, determined to find the spring if it took all day.

"I will turn when I come to a wild cherry tree," she mused, but now, she remembered that the pony had not told her in what direction to turn. On and on she walked, keeping a sharp lookout on all sides and presently she came to the tree she sought and saw, sitting under it, a gray fox.

"Please, Mr. Fox," she called, "tell me the way to the magic spring?"

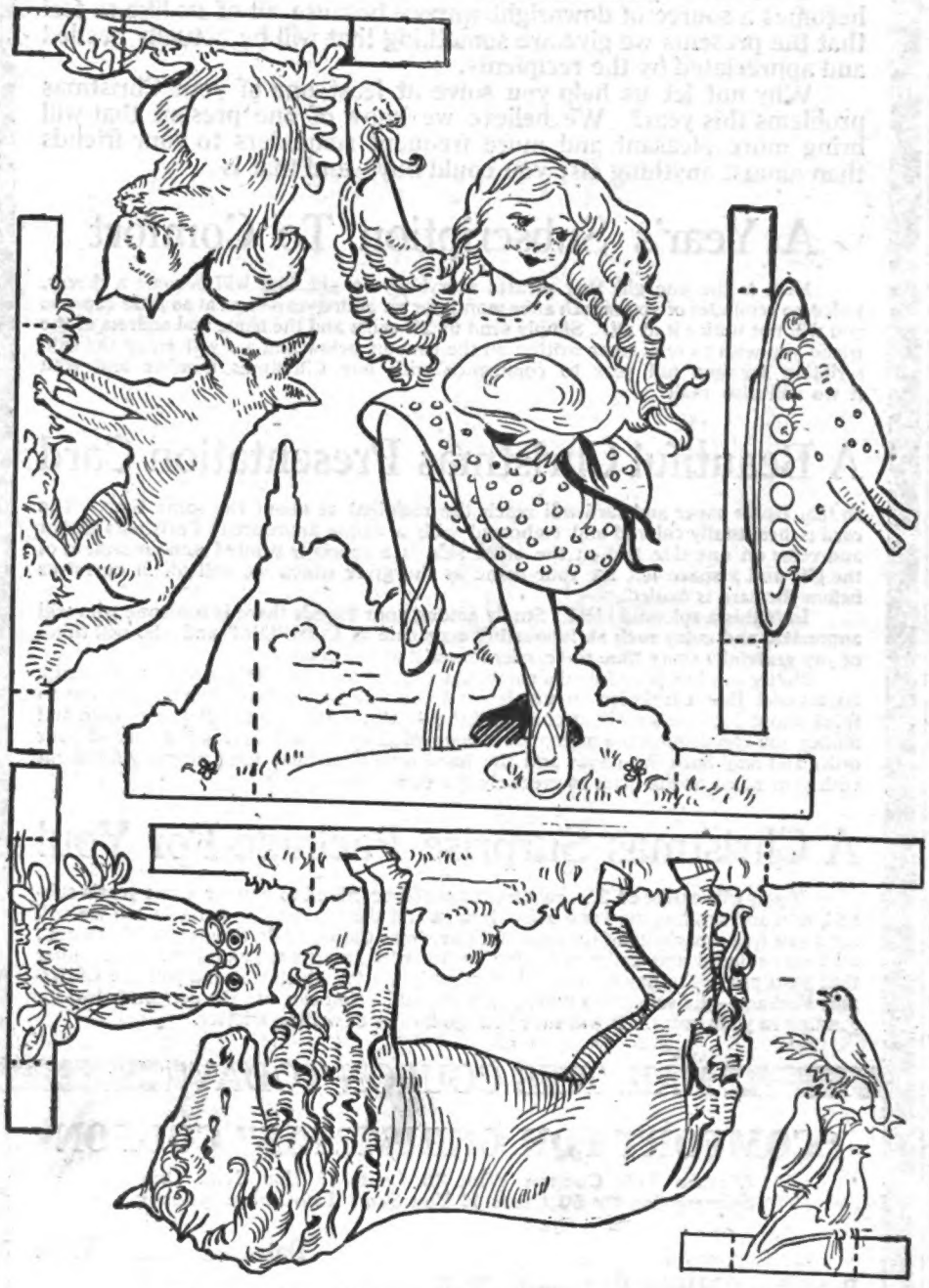
"Go to he left," he said, "until you meet another wild cherry tree, then turn to the right and keep straight ahead until you meet another and so on, first to the right and then to the left."

She thanked him and trudged on and after a hard journey through brambles and bushes finally was rewarded by seeing the water bubbling up in the center of a round pool. A squirrel was sitting on the bank eating a nut but she rushed right past him and plunged both hands into the stream, picking up the white sand from the bottom and rubbing it on her hair. Instantly it grew wavy and beautiful. She could see herself on the surface of the water and she sat there a long time, too happy to note that it was growing dark. All of a sudden the sun seemed to go down behind a hill and an owl gave a lonesome hoot.

"Oh, how will I ever get home in the dark?" she cried.

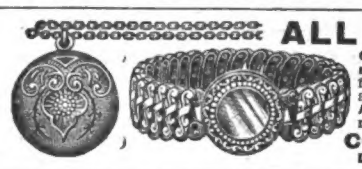
"I will lead you," offered the owl, "for I can see at night. He was a queer companion indeed, but he hopped gallantly in front of her all the way and soon she was safe in her own bed.

The next day was Thanksgiving. She slept late and was wakened by some birds tapping at her window. It did not take her long to dress but at first her folks did not know her and she had to tell them the story of the magic sand and show them a handful she had brought with her. Then they knew it was their own dear Violet. When they sat down to eat turkey and all the good things that made up their Thanksgiving dinner, she felt that she had a great deal to be thankful for.



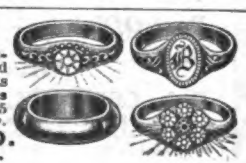
Cut-Out Doll Directions

Paste the entire picture on a piece of cardboard (using boiled flour paste) and smooth, with the hands, from the center towards the edges. Put it in a large book to dry and let it remain there at least three hours. Cut out each dress and hat with scissors and color them with crayons, chalk or water colors. The different objects illustrate the story and may be arranged in various ways. Each of them can be made to stand alone in an upright position by bending back the base strips at the dotted lines to form angles or corners. Keep the set in an envelope and when your mamma reads the story you can arrange the dolly girl and the other figures to suit yourself.



ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Locket set with im. Diamond and 22-inch Neckchain, one Gold finished Signet Extension Bracelet, fits any arm, and these 4 beautiful Rings ALL GIVEN FREE for selling only 15 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c. each. Write today.



COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.
DEPT. 39, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

Look at the Millions Rats Cost

By C. L. Chapman

Copyright, 1916, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher, Inc.

IT has recently been estimated by a French statistician that $1,000,000 worth of food a day is wasted on rats in Great Britain alone.

In other countries the expense runs equally high, and even higher. Every rat in France costs two cents a day for his keep.

In England a rat costs from one half a cent to five cents a day to the person upon whose property it preys, and there are 40,000,000 rats in the British Isles.

In our country there are more rats than men, women and children, and doubtless their appetite is just as expensive here.

In India however, a country least able to bear the burden of supporting these pests, they are four times as numerous as the population, and each rat consumes on an average three cents' worth of food a day.

Some time ago there was an international union organized in France to rid the world of these unwelcome creatures.

The rat commits another sin besides impoverishing the country. He carries disease, and it is probable, because he is dangerous to health rather than because he is a thief, that he will be finally exterminated.

There is a race war going on between rats themselves which will help solve the problem. The black rat is being driven out by the gray rat. The black rat is a much greater nuisance than the gray rat. All along the Atlantic coast he has been driven out, and only the gray rat now is found.

Perhaps if they keep up their war long enough they may exterminate each other.

35 Christmas, Motto, Comic, Flower, Love Postals, Silk Flag Fros. Magnus A. Hess Co., 837 Ashland Boul., Chicago. **10c.**

Kremola Cream. Wonderful bleach. Removes brown spots, etc. By mail $1. Booklet free. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

C. S. A. Money I guarantee what I handle are not Reprints of Confederate Money. Write for price list. Frank J. Shilling, Navarre, Ohio.



GOLD shell **Spectacles $1 a Pair** Send for catalog. Agents wanted Coulter Optical Co., Dept. B, Chicago, Ill.

FREE



Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 20 art and religious pictures or 20 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order your choice. GEO. GATES CO. Dept. 225 Chicago



BIRTH STONE RINGS FREE 14K Gold filled, guaranteed to give satisfaction, with stone for any month, to introduce our catalogue. Send 12c to cover cost of advertising and mailing. Send size. Eagle Jewelry Co., Dept. 51, East Boston, Mass.

"LET ME" read your character from your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if dissatisfied. O. A. Beauchamp, 2583 8th Ave., New York.



LOVERS' BUDGET FREE To get acquainted with you, we will send our great LOVERS' BUDGET, consisting of—12 Love Letters, 14 Flirtation Signals, 1 Fortune Telling Secrets, 10 Funny Readings, 1 New Gypsy Fortune Teller, 12 Flirtation Cards, 11 Parlor Pastimes, 250 Jokes & Riddles, 78 Toasts, 40 Amusing Experiments in Magic, 6 Comic Poetry, also bargain sheets of solid gold filled rings, for only 10c to help pay advertising. THE AUCTION CO., DEPT. 1196 ATTLEBORO, MASS.



CRYING DOLL FREE Latest novelty in dolls. She is a wonder, can cry and make as much noise as a baby. She has a beautiful smiling face, big blue eyes, and is all dressed up in a nice colored coat with fancy bonnet to match. She can stand upon her own legs and every girl can have lots of fun playing with her. We send her FREE, all charges prepaid, for selling only 12 of our latest Jewelry Novelties at 10c each. Write for them. EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 79, East Boston, Mass.

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FAT CAN BE REDUCED by wearing a simple, invisible device, weighing scarcely an ounce. No Starving, Drugging, Sweating or Acrobatics. You can try this wonderful invention **40 DAYS FREE** Without Deposit When your girth begins to shrink you will wish to own it. TRY IT 40 DAYS AT MY EXPENCE FREE OF ALL CHARGES. S. L. BURNS, 14 West 37th St., New York

A BEAU tiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package which transforms instantly. Look your best in spite of moles, sallowness, blotches, freckles, wrinkles, blackheads, etc. If you want to be charming and attractive order at once. Warranted absolutely harmless. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Dept. A, Box 1927, Boston, Mass.



Free To Every Little Girl!

Golden Locks And Her Lovely Twin Babies!

All Three Dollies Given To You Without Cost!



Premium No. 463.

Mothers, Don't Fail To Read This Offer!

COMFORT wants to give **free to your** little girl and **every** little girl this handsome **doll Family** stamped in **beautiful colors** on strong cloth with **full directions** so that you can cut them out, stuff and sew them up **in less than ten minutes.** "Golden Locks" is almost as big **as a real baby,** for she stands **one and one half feet high** and her cute little twin babies which you see in the picture stand **over half a foot high. These dolls cannot be broken** no matter how much they are thrown around or dropped on the floor and you can make them **bend their arms and legs, stand up and sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions.** They have beautiful **golden hair** which hangs in the **dearest curls** you ever saw and fastened with a **bright red ribbon bow** that cannot get lost or become untied, **handsome red cheeks, rosy lips and lovely blue eyes** which smile at you in such a **lifelike way** that you would almost think **they were ready to speak and say "Mama."** As shown in above illustration they are dressed in **dainty lace-trimmed underwear with bright red stockings and black buttoned boots.** The three dolls together—"Golden Locks" and the two sweet Baby Dolls—make the **cutest and prettiest** Doll Family any little girl ever had to play with. They are lots better for the little folks than the more expensive bisque and china dolls **because they will not break or snarl their pretty hair or lose their eyes.** There is no little girl who will not instantly **fall in love** with this beautiful Doll Family and spend many happy hours with it, so we hope that every mother who reads this offer will take advantage of it at once. We will send you **all three dolls free, by Parcel Post prepaid** on the terms of the following special offers.

Offer 463 A. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you **all three dolls** free by parcel post prepaid.

Offer No. 463 B. For your own subscription or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you **all three dolls** free by Parcel Post prepaid. **(Premium No. 463). Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received from COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Mrs. J. W. H., Hamilton, Oregon.—There is no remedy for the excessive rocking of your mother in her rocking-chair when she becomes nervous, that we can prescribe from this distance, except to put her in a chair which has no rockers on it. We hardly think the rocking will affect her brain. Why not let her rock as much as she likes; probably it relieves the nervous strain, and if you stop her it may do harm.

Worried, Macksburg, Iowa.—Most of the pains of the body manifesting themselves as yours do are rheumatic, or neuralgic, and are not internal, but some of them are, and when any trouble of that kind will not yield to external applications nothing can be done except to have a physician make an examination and determine what the cause is. After that, treatment is plain and sometimes it may be successful and sometimes not. Don't guess any longer at what the matter is, but see a physician and be examined properly.

Brown Eyes, Poole, Nebr.—There is more danger in the water itself than in the iron pipes through which it is received. Iron pipes are used almost entirely for conveying water and there is no harm unless the water is impure. Examine the water, not the pipes. (2) We cannot understand why you did not have a physician when your child was born, but now that the harm has been done, we advise you to have one and perhaps he can cure now what he could have prevented then.

Mrs. M. E., Burnleys, Va.—Consumption cannot be cured by merely using eggs, though eggs are excellent as part of a consumptive's diet. No medicine has been discovered that will cure consumption, but taken in time, nourishing diet with fresh air, night and day, and a dry climate may effect a cure, and in any case may prolong life.

Mrs. B. P., Newtonia, Mo.—We think the difficulty with your husband is catarrhal, affecting his throat and ears. As his ears are affected with what seems to be boils, there is nothing to be done, except after examination by a physician. Of course, the specialist whom you consulted did not know as much as you did about it, though he had spent years of study and practise, and you would not listen to his advice, or take his treatment. Still, it would have been better than your guessing at it, or asking us to guess. Go to a physician.

Mrs. F. H., Princess Anne, Md.—In old persons cramps and cold feet and limbs are not unusual because the circulation is on the ebb and youth cannot be put into the blood again by the best doctors. Nothing is better to improve the circulation in the limbs than thorough massaging, night and morning, and at intervals through the day. Rub with the hands, down a while, then up, beginning at the knees or elbows, legs or arms, or higher if necessary. That is purely mechanical action which will force the blood along to the extremities. Bathing the feet in hot water, hot as can be borne, and finishing with cold, then rubbing with a hard towel will also produce warmth. Most patients will not follow this treatment because it requires too much effort and is too much trouble and they prefer to take medicine of some kind, not because it will do any good, but because it is so much less trouble. Medicine is of no value. Massage and a proper diet with as much exercise as maybe, will produce results if anything will. Proper diet will keep the blood in good condition, and the other will keep it moving on its natural course.

Mrs. L. P., Newfolden, Minn.—If the most eminent physician and surgeon in your state told you that the swelling was goiter and for you to wait until it grew large enough to be operated upon, we should say he was giving you better advice than you could get out of a "doctor book," or even from COMFORT. Men of his class, if he is what you claim for him, do not deceive patients, or give bad advice in order to get fees out of them later. We would advise that you take his advice. (2) There are many remedies, some fine, some cases actually remedial, for constipation and many of them fail as often as they do not. We have found that one of the best remedies is prepared bran to be had at any grocery store and to be taken at meals with other food, or taken three times a day in glass of hot water, say from two to four tablespoonfuls. It is harmless and if taken regularly will begin to act within a week or ten days and will regulate the bowels as none of the usual medical laxatives and purgatives will. There are various brands of it and one is about as effective as another. It is even better cooked in the form of bran rolls which are appetizing. A dose of any laxative salts taken once a week in the morning may be of some assistance to the bran if it does not give sufficient relief. As for diet, eat plenty of fruit, cooked or raw, and more vegetables than meat and take brown bread in preference to white. Old-fashioned black molasses with your brown bread will be found efficacious and it is not bad eating, either.

L. L. T., Long Beach, Cal.—Very many people, especially women, in this country suffer from diseases that they do not have, never had and never will have. It is the result of hysteria, or nerves, or heaven knows what, but it is real enough to make more trouble than if it actually existed, because if it existed, it might be cured, but how can that be cured which does not exist? The physician, who examined you for that blood taste you think you have, was quite right in laughing at you when he found you were normal. Now stop looking at yourself from your own viewpoint and look at yourself from the doctor's and before you know it you will be as normal in mind as you are in body.

J. W., Canon City, Colo.—One part of the human body is as sacred and as necessary as another and when you think the proper care of any part is humiliating and degrading, it is time you were going to the doctor who gave you the advice and begging him to teach you the proper idea of the human body, its organs and their functions. God made man in His image and the proper care of any part of that image is not humiliating and degrading.

Mrs. B. K., Wyoming, Del.—As the tongue may be coated from any one of numerous causes, you will first have to tell us what causes yours before we can suggest what should be done for it. Suppose you go to a doctor and find out what the cause is and while you are at his office, just ask him what to do for it.

Mrs. W. S., Cambridge, Ida.—At a guess we should say your daughter's headaches were what is known as migraine, or megrim, sometimes called megrims. This usually first manifests itself by disordered vision, seeing only half of objects, or by dimness of sight, followed by a peculiar flashing and wavy glimmer. This passes off after an interval of a few minutes, or it may continue for an hour or longer, with little or no pain, but a disagreeable sensation of dullness sometimes extending to the body and limbs, and frequently with nausea. After this comes the headache, often called "sick headache," which may continue for a short or long time according to the severity of the attack. The trouble is quite common, though most people think it is merely one form of headache. Megrim, however, is more than that and is the result of several causes, heredity, being one, anemic condition and lack of tone in the system, nervous disturbance and others. Treatment must be prescribed by a physician who can study the case. It is frequently found among young people who will outgrow it, though it will never leave some. The attacks vary in time of appearance, with some every week, and with others not for months or even years. The intervals between the attacks is the best time for treatment and this treatment must be by a physician thoroughly conversant with the case and realizing that megrim is a disease requiring his careful attention. We say as much as we do about this ailment because so few persons suffering with it know anything at all about it and so many suffer with it and will continue to do so unless they have proper treatment. (2) Goiter can only be treated by a physician who can examine it. The exact cause of goiter is not known, but it may come from strain, or drinking certain kinds of water, not necessarily polluted water, but containing some mineral substance which will produce goiter.

Mrs. E. O., Arlington, Colo.—If your little girl has nothing the matter with her but excessive perspiration about the head at night, thank the good Lord that she is so healthy. There are dozens of worse ailments she might have.

E. H., Norfield, Miss.—Better see a doctor and have him remove the tapeworm, which is easily done. Tapeworms are very undesirable tenants of the human body and will do serious injury if permitted to remain on the premises.

Mrs. T. L., Mt. Auburn, Iowa.—Pains in the heart are often caused from pressure of the gases in the stomach resulting from indigestion, but when they are as severe as yours are and extend to the arm and side, there is something more than indigestion back of them. We cannot guess at what they mean, or are, but you should get the best advice possible from physicians who can examine your condition. To be perfectly frank with you, we think they are dangerous. Still, you should not worry about them, because people who have had dangerous heart trouble have lived longer than others who didn't have any at all.

A. L., Stephen, Minn.—Epilepsy may result from various causes, but oftenest the tendency is inherited. Very little success has attended its treatment, other than temporary relief, and it is held to be incurable. Liver spots, white warts and such are due to defective condition of the blood and they will remain until the blood condition is improved. Ordinary external applications are of no value.

N. P. A., Christopher, Ill.—A change of climate is about the only real relief for catarrh and even that will not always relieve, though it will usually if taken in time. We think that any young person having catarrh, or a catarrhal tendency, is to blame for any future suffering, who will remain in a climate where catarrh prevails. All the treatment you take will be of little benefit so long as you stay where the cause of the trouble is. Go to Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, North Carolina mountains, or anywhere that the air is dry. You ask us what you should do and we tell you to get out of that climate before it is too late.

Street Paved with Gold

In South American cities there is very little paving, but Paramaribo, the capital of Dutch Guiana, boasts of a stretch of roadway, paved with gold bearing quartz. This material was obtainable nearby at a low cost so the engineers decided to use it. It had to be crushed by pounding with hammers and women and children, as well as men, did part of this work. The wages paid to each was small but they were allowed to keep all the gold they found in the rock they were breaking up. This made the onerous labor rather interesting and some of the natives are said to have received a daily stipend that would compare favorably with the amount paid to some of our highest grade American workers. It is the only instance I ever heard of, in which, a prospector had the mine brought to his door instead of being put to the trouble of going out in the desert to seek one.

What Shall I Give Them For Christmas?

HOW MANY TIMES do you ask yourself this question as the holidays draw near and you are making up your list of those whom you wish to remember with some appropriate yet inexpensive Xmas gift?

Oftentimes you find it almost impossible to decide—it even becomes a source of downright worry—because all of us like to feel that the presents we give are something that will be actually needed and appreciated by the recipients.

Why not let us help you solve at least one of your Christmas problems this year? We believe we know of one present that will bring more pleasant and more frequent reminders to your friends than almost anything else you could buy—and that is

A Year's Subscription To Comfort

Here is the one gift that pleases everybody—a gift that will become a cheery, welcome reminder of you month after month for an entire year—and at so little expense you will not notice it at all. Simply send us 25 cents and the name and address of the friend you wish to remember written on the coupon below and we will enter the subscription for one full year to commence with our Christmas number and with it we will also mail

A Beautiful Christmas Presentation Card

so that **both** paper and card will reach the recipient at about the same time. The card is beautifully colored and embossed with a dainty appropriate Christmas design and verse on one side and on the other side is a specially printed announcement of the gift and a space left for your name as the giver which we will fill in ourselves before the card is mailed.

Isn't this a splendid idea? Surely among your friends there is someone who will appreciate and enjoy such an interesting magazine as COMFORT and who will think of you gratefully every time the carrier leaves it at the door.

Better send us your friend's name and the money now—**it's none too early to avoid the Christmas rush**—and you will have at least one present less to think about because we will attend to all the details. After you mail the coupon and money you can dismiss the matter from your mind as we will take good care of your order and mail both the paper and the handsome Christmas Card properly filled out with your name as the giver at precisely the right time.

A Christmas Surprise Package For You!

If you will **collect** 25 cents from **another** friend to pay for a one year's subscription and send us the **two** subscriptions and the money (50 cents in all) we will send you free a package of 60 beautiful Christmas Cards, Seals, Stamps, Stickers, etc., all finely colored and embossed, **the season's latest novelties.** Remember that **you** are not to pay for this other subscription for which we send you the Christmas Package—the subscriber must pay it himself. You can use the coupon below for sending in your order. It will save you the bother of writing a letter.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

"COMFORT FOR CHRISTMAS" COUPON

(Return This Coupon With 25 Cents If You Send One Subscription Or 50 Cents If You Send Two Subscriptions)

Date_____1916.

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir: As a Christmas present from me please send COMFORT for one year to the following address, also the Christmas Card properly filled out with my name. I enclose 25 cents to pay for the same.

My Friend's Name.....

Street & No. or R. F. D. No...... *Box No.*.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

(If You Send The Extra Subscription For The Christmas Surprise Package Write The Subscriber's Name And Address Here)

Pub. COMFORT,

Dear Sir: I enclose an additional 25 cents to pay for the following one-year subscription. In return for this subscription [which the subscriber paid me for] please send me the Surprise Package of 60 Beautiful Christmas Cards, Seals, Stamps, Stickers, etc., free by mail post paid.

Subscriber's Name.....

Street & No. or R. F. D. No...... *Box No.*.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

(Be Sure To Write Your Own Name And Address Here)

My Name is.....

Street & No. or R. F. D. No...... *Box No.*.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

☞ Enclose 25 cents if you send one subscription. Enclose 50 cents if you send two subscriptions.

4 Wheel Chairs in October

369 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four October wheel chairs go to the following applicants. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends in their behalf.

Edward Bryan Law, Sailors Rest, Tenn., 103; Emmett Odell, Saratoga, Texas, 100; Mabel I. Foster, Bentonia, Miss., 99; Alice Scafe, Stillwater, Okla., 85.

It is difficult to imagine more pitiable affliction than appears in the cases of these poor, worthy sufferers as described in the letters I have from their friends, which are enough to wring compassion from the coldest, most selfish heart. Let me tell you briefly of their sad plight, oppressed by poverty, crippled and tortured by disease, and suffering for want of care and lack of the common comforts necessary to make invalid existence endurable.

Poor little Edward Law, age nine years, has never walked and can get about only by crawling on the floor. He has suffered intensely. Surgical operations were performed in three places on each leg last summer and he was in a plaster cast for seven weeks. He is bright mentally and bears his suffering patiently. His good mother obtained all the subscriptions for his chair.

Emmett Odell, aged eleven, has no use of his lower limbs resulting from spinal trouble which began six years ago. He is dependent on his mother and two sisters for support and care. His mother writes that he is getting too heavy for her to handle without a wheel chair.

Mabel I. Foster, age nineteen, is entirely helpless and suffers such pain from rheumatism that she has to be kept under the influence of morphine much of the time. Her parents are poor, having spent all they had and all they could earn for her medical treatment. Her legs are drawn up and stiffened in a sitting position. The mother expects the wheel chair will prove a great help in caring for her. She has been in this condition about eight years.

Alice Scafe, age ten years, is a helpless, hopeless invalid and can neither walk nor talk. Her father is poor and her mother, with five other children to care for, is too busy to attend to Alice whose entire care falls on her thirteen-year-old sister who has to stay from school and tend her like a baby all day long, which she does faithfully and uncomplainingly.

There are many other equally distressing cases among the applicants who are trying for, and are in most urgent need of wheel chairs. My good friends, will you not do something this month to help provide them with wheel chairs to relieve their sufferings and make their lives more endurable? At this Thanksgiving season manifest your gratitude in this way for the many blessings you enjoy.

Twenty subscriptions sent in by E. M. Dykes in aid of Mamie Howell's wheel chair were duly allowed to her, but in the June "Roll of Honor" they were printed as having come from Miss Alice Mullen, therefore I make this correction now.

The month's Roll of Honor and the few letters of thanks for which there is room appear below.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

Little Brother Pushes Him About in His COMFORT Wheel Chair

URBANA, ILL.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

My son Harold received his wheel chair some time ago and is very much pleased with it, so much so that I can hardly keep him at home. His little four-year-old brother pushes him anywhere he wants to go. The truant officer told me she would try to arrange for him to attend school in his wheel chair as it is only a block away. May God bless you and all who have assisted me in getting this chair, and may you live long to carry forward this good work.

Yours respectfully, MRS. OLIVE GROB.

Had a Fine Time Visiting Friends in Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

LAPWAI, IDAHO.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I received the wheel chair for Margaret and am so pleased with it. We took her to Lewiston for a visit and she had a fine time visiting her friends in her chair. I will send you one of her pictures as soon as I get them. With many thanks I am,

Very respectfully, MRS. BENTON DENNY.

Hopes to Enjoy Long Rides in His Wheel Chair

TURTLE, MO.

MR. W. H. GANNETT:

DEAR SIR.—The lovely wheel chair has come and I hope to enjoy long rides in it soon. Many, many thanks for it, and may you live long to send out wheel chairs to lots of other cripples. With a thankful heart I remain,

Yours respectfully, GLEN SPARKS.

Well Pleased With Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

LOVELAND, OKLA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

Mamie has received her wheel chair and she is well pleased with it, for which we thank you very much.

Her papa, D. M. HOWELL.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Nellie Odell, Texas, for Emmett Odell, 100; Mrs. J. Mack Law, Tenn., for Edw. Bryan Law, 53; John W. Hankins, Ill., for John W. Hankins, 47; Miss Nellie Ferguson, Texas, for Mollie Fay Belle Ferguson, 47; Mrs. R. W. Bryan, N. C., for Jessie D. Bryan, 46; Mrs. C. M. Mansfield, Miss., for Mabel Foster, 42; Mrs. J. W. Sifford, Mo., for Willie Sifford, 37; Eddie White, Ark., for Dillard White, 36; Ben T. Hocker, Texas, for Ben Glover, 26; Lena McKinnon, Okla., for Alice Scafe, 20; Mrs. M. C. Cotton, Okla., for Alice Scafe, 20; Mrs. Della Rainwater, Ark., for Ona Catts, 15; Mrs. T. A. Hancock, Va., for Thomas Hancock, 12; Lucia Knowles, Ala., for W. H. Foster, 11; Mrs. W. A. Sparks, Mo., for Glen Sparks, 10; Leithor D. Darter, Texas, for own wheel chair, 10; Mrs. Thos. M. Blount, Mo., for Mrs. Malinda Gillem, 10; Mrs. Josie Pazz, Vt., for General, 9; Mrs. May Townsend, Mo., for Mrs. Malinda Gillem, 8; Mrs. Annie Leach, Ala., for Wm. H. Foster, 7; Mrs. L. G. Covin, Idaho, for Mrs. Arabella A. Sherrod, 7; Mrs. Jim Covin, Idaho, for Mrs. Arabella A. Sherrod, 7; Mrs. Naomi Mond, Okla., for Mrs. Naomi Mond, 6; Mrs. W. E. Garnes, Ohio, for General, 6; Mrs. T. B. Christian, N. Mex., for own wheel chair, 5; Mrs. C. H. Clifton, Mont., for General, 5; Miss Lona Norris, Ala., for General, 5; Mrs. Frances E. Schoonover, Idaho, for General, 5; J. O. Tunnell, Idaho, for General, 5.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—Snappiest Household Line on earth. Red hot sellers, steady repeaters—100% profit. 250 light weight, fast selling, popular priced necessities. Agents outfit free. Get busy—quick.—Write today; postal will do. American Products Co., 9415 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

Remnant Store, 1510 G-Vine, Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted for New, Profitable Business.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.

Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triple-wear Mills, Dept. G, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories". Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Agents Profits—Our plan beats anything ever before offered. Goods practically sell themselves. "Horoco," 231 N. 2nd, St. Louis, Mo.

Earn $50 to $100 monthly distributing Parker Hosiery to regular repeat customers in your home town at mill prices. All or spare time. Protected territory. Credit given. G. Parker Mills, 2733 No. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

Men and Women: $1500 to $3000 Yearly taking orders for over 90 Household Articles. Outfit Free. Big Chance. Full Particulars. Duo Factories, Dept. B40, North Java, N. Y.

Agents! Highly profitable returns selling our Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Biggest Proposition. Write at once. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. CB, 425 Broadway, New York.

1916's Sensation—11-piece toilet article set, selling like blazes at $1, with $1 carving set free; enormous profits; tremendous hit; Eagle made $51 first week; write quick. Pierce Co., 505 Pierce Bldg., Chicago.

Every Home on Farm, In Small Town or suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal-oil) Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One farmer cleared over $500 in 6 weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning $100 to $300 per month. We Furnish Goods On Time to reliable men. Write quick for sample lamp for free trial, distributor's proposition and secure appointment in exclusive territory. Mantle Lamp Co., 610 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Big Textile Mills want ambitious men and women everywhere to show latest dress fabrics, neckwear, hosiery, underwear, and sweaters. 400 styles. Easy sales. Values beat stores. Many making over $30 weekly. All or spare time. Complete sample outfit starts you. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

Agents—Steady Income. Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bishop tells Women How to Make Money, Free Plan—No Money Needed—Something New. Write Bishop, 116 N. 2nd, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents; Cooper made $314 last month, $91 last week selling "Kantleak" Raincoats. New proposition. We deliver and collect. Sample coat Free. Comer Mfg. Co., 12 Opal St., Dayton, Ohio.

Guaranteed Hosiery Selling From Mill earns $5 a day for our representatives. No Capital or experience needed. All or Spare Time. Weber Mills, Nicetown Station, Phila., Pa.

Agents: Two big selling, household necessities. Sell at 10 cts. Write G. A. Landwehr, Desk 18, Majestic Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Agents I've a new soap game that's a dandy. New stuff. 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 50, St. Louis, Mo.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo Plates, Pennants, Paper Mache Frames. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk M5, Chicago, Ill.

Agents $60 a week to travel by Automobile and introduce our 300 candle power coal-oil lantern. Write for particulars of our free auto offer. Thomas Co., 319 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Make $5000 This Year. Be your own boss—independent—abundant money—your time your own. All or spare time, at home or traveling. Write E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 9015 3rd St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents can make big money selling hosiery of exceptional quality at prices that cannot be secured elsewhere. Big repeater. Write. Fisher Hosiery Co., 723 Sterling Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Make a dollar an hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package and catalogue of household specialties free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452 A, Amsterdam, N. Y.

A Demonstration sells our newly patented combination vacuum sweeper. $5.00 profit on every sale. Hissong sold seven in one day. The United Sales Co. Box 800C Warren, Pa.

Stop Here—just out—Eisen Regulator for Ford Headlights. Selling like wildfire everywhere. Gives splendid driving light at low speed—keeps bulbs from burning out—works entirely automatically. Needed on every Ford. Big profits quick—Listen: Hopkins, Tenn., cleared $16.20 first day. White, Michigan, $134.00 one week. No experience or capital needed. We show you how. Sales Guaranteed. Hurry, don't delay, write now for special information. Address Eisen Instrument Co., 336 Valentine Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

Insyde Tyres, inner armor for Automobile tires, double mileage and prevent punctures and blowouts. Quickly applied. Cost little. Demand tremendous. Profits unlimited. Details free. American Automobile Accessories Co., Dept. 110, Cincinnati, O.

Agents Sell Duzwin Washing Paste. Wonderful compound. Washes and whitens clothes without boiling, rubbing or bluing. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. 100% profit. Splendid repeater. Send for free sample and agents proposition. Duzwin Products Co., Crow St., Utica, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

Lady Or Gentleman To Travel for old-established firm. No canvassing. Staple line. $18 weekly, pursuant to contract. Expenses advanced. G. O. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg.

Agent's—200% profit. Wonderful little article. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Matthews, 419 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

One Thousand Dollars Reward if this is not the greatest money-making house-to-house proposition. N. R. G. Little Wizard Labor Saver washes clothes in 10 minutes, without rubbing. Contains no Lime, Lye, Paraffin, Wax or other injurious chemical and cannot possibly injure the clothes or hands. Positively the wonder of the age—sells for 15c enough for 5 family washings. We supply one free sample with every package you buy and guarantee the sale of same. Just leave the free sample with the housewife and when you call again, she is eagerly awaiting to become your steady customer. A 1c. postal brings sample and full particulars. Farquhar-Moon Mfg. Co., Desk B210, 140 W. Van Buren St., Chicago.

Earn your Christmas money taking orders for Personal Christmas Cards. Outfit free. Strathmore Press, Cambridge, Mass.

$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 228, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Big Handsome Xmas Package, consisting post-cards, booklets, tags, seals. Sells itself. Sample 10c. particulars free. Write quickly. Ufert, 236 West 41st St., New York.

Agents sell our waterproof aprons, soaps and toilet articles. Big profits. Pelham Manufacturing Co., North Pelham, N. Y.

A few reliable men or women to handle my 1916 "Business Guide." Sells everywhere. Beginners clear $7 per day. 60% commission. Outfit free. Prof. Nichols, Box 19, Naperville, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

$100.00 Weekly easily made selling to dealers on commission "18-92" highest quality Aluminum Cooking Utensils, guaranteed for 20 years. Exclusive or side line. Write immediately for proposition. Ipalco, Lemont, Ill.

Agents sell a new rug; women grab for it; No experience required; big money. Write Mount Vernon Rug Co., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Agents—A one-cent post card will put you in touch with an $80 a week proposition selling Aluminum Utensils and Specialties direct to the consumer. Don't let one cent stand between you and prosperity. Div. B.B.P., American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ill.

Reliable People Wanted to place Eggine in stores and appoint agents. Takes the place of Eggs in baking and cooking at less than 9c doz. Package and particulars 10c postpaid. Morrissey Co., 4424 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Turn Spare Time Into Dollars. Something new. No canvassing or investment. Daydark Co., Desk 54, St. Louis, Mo.

Agents to handle our line of advertising calendars, fans and novelties. Large commissions. Write for particulars. Best Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Learn Nursing At Home. Rates low. Easy terms. Catalog free. Philadelphia School for Nurses, 2227 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MUSIC FOR SALE

"Trey O'Hearts" latest rag two-step for piano. To introduce 10c postpaid. A. E. Holch, Cripple Creek, Colo.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-134 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.

"Rainbow" Partridge Rocks bred for winter layers and beauty of plumage. The Rockwood Farm, Box 1131, Norwalk, Ohio.

S. C. White Leghorns—Pullets, Breeders—Heavy Layers. Order now for Chicks and Eggs for 1917. Send for Literature. Sunny Crest Co., East Aurora, N. Y.

SCHOOLS

Telegraphy—Wire & Wireless & Station Agency Taught. Largest School. Catalog Free. Dodge's Institute, L St., Valparaiso, Ind.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Shorthand in 30 Lessons. (Copyrighted) Home study in spare time insures paying positions. Write for booklet C. American School of Phonography, Cleveland, Ohio.

COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

Will Pay $100.00 for Trade Dollar 1885; $7.00 for 1853 Quarter without arrows; $750.00 for certain $5.00 gold without motto. Cash premiums for rare coins to 1912. Get posted. Send 4c. Get our Large Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Texas.

$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1895, and send 10c at once for New Illust'd Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.

POST CARDS

Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards; One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

REAL ESTATE

Small Missouri Farm $10 Cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; Highly productive land; close to three big markets. Write for photographs and full information. Munger, D-104, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Best Opportunities today are in the South for farm and other homeseekers. Low priced lands, largest profits per acre in grain, alfalfa and other crops, healthful home regions; openings for live stock, dairy, poultry, fruit and truck farmers. Write for literature. M. V. Richards, Ind. & Agr. Commr., Room 19 Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Virginia, N. C., W. Va., & Ohio Farms at $15.00 per acre & up offer big value for the price. Best climate, markets, schools & transportation. Good land and neighbors. Write F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 269 Arcade, Roanoke, Va.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 197 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

California Land $1.00 Per Acre Cash. Balance purchase 90c month per acre. Immediate possession given. No taxes. No interest. Level San Joaquin Valley. Only four hours from San Francisco. 5 acres up. Clear; ready to plow. Open ditch irrigation, $1.00 acre per annum. Particulars, maps, photographs, free. Stevinson Colony, Desk B., 785 Market St., San Francisco.

Florida—Attractive bungalow—10-acre fruit, poultry, truck farm adjoining city; price $1000; easy terms; Geo. Colburn, Lake City, Fla.

Uncle Sam is watering a farm for you in Salt River Valley, Arizona, where you will live longer and better, and make more money with less work. Read our Roosevelt Dam folder free on request. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Com'r AT&SF Ry., 1946 Ry. Exchange, Chicago.

FARMS FOR SALE

Money-Making Farms, 15 states, $10 to $50 an acre; stock, tools and crops often included to settle quickly. Write for Big Illustrated Catalogue. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Dept 3027, 150 Nassau St, New York.

OIL LAND INVESTMENTS

Oil and Independence, Oklahoma Oil Field Land may make your fortune. Your chance of making enormous profits from a small investment—Lots sold on payments of $1.00 cash and $2.00 monthly. Write for particulars. Address, Frank P. Cleveland, 1114 Adams Express Building, Chicago.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451 St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

$25 Week. Become Auto Chauffeurs. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. P. 812 Rochester, N. Y.

Men—Women Wanted. Gov't Jobs. $75.00 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dep't P. 12, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

Be A Detective—Earn $100 to $300 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 287 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Government Needs Men and Women over 18, for stationary and traveling positions. Big salaries. Write, Ozment, 8R, St. Louis.

Government Farmers Wanted. $75 to $125 monthly. Free living quarters. Write, Osment, 8F, St. Louis.

No Strike: 8 Hour Day. Men everywhere. Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, $120. Colored Porters, Experience unnecessary. 328 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Be A Detective—Earn $100 to $300 per month; easy work; we show you; Write Wagner, 1343 Lexington Ave., New York. Dept. 368.

Men Become Locomotive Firemen, Brakemen, Electric Motormen and Conductors and earn Big Money. Hundreds placed to work $75 and $100 month. No experience necessary. Write at once, Inter Railway Dept. C, Majestic Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Wanted. Men and women to qualify for Government positions. Several thousand appointments to be made next few months. Full information about openings, how to prepare, etc., free. Write immediately for booklet CG1450. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Men—Wanted. Gov't Jobs. $75.00 month. Write for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. P. 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Earn $75 to $150 a month. Easy work, short hours, Lifetime position. Examinations coming. American Citizens only. Write for Free book J-15, of Government jobs. Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

500 Men Wanted At Once 20-40 For Electric Railway Motormen and Conductors. All parts U. S. $60-$100 monthly Experience unnecessary. Send Stamp for application blank. National Railway, Dept. 134, Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Five bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 83, Omaha, Neb.

Will Pay reliable woman $25.00 to distribute Free (not to sell) 200 pkgs. Borax Soap Powder among friends. No money required. A. Ward Company, 732 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

We Have Customers who will buy from you tea aprons and dust caps in large lots. They also want fancy work of all kinds—Embroidery, Crocheting and Tatting. Send 20c for pattern and prices. Returned if dissatisfied. Kenwood Sales Shops, 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Government Matrons Wanted, age 21 to 45, $60 monthly. Free Living quarters. Write Ozment, 8M, St. Louis.

Reliable Women to distribute toilet goods to friends and neighbors. $1 a dozen for your trouble. Sample free. Daley Mfg., Co., St., Louis, Mo.

Comfort's Comicalities "Jest for Fun"

Not Satisfied

One evening a little boy entered a grocery store and handed the clerk a note which read: "I am a poor woman and have no money. My children and I are starving. Won't you give us something to eat?"



The kind-hearted clerk filled a large basket with food and gave it to the boy, who quickly departed.

In a few minutes he again entered the store.

"What's the trouble now?" said the clerk.

"Mamma sent me back to get the trading stamps," the lad replied.—Louisville Evening Post.

Kindness of Heart

His face was pinched and drawn. With faltering footsteps he wended his way among the bustling crowd.

"Kind sir," he suddenly exclaimed, "will you not give me a loaf of bread for my wife and little ones?"

The stranger regarded him not unkindly. "Far be it from me," he rejoined, to take advantage of your destitution. Keep your wife and little ones; I do not want them."—Tid Bits.

Its Vocabulary

"That parrot of theirs! Why, it rattles off all the gossip of the neighborhood!"

"Yes. When it was learning to talk they forgot to take it out of the room the day the sewing society met."—Browning's Magazine.

The Jury Reports

It was the first case ever tried in Stony Gulch, and the jury had sat for hours arguing and disputing. At last they straggled back, and the foreman, a tall mountaineer, expressed the general opinion.



"We don't think he did it," he said slowly, "for we allow he wan't there; but we think he would of ef he'd had the chanst."—Youth's Companion.

"Safety First"

"Doesn't seem to be anybody at home. Where's the family?" asked the Billville visitor.

"Well," was the reply, "the children are off at school, an' last week the old lady left to take military 'trainin' in the preparedness camp."

"But—where's the old man?"

"Last seen of him, he was crawlin' into a storm-pit an' shuttin' the lid after him."—Atlanta Constitution.

Sorely Disappointed

"Why do ye look so sorrowful, Dennis?"

"I just hear-r-d wan man call another a liar, and the man that was called a liar



said the other man would have to apologize, or there would be a fight."

"And why should that make you look so sad?"

"The other man apologized!"—Pall Mall Gazette.

Perfectly Simple

During a school tea a kindly English lady sat regarding one of the young guests with evident alarm. Undismayed by the lady's glances, the young hopeful demolished plate after plate of bread and butter and cake. At last the lady could stand it no longer. Going up to the urchin, she said:

"My boy, have you never read any book which would tell you what to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid?"

"Why, bless yer, ma'am," replied the young gentleman, with his mouth full of cake, "I don't want no book. It's very simple. I eat all I can, I drink all I can, an' I avoids bustin'."—Louisville Herald.

A Gloomy View



The five-year-old daughter of an army officer at Fort Hamilton was returning from Sunday School a short time ago when she met a friend of the family who asked her where she had been.

"Jus' to Sunday School," she said.

"And what did you do there?" questioned the friend.

"Oh, we jus' sang sad songs about heaven," answered the child.

Not Reckless

Jake Penticoff came to seek aid from the city fathers.

"I gotta haff a sack of flour," said Jake. "I'm all out, and my family iss starfin'."

"All right, Jake," said the official. "If you need flour and have no money, we'll get you a sack. But see here, Jake, there's a circus coming, and if we get your flour are you sure that you will not sell it and take your family to the circus?"

"Oh, no," said Jake; "I already got dat safed up. Yas, I got money to go to te circus."—Youth's Companion.

Yes, William



As William bent over her fair face he whispered, "Darling, if I should ask you in French if I might kiss you, what would you say?"

Nancy, calling up her scanty knowledge of the French language exclaimed, "Billet doux." Pronounced Billy do.—Louisville Evening Post.

The Ideal Sort

"Jones is the finest after-dinner speaker I have ever heard."

"So?"

"Yes, he always says, 'Waiter, give that check to me.'"—Panther.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents. Write for List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free. Patents advertised free. We assist inventors to sell inventions. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience unnecessary. Earn big pay while you learn at home during spare time. Only eight weeks required. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of students we have placed in positions paying $100 to $500 per month. Address nearest office. Dept. B-28, National Salesmen Training Ass'n., Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

Salesmen Wanted—Reliable Men That can furnish team and wagon to travel in the country and sell old established line of medicines, flavorings, spices, soaps, toilets, condition powder, etc. Permament work. Pay Big. Write today for free copy of "Opportunity." It tells how. Seminole Medicine Co., Boone, Ia., Box 228.

Tobacco Factory wants salesman; good pay, steady work, promotion; experience unnecessary, we give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Box A-19, Danville, Va.

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Invent Something; Your Ideas May bring wealth; our free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent, through our new credit system; write today. Waters & Co., 4206 Warder Bldg., Washington, D. C.

$888 In Pigeons! Start raising squabs for market or breeding purposes. Make big profits with our Jumbo Pigeons. We teach you. Large, free, illustrated, instructive circulars. Providence Squab Co., Providence, R. I.

Earn good money at home, silvering mirrors; no capital. Free instructive booklet. D. Malin, 284 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The Perfection Extension Shoe for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. Henry J. Lotz, 313 Third Ave., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

Free—To any person, Boy or Girl who will send me five names of people suffering from Dandruff or Falling Hair. I will send free of charge a handsome Coin Purse. Address, Chas. A. Malkels, Montgomery, Ill.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

We've got lockets, knives, rifles, etc., to give away. Write us for free particulars. Keeney Seed Co., Monongahela City, Penna.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Write Photoplays, Short Stories, Poems: $100 each. No correspondence course. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 336, Cincinnati, O.

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

Write Photoplays! $75 each. Send for free booklet "How to Write Moving Picture Plays." Universal Pub. Co., 314 Fergus Falls, Minn.

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$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small Capital Starts You. No experience needed. We teach you the business, Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 407 South Dearborn, Chicago.

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We Accept your Ideas and Scripts in Any form—correct Free—sell on Commission. Big Rewards! Make Money. Write us Now! Writer's Service, Box 31, Auburn, N. Y.

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Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, 64, Hannibal, Mo.

Wanted Stories, articles, poems etc. We pay on acceptance. Offers submitted. Send MSS. to Cosmos Magazine, 1000 Washington, D. C.

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Only $2.95 After Examination

The balance of our special advertising price of $8.95 you may pay in 4 monthly installments of $1.50 each—a sum so small, you'll never miss the money. Or you can return set, at our expense, if for any reason you decide not to keep it.

The Scarf Boa style, having fur on both sides. Head has adjustable spring jaw so that scarf can be clasped anywhere. 33 inches long without counting tail. 6 inches wide. Scarf alone is good value anywhere for $6.00.

The Muff Is the new melon shape. Lined with yarn dyed satin. 12 inches across. Muff alone is worth our price for complete set.

Only 1,000 On This Offer

Take advantage of this wonderful reduced price offer. Make up your mind to have a nice set of furs—a set of furs that any woman would be proud to own. Just send this coupon and when once you see and put on this snug, warm, stylish French Lynx Fur Set, you will realize its great value. You have only to fill out the coupon and mail it to us today. The French Lynx Fur is luxurious, offers a splendid setting for the face and figure and will be found becoming to anyone.

Send coupon today for your set. Don't delay. Only 1,000 sets will be sent out on our special advertising offer and these will be sent out quickly. So send coupon today.

STANLEY-ROGERS COMPANY,
1015 Jackson Blvd. Dept. 18, Chicago, Ill.

Send French Lynx Fur Set (Muff and Scarf) pictured and described in this ad. I agree to examine the set and if satisfied with my bargain will pay $2.95 as first payment and balance of Special Advertising Price of only $8.95 in four monthly payments of $1.50 each. If I decide not to keep the set, I will return it to you, at your expense.

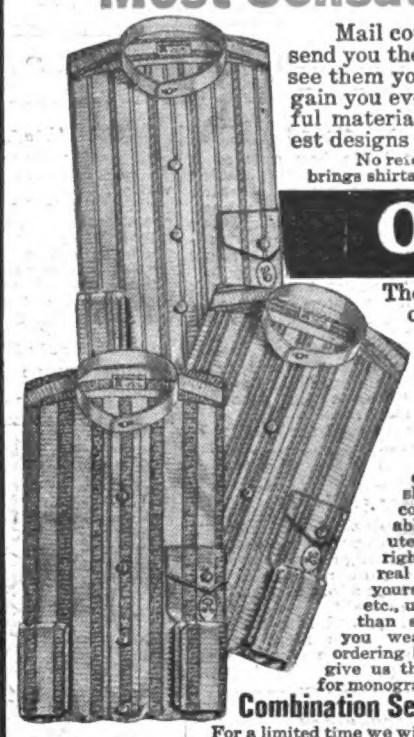
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Most Sensational Shirt Offer



Mail coupon—send no money and we will immediately send you these three magnificent men's shirts. When you see them you will agree that here is the biggest shirt bargain you ever saw. Made of firm texture, strikingly beautiful material that has a rich lustrous sheen—the handsomest designs you ever saw. Wash and wear wonderfully.

No references—no red tape—not even your promise to buy—coupon brings shirts free. If they are the greatest value you ever saw, pay

Only $1.00 After Examination

Then pay us $1.00 monthly for four months until our special low price of $5.00 for the three shirts has been paid. If you do not care to keep the shirts, return them at our expense and you will not be out a single penny. Everything is at our risk—you take no chances whatever. But we know that when you see the rich beauty of the patterns; the neat coat style cut; the individual initial monogram, which can be placed on the sleeve or on the pocket; the striking color combinations; and particularly, the durable material; you will not hesitate a minute to keep all 3 shirts. Send coupon right now and let us prove to you what a real shirt bargain this is. All three are yours for only $5. Sizes 13, 13½, 14, 14½, etc., up to 18. Order shirts ½ size smaller than size collar you wear. When ordering be sure to give us the initial for monogram.



Combination Set Free

For a limited time we will send along as a free gift, this gentlemen's combination set consisting of scarf pin, cuff links, and scarf retainer. Made of pure rolled gold plate, guaranteed 20 years, and each exactly as illustrated. Rich striking design. Comes in handsome plush lined box. A valuable acquisition to any man's wardrobe. Sent absolutely free with the shirts. Mail coupon and get your set now—send no money.

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Send me the three shirts. I agree to examine them, and, if I decide to keep them, will pay $1.00 as first payment and then pay balance in four monthly payments of $1.00 each. Send along the combination set as a free gift. If I decide not to keep the shirts, I will return the entire outfit at your expense.

Size..... Monogram initial.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Special Bargain In Mackinaws



Here's your chance to get a genuine Stanley-Rogers Mackinaw shipped direct to you without sending a cent in advance. But you must ACT **quick.** This offer is limited. And only those who answer at once from each community will be able to get in on this proposition. Here is our plan: As a special introductory offer to quickly introduce our wonderful Mackinaws in your territory, we make this liberal offer:

Send only the coupon. **Send no money.** We will immediately send you a genuine Stanley-Rogers Mackinaw. When the Mackinaw arrives, try it on—note the perfect fit. Examine it—feel the soft texture of the fabric. Ask your friends what they think of it. If you believe it to be the best Mackinaw you ever saw and want it—just keep it and

Only $2.75 After Examination

Then pay the balance of our Special Low Bargain Price of only $8.75 in small monthly payments of $1.20 each. On this plan you run no risk whatever. You actually see and try on the Mackinaw before you decide whether or not you wish to keep it. Then you have the wear and use of the Mackinaw while paying. But if you decide that you don't want the Mackinaw, return it at our expense and you will not be out a cent.

ONLY 5,000 ON THIS OFFER!

If you want to be one of the lucky ones from your district, sent in coupon NOW—today. Don't delay. Measure your chest over your vest, just as you would take your coat measure. Our Mackinaws come in all sizes from 34 in. up. Are made of finest quality fabrics. Give greatest warmth, wear and comfort. Wonderful in appearance and wear like "sixty." Rain, sleet and snow have no effect on these Mackinaws.

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You have three patterns to choose from—described under illustrations. Take your choice. Mention number of pattern and size in coupon. **50c extra will be charged for 40 and up chest measure.** Add on last payment. This offer will be withdrawn shortly, so send coupon today.

STANLEY-ROGERS CO.
1015 Jackson Blvd., Dept. 18, Chicago, Ill.

No. 478. Pictured here—beautiful dark gray background interwoven with black stripes. Coat is double breasted with large, roomy patch pockets with flaps. Belt, pleats and flaps are double seamed. Size 34 in. up



No. 479. Soft brown background interwoven with black stripes. Same style as model illustrated. Sizes 34 inches and up.



No. 477. Rich dark gray background interwoven with blue stripes. Same style shown in picture. Sizes 34 in. and up.

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Send me Mackinaw Pattern No..... Size.....in. breast measure (over vest). I agree to examine it carefully and if I find it to be the finest value I ever saw, will keep it and pay you $2.75 and pay the balance, $1.20 per month until the total price of $8.75 has been paid. Otherwise, I will return Mackinaw at your expense.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

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